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CUMBERLAND'S
BRITISH THEATRE,

WITH

Remarks, Biographical and Critical,

BY D.—G.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPIES,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

VOL. XVII.

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. .
RENDEZVOUS. 
BARBAROSSA.

GIOVANNI IN LONDON.
SCHOOL OF REFORM
LOVERS' VOWS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. ELLISTON;

AND SIX ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS.

L O N D O N .

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD:

AN OPERA,

In Two Acts,

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

*Author of A Cure for the Heart-Ache, Speed the Plough, School of Reform,
Town and Country, Education, Zorinski, Columbus, The Slave, &c*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRE^R ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. ELLISTON,
IN THE CHARACTER OF WALTER.

Engraved on Steel by MR. WOOLNOTH, from an original Drawing
by MR. WAGEMAN.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Children in the Wood.

THE remembrance of what delighted us in our boyhood is still pleasing to the mind capable of feeling and reflection. The duties that await us in after-life, the cares and disappointments that obstruct our future progress, cast a shade over those impressions that were once interwoven with our existence. But it is only *a shade*—recall but *one* image of the distant scene, and the *whole* rises up, in all its freshness and verdure—touch but *one* string of this forgotten harmony, and *every chord* shall vibrate. To the callous and indifferent these sensations are unknown. The *world* is their pursuit and pleasure—let them enjoy it as they may. But to better natures, they present a pleasing, yet mournful retrospection; for, while they recall the sports and pastimes of youth, they remind us of the companions and sharers of them, many of whom we recognise on the full tide of prosperity, and not a few sinking under adverse fortune, whose prospects were bright and cheering, and whose bosoms once bounded with youth and innocence and joy.

We are led to these reflections by the consideration of "The Children in the Wood," a drama derived from a popular story, that, like Jack the Giant-Killer, the Little Glass-Slipper, and Blue Beard, once formed a part of our juvenile library. The original tale or ballad, it is said, is founded *on fact*—an attestation that is sure to accompany every story, however marvellous, not excepting even *Jack* himself, of whom we may say—

"He *made* the giants first, and then he kill'd 'em."

There is nothing, however, in this moral and pathetic tale that renders the presumption at all improbable. The dramatist acts wisely when he adopts an interesting tradition of olden time. He is sure to have the *young* with him; and even the *old*, except those crabbed cynics—

"Whose only pleasure is, to be *displeas'd*"

will listen with complacency to a tale that brings back the green recollections of spring, in the winter of their days. It is the opinion of some would-be philosophers, that their dignity is best upheld by an unbending austerity, and a supercilious contempt for whatever engaged the attention of their youth. But we may tell such pretenders, that they are alike ignorant of nature and philosophy. Men of the most exalted genius have been no less remarkable for their urbanity, and even child-like simplicity of manners; and it is one of the most amiable and interesting *traits* in a great spirit of the present day, that in the *scar*, the *yellow leaf*, he has nothing of age but the name, but retains all the spirit, the *romance*, the gaiety of his youthful days. Need we mention the author of *Waverley*.

Mr. Morton deserves much praise for this interesting little drama. He has fully availed himself of the original story; he has dramatised

the incidents with sufficient skill, and introduced, in the character of *Apathy*, some touches of quaint humour. There are two scenes of very powerful effect, that no audience ever witnessed without a thrill of agony and suspense: the one, where Walter rescues the children and kills Oliver; the other, where his superstitious fears are awakened by the ghost stories of Winifred and Josephine, where the latter sings a dismal ditty, at the conclusion of which, the cottage door is suddenly burst open and the children rush in. These are heart-rending appeals, that are always answered by the audience with an enthusiasm that shows how deeply they are felt. This is a drama admirably calculated to do good. The mind, however hardened by cruelty and ignorance, by strong temptation, and bad example, cannot fail to imbibe human feelings after such a pattern of magnanimity and virtue, in humble life. If, as Dr. Johnson remarks, the hand of the robber is only restrained from further violence by his remaining virtue, let us hope that the lesson Walter affords, will be deeply impressed on every mind, who sought the stage but as an *antidote* to reflection, and may it *find* remorse where it expected to meet a *reprieve* from it.

The wonderful powers of Bannister, in Walter, have been the constant theme of every admirer of the drama. We shall not attempt any minute description of his performance, but merely remark, that we as soon expect to behold another *Siddons* in *Lady Macbeth*, as another *Bannister* in *Walter*. Mr. Bannister sadly disappointed his admirers, when he selected for his *parting* benefit a character so unworthy of his talents, as *Echo*, in one of the dullest of all dull comedies, "*The World*." But he almost atoned for his want of taste, when he determined that our last view of him should be in the well-known dress of *Walter*. We were present, and the impression he made was fully equal to his best days; with *us* it was more powerful, recollecting that it was *his last*.

Since the retirement of the *great* Walter, no one can compare with Mr. Elliston: he has the energy and feeling that belong to the character; but the generous roughness and blunt humour with which Bannister shaded *his* portrait, are but faintly discovered. Mr. Wal-lack plays Walter with considerable talent, but his performance would be more natural if it savoured less of his besetting sin of *melodrame*.

Apathy has never met with a representative equal to Suett. He could *drink*—that's no difficult matter—and *reel*, better than any other actor in our remembrance, *Munden* not excepted. His excellent voice and science were highly effective in the music of this opera. There is no comic actor now living who can chaunt a stave serious ("*By the taper's glimmering light*") or comical ("*O what a thing to be father-in-law!*"), like *Cherub Dicky*.

 D—G.

MEMOIR OF MR. ELLISTON.

Mr. ELLISTON is one of the very few actors that have been brought up and educated as a gentleman. How far he may have availed himself of these peculiar advantages, it is not our purpose to inquire. Few men have enjoyed, or indeed deserved, more applause on the stage, in a great variety of characters. If his addresses to Tragedy have been rather of an equivocal nature, Comedy has received him with open arms. Excellence in *both* is a quality of rare attainment. It has not been exhibited, in any eminent degree, for the last century, except by Garrick and Henderson. Lewis and Bannister courted the Tragic Muse—Liston wooed her with his right comical face—when down dropped her dagger and poison; for she was fain to clap her hands to her sides, or they had cracked with laughter. What effect such another discharge from his physiognomy might have produced, it is hard to conjecture. Happily for the “gaiety of nations,” Liston paid his addresses to her sister, and was favourably received.

Mr. Elliston was born in Orange Street, Bloomsbury, in the year 1774. His father was an eminent watchmaker. He was placed by his uncle, Dr. Elliston, Master of Sydney College, Cambridge, at St. Paul's School, it being the intention of that highly respectable scholar to educate his nephew for the church. But Mr. Elliston was resolved not

“To wear the cap or mask on *any stage*,”

except one of his *own choosing*: he therefore (after having tried his strength in *Pierre*, at a private theatre) exclaimed, “*Nolo episcopari*,” quitted *meo magister* without beat of drum, and fairly enrolled himself as one of the disciples of Thespis, braving the short commons, the contumely, the vicissitudes, which await that vivacious, ragged, ubiquitous race.

It is unnecessary to detail the disappointments and vexations that he experienced at the commencement of his theatrical career. We may judge of their bitterness, since they determined him to abandon the profession he had so imprudently chosen. He wrote to his uncle and patron, Dr. Elliston, and implored his forgiveness: nor did he write in vain; that excellent man again received him to his heart and home:

“He chid his wand'rings, but relieved his pain.”

But these “compunctions visitings” in young Elliston, which had been provoked by some momentary disgust, were only for a season: his dramatic *furor* returned upon him with double force; and, after a short interval of ease and plenty, he finally resolved once more to risk the *glorious uncertainty*, not of the *law*, but the *stage*.

His uncle, Professor Martyn, the botanist, now obtained him an introduction to George Steevens, the editor of Shakspeare, who pro-

cured him an interview with the late Mr. Kemble, by whom he was recommended to study *Romeo*; it being arranged that he should appear in that character at Drury-Lane Theatre, which was about to open for the season. But, in the interval, Mr. Elliston accidentally encountered Mr. Dimond, who was then playing at Richmond, and was persuaded by that gentleman to accompany him on a professional tour to Bath, where he had, on the 21st April, 1791, performed *Tressel*, in Richard the Third, with some share of applause.

Accordingly, in the year 1793, with his talents and judgment strengthened and matured, he appeared before the Bath audience, in the character of *Romeo*. His success was equal to his wishes; and, in the course of the season, he enacted tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, with universal approbation.

In 1796, Mr. Elliston married Miss Rundall, a young lady of highly respectable family, and of great beauty and accomplishments, the loss of whom he has lived to deplore. On the 24th June, in the same year, he made his first appearance in London, at the Haymarket Theatre, in *Octavian*, in "The Mountaineers," and *Vapour*, in "My Grandmother," with considerable eclat; and subsequently acted *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in Mr. Colman's play of "The Iron Chest." In the *Proface*, that contemptible farrago of dulness, falsehood, and malice, the condemnation of the piece had been attributed to the acting of Mr. Kemble; and its subsequent endurance, when re-produced at the Haymarket Theatre, seemed to give countenance to the assertion. But it requires little experience to learn, that the *same play* shall be loudly applauded by *one* audience, and as loudly hissed by another, even on successive nights—and *vice versâ*. And we have seen a popular absurdity highly relished at a summer theatre, and barely tolerated at a winter, within three months of each performance! Public caprice, and Mr. Elliston's talents, reconciled the audience to the Iron Chest, though the play, even when Mr. Kean took upon himself the hero, and Munden acted Adam Winter-ton, was never heard to the end without weariness.

In 1804, when the late Mr. Kemble quitted Drury Lane, Mr. Elliston was engaged to fill the leading characters in tragedy and comedy, and he continued one of its brightest ornaments, till that magnificent theatre was destroyed by fire. Mr. Elliston's subsequent speculations we shall not pursue. We are only one of the very many that regret, deeply regret, the abstraction of his talents from the legitimate drama. On the restoration of Drury-Lane Theatre, Mr. Elliston again became a principal member of its company, and was selected to speak, on the opening night, Lord Byron's vapid prologue, and to perform the part of Hamlet.

The year 1819 saw Mr. Elliston—unfortunately for himself and family—lessee and manager of Drury-Lane Theatre. Was it *ambition* that urged him to aspire to this proud distinction?

"If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it."

Mr. Elliston's histrionic talents are almost universal. In his younger days, his Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello, were performances of great merit; and in the lighter parts of tragedy, in *Romeo*, and *Octavian*, he was excellent. In high comedy, in Lord Townly, Leon, Benedick, Mercutio, it was difficult to imagine any thing much superior. In Ranger, Valentine, Vapid, Rapid, Archer, Rover, &c. &c., he stood without a rival since the days of Lewis; and even

with that great actor he might in some instances compare. His Sheva, in Cumberland's comedy of *The Jew*, was second only to Bannister's. His *Three Singles*, and *Mcgrim*, were second to nobody's. His *Falstaff*, when we saw him act it, was superior to every other *Falstaff* now on the stage. Mr. Elliston has a mode of imparting sentiment to comedy, peculiarly his own—he does not rattle over even the lighter parts, but gives *time* and *meaning* to the whole. We instance his *Harry Dornton*, in particular, which is a very fine performance. He has a certain ludicrous solemnity, which he sometimes employs to considerable advantage. He tweaks the *Bravo's* nose, as *Valentine*, in Congreve's glorious comedy of *Love for Love*, with admirable effect. In his youth, his figure was smart and airy; and his voice one of the most rich and copious that we ever heard. He danced and sang with ease and taste; and was a perfect master of the business of the scene. His *Duke Aranza*, in *The Honey-Moon*, was the most perfect amalgamation of tragedy and comedy that we ever beheld.

Having considered Mr. Elliston as an *actor*, we now take our leave of him, with our best wishes, as a *man*. We loathe, we despise that moralist, who shall cast insult or reproach against misfortune, even though it should have originated in want of *prudence*; for, though we fully agree with Dr. Johnson, that without this valuable quality, wit becomes ridiculous, and genius contemptible, we ourselves believe, that the bitterest reproaches fall short of that pain which a wounded heart suffers in reflecting on its own errors.

☞ D—G.

*Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatres
Royal, London.*

	<i>Drury Lane,</i> 1793.	<i>Drury Lane,</i> Nov. 19, 1824.	<i>Haymarket,</i> 1826.
<i>Sir Rowland</i> .	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Younger.
<i>Lord Alford</i> .	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. Mercer.	Mr. Pyne.
<i>Walter</i> . .	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Oliver</i> . . .	Mr. Caulfield.	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>1st Ruffian</i> .	Mr. Burton.		Mr. Bishop.
<i>2d Ruffian</i> .	Mr. Cooke.		Mr. Cooke.
<i>Boy</i> . . .	Master Menage.	Miss Nicoll.	Miss Ebsworth.
<i>Apathy</i> . .	Mr. Suet	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Williams.
<i>Servant</i> . .	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Randall.	Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Gabriel</i> . .	Mr. Benson.	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Holland.
<i>Josephine</i> .	Mrs. Bland.	Miss Povey.	Mrs. Humby.
<i>Lady Helen</i> .	Miss De Camp.	Miss Smithson.	Mrs. T. Hill.
<i>Winifred</i> . .	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. C. Jones.
<i>Girl</i> . . .	Miss Menage.	Miss Boden.	Miss Ebsworth.

Costume.

SIR ROWLAND.—Old English crimson puffed dress cloak, sword and chain, russet boots, point-lace ruff, black velvet hat and feathers—black gown and mask for second act.

LORD ALFORD.—Purple-coloured tunic, handsomely trimmed with silver leather and spangles, white pantaloons, point ruff, russet boots, black hat and feathers.

APATHY.—Dark gray old English dress, trimmed with black binding and puffs, point ruff, black stockings, black shoes, and russets.

WALTER.—A dark green doublet and waistcoat, leather apron, belt and buckle, short trunks, russet shoes, shirt collar open.

OLIVER.—Old English black dress, trimmed with red puffs and red binding, plain blue hose, russet boots, belt, buckle, and sword, old English hat and one black feather hung drooping.

SIR ROWLAND'S SERVANTS.—*Ibid.* no hats.

RUFFIANS.—Brown coarse cloth tunics, with red worsted trimming, black cross-belts, and swords, hats, and black feathers.

LADY HELEN.—Old English white satin puffed dress.

GABRIEL.—Salmon coloured old English doublet and tabs, trunks, little cloak, and hat trimmed with blue worsted binding.

JOSEPHINE.—Blue petticoat, dark body and tabs, petticoat trimmed with dark points or point lace, old English hat, and point-lace apron.

WINIFRED.—Dark brown old English petticoat and gown, lace apron, cap tied under the chin.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*, L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*. * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir Rowland's Castle—Apathy discovered at a table, books, &c. lying before him—A bottle and glasses*

Apa. What a set of fools are philosophers, who advise to study away life for the benefit of posterity—that is, die while you live, that you may live after you are dead. These [*Showing the books.*] may do well enough to garnish the brains of fools, but this, [*Showing the bottle.*] this is the true feast of reason. [*Drinks.*] As tutor of these orphans, I lead a tolerable easy life of it—I teach the children idleness—that's no difficult matter—I pimp for my patron, their uncle—that's no difficult matter—I find Latin enough to puzzle the parson of the parish—that's no difficult matter—I go into the cellar for an hour or two—that's no difficult matter—come out again—that's no—yes, egad that, sometimes, is a very difficult matter. [*Drinks.*]

Enter JOSEPHINE, R.

Jos. (R.) Oh, fye, Mr. Apathy! what, drinking in a morning?

Apa. (c.) Why, my patron bid me plead his passion for you, and so I was just taking a drop to inspire me.

Jos. I wonder Sir Rowland will continue his importunities; what can he have to say to a poor girl like me?

Apa. So as I—he says, he is unhappy, and how a man that has such a cellar as Sir Rowland has, can be unhappy, is to me something very amazing—but have you no feeling?

Jos. Feeling, indeed—do not you remember when poor Walter, the carpenter's house was burnt down?

Apa. I have a shrewd guess that Walter has drilled a hole through your heart.

Jos. Do not you remember, I say, that, instead of inquiring after the poor sufferers by the fire, the first

question you asked, was, whether the young sucking-pigs were safe?—Was that feeling?

Apa. No; that was philosophy.

Jos. Philosophy!

Apa. Yes, true philosophy! and this is the source from whence it springs. [*Shows the bottle.*] By eating we arrive at the highest preferments of church and state—how do you arrive at the dignity of Lord Mayor? why you eat your way to it; and by drinking we approach the gods, who never walked,—they slid.

[*Gets up staggering, and crosses, L.*

Jos. [*Looking out, R.*] Ha! What do I see—my dear Walter! Mr. Apathy, go to the children—now go.

[*Pushes him to L.*

Apa. (R. C.) But what shall I say to Sir Rowland?

Jos. Oh! say any thing—what you please—now go.

[*Pushes him.—Exit Apathy, reeling, L.*

SONG—*Josephine.*

When love gets you fast hold in her clutches,
And you sigh for your sweetheart away,
Old Time cannot move without crutches—
Alack! how he hobbles,—well-a-day!

[*Goes up the stage and looks out, R. S. E.*

But when Walter my trembling hand touches,
And love's colourings o'er my cheeks stray,
Old Time throws aside both his crutches,—
Alack! how he gallops!—well-a-day!

Enter WALTER, R., with a carpenter's basket, a saw, hatchet, &c.

Wal. (C.) My dear Josephine—

Jos. Well, Walter, how do you do?

Wal. Very well, Josephine, but I say it's devilish hard to be so poor—I that every body says am such an industrious, clever fellow—now a coffin—I'd make a coffin with e'er an undertaker in Norfolk, and at a bed—why the carpenters' wives say, that at a bed I'm the very thing.

Jos. I should not have thought, indeed, of your making beds for the carpenters' wives.

Wal. Ah, Josephine, I am making a bed for us, my girl.

SONG—*Walter.*

There was Dorothy Dump would mutter and mump,
And cry, "My dear Walter, heigh-ho!"
But no step she could take, would my constancy shake,
For she had a timber toe. [*Crosses to L.*]

There was Debora Rose, with her aquiline nose,
Who cry'd, "For you, Walter, I die;"
But I laugh'd at each glance she threw at me askance,
For she had a gimblet eye.

Josephine came at last, to nail my heart fast,—
Firm as oak will I prove to my dear :
And when parson Fether has tacked us together,
Some chips of the block may appear.

Wal. I tell you what, Josephine : if you do not consent to run away from the castle, I shall believe you listen to Sir Rowland.

Jos. Lord ! Walter, don't be a fool now : when my dear Lady Helen went away to meet her husband, Lord Alford—"Josephine," says she, "the only comfort I have, is, to know you will take as much care of my dear little innocents as a mother." And while the poor little orphans are at the castle, I am determined not to leave it.

Wal. Ah ! Heaven rest their souls, we shall never see them again at the castle.

Sir R. [*Without, R.*] Come along, Oliver.
[*Walter runs to a chair, and brings it down, R. and begins to hammer it as if to repair it.*]

Enter SIR ROWLAND and OLIVER, with two servants, R.

Sir R. (R.) Ha ! Walter here—Walter, what brought you here?

Wal. (L. C.) Your honour—why—only a job, sir.

Jos. (L.) Yes—A job sir. [*Courtesies and exit, L.*]

Sir R. A job was it—seize that fellow there.

[*Ruffians seize Walter, R.*]

Wal. Oh Lord ; here's a pretty job ! [*Children laugh, L.*]

Sir R. Silence those brats, and prepare them for a visit they must pay their gossips. [*Children laugh again.*]
Silence them, I say. [*Aside.*] Soon, their silence shall be eternal : my brother being concluded dead, that illustrious orb being set in night, shall these pigmy satellites eclipse me?—no !—That fellow [*Pointing to Oliver.*] I am

sure of; from his eye, remorse is banished, and unmasked murder lowers upon his brow; he shall despatch them while on this seeming visit—but, to send him alone may breed distrust.—Were it not good to ply this Walter? [*Servants release Walter and stand L. S. E.* Release him from present fears—the hopes of Josephine—with large rewards, backed with tenements and bevy, will surely ply the conscience of a hind. [*To Oliver.*] Oliver, I have found you a companion for our purpose; he shall accompany you.—Slave, follow. [*To Walter.*

[*Exit Sir Rowland and Servants, L.—*

Walter bows to Oliver.

Wal. Won't you be pleased to go first. [*To Oliver.*

Oli. No! [*Very loud.*

Wal. Oh! [*Runs off in a fright, L. Oliver following.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Castle; Apathy is discovered asleep in a chair at the back of the stage, with books at his feet, the children playing about the room, the girl with a doll, and the boy with a horse.*

Enter JOSEPHINE, L. S. E.

Jos. What! asleep, Mr. Apathy?

Apa. [*Wakes.*] Egad, I have had a very comfortable nap; what o'clock is it?

Jos. Exactly mid-day; the children are going to visit their godfathers directly.

Apa. Is dinner ready yet?

Jos. No; it isn't ordered.

Apa. Not order'd! O Lord! the dinner not ordered—talk to me of the children, and nonsense, and dinner not ordered!—Here, cook! cook! [*Exit, R.*

Boy. (L. c.) Who goes with us to our godfather's?

Jos. (c.) Oliver, my dear,

Boy. I won't go with Oliver.

Jos. Why, my love?

Boy. Because of what I heard Walter say.

Jos. What was that?

Boy. Why, that Oliver was a damn'd black-looking rascal.

Jos. Heavens! my dear, I shall scold Walter for saying such words before you.

Girl. I know you won't, though you say so.

Jos. Why, my dear?

Girl. (R. c.) Because of what I heard you say last night.

Jos. I don't recollect it.—What was it?

Girl. Why, you cried out in the middle of your sleep, Oh, Walter, how I love you!—and I know it's true, because you blush so.

Jos. Oh! you little tell-tale.

Sir R. [*Without, R.*] This way—

Girl. Oh, here comes our cross uncle; let's run away—I wish you were our uncle instead of him, dear Josephine.

Jos. and Boy. Come, let's run away. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter SIR ROWLAND, followed by WALTER, R.

Wal. What—your honour?

Sir R. (c.) Murder the children—that's my resolve—the reward—Josephine.

Wal. (L. c.) Murder innocents—Tempt me in the form of an angel, to do the act of the devil—[*Aside.*] Damme, I have a great mind to throttle him.—Eh—stop—suppose I only seemingly consent, and then if I can but save them—the very thought makes me cry for joy.

Sir R. What! wimpering fool!

Wal. Consider, your honour—I'm not much used to butcher children,—it's rather out of my line.

Sir R. What's your determination?

Wal. I must not seem to consent too soon. [*Aside.*] But then to be scorned?—

Sir R. Look through the world—where points scorn his finger at ermined guilt?—no, houseless merit. It is not levelled at the wealthy cheat, but at ragged honesty—be wise—be wise.

Wal. Why, to be sure, as your honour says—but my honour.

Sir R. Honour! that's a tinsel toy.—Wise men plate it o'er with gold, that gives the worthless metal currency, and brings wealth to the holder of it—think of that.

Wal. Why—indeed that's very true again—very true. Oh! the devil damn him—[*Aside.*] Well then, your honour, I consent, and if I do not—

Sir R. Hush! take this sword—but first swear.

Wal. Oh, your honour, I never swear—never swear.

Sir R. No trifling, fool, but swear—when next we meet, this sword shall be sheathed in blood.

Wal. [*Takes the sword.*] Well, for once I will swear—By all my hopes of mercy hereafter, it shall be sheathed in blood.

Sir R. Oliver will accompany you.

Wal. Zounds! that blood-thirsty villain. You had better let me do it myself, your honour.

Sir R. Silence, follow.

[*When Sir Rowland's back is turned, Walter threatens him with his sword twice or thrice; and each time Sir Rowland turns, Walter bows to him.—Exeunt Sir Rowland and Walter, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Another apartment in the Castle.*

Enter JOSEPHINE and the two Children, L.

Jos. (C.) Come, my dears; which of you will have your mamma's picture?

Boy. I will.

Girl. I am sure I ought to have it; I am a very funny little girl, and ought to be made a pet of.

Jos. She was an elegant woman.

Girl. (L. C.) And every body says I am very much like her.

Jos. [Looking out.] Ha! Walter in earnest conversation with Sir Rowland!

Enter WALTER, with a sword on, L.

Wal. (L. C.) Oh, Josephine, I have such news to tell you, as will make your hair stand on end—I am in high favour with Sir Rowland—and am to go with the children to their godfather's.

Children. I am glad Walter is to go with us.

Wal. Aye, what do you think, Josephine? Oh! do you know that—Oh!—um—

Enter SIR ROWLAND, with OLIVER, R.

Sir R. Well, my little cherubs! what, delighted with your walk?

Boy and Girl. Oh! yes, uncle.

[*Sir Rowland retires up the stage, R.*]

Jos. (L. C.) [Aside to Walter.] Why, Walter, you have got on your sword.

Wal. A sword—have I—[*Confused.*]—Why yes, it is a bit of a kind of a sword, as you say, to be sure—but—

Sir R. [*Comes down.*] Well, take your leave of Josephine.

Children. Come, kiss us, Josephine—good by, dear Josephine—don't cry—we'll soon come back again—sha'n't we, uncle.

Sir R. Certainly, sweetlings—Farewell! and heaven take you to its care.

Wal. [*Aside.*] Amen! say I—come.

[*Crosses to R.—Exeunt, Oliver first—Walter following, with the children, one in each hand.*]

Jos. I shall be glad when they come back again—I can't bear melancholy.

Sir R. Then why love to inflict it?

Jos. Sir, I wonder you can think of a poor girl like me—besides, were your passions such as with honour I could listen to—I could never love you.

Sir R. Mark, Josephine: though gratitude is dead in you, fear, I perceive, still exists, and what has hitherto been entreaty, shall now be force.

Enter APATHY, with a bill of fare, L.

AIR.—*Josephine and Apathy.*

Jos. (R.) Great sir, consider my honour is steady.

Apa. Great sir, consider the dinner is ready.

Jos. An humble domestic is not worth your care.

Apa. Dear sir, give me leave to present the bill of fare.

Jos. Take a lady with honour, if handsome and young,
Dress'd in bodice so fine, and in kirtle so tasty.

But, ah! sir, beware of jealousy,

Or else you will prove by your care,

Your love is so hot,

My fame you would blot,

And believe me, great sir, to my honour I'm steady,

And believe me, great sir, the dinner is ready.

Apa. (L.) Here's tongue and mutton,

What a feast for a glutton!

With bittern, and quails, and a venison pasty, and
mustard,

A goose and a bustard—

The mutton o'er-boiled,

And the pig will be spoil'd.

Believe me, &c.

[*Exeunt Sir Rowland and Apathy, L., and Josephine, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Wood, and Cut Wood.*—Enter OLIVER, L. U. E. through Cut Wood; he beckons to WALTER, who comes forward with the Children.—WALTER carries a basket, covered with a napkin, and a large cloth thrown across his arm.

Boy. (c.) [To Walter.] It is a long way, Walter, to our godfather's.

Wal. [Aside to boy.] Yes, dreary it is.

Oli. (R.) I say, Walter, this place will do delightfully!

Wal. Nay! I do not much like this place—let us find some other.

Oli. I say this place will do—and shall be the place.

Wal. [Aside.] Shall it. There, little dears, go and play there, while I talk to Oliver a bit.—[Children go to play at the block; puts down basket and cloak at the back of the stage.] I say, Oliver, you have one failing.

Oli. Ay!—What is it?

Wal. Why, you are too tender-hearted.

Oli. Am I?

Wal. Now I am, you know, such a blood-thirsty rascal, that I could murder for amusement; therefore, I say, Oliver, suppose you leave this job to me.

Oli. What! you will despatch them, will you?

Wal. Yes, to be sure on't. So, my dear fellow, you may go back to the castle, get the reward, and leave them to me—go. [Endeavouring to urge him.]

Oli. Why, must not you think me a pretty scoundrel?

Wal. [Aside.] Why—I do for that matter.

Oli. To receive money for doing a bit of work, and not completing it.

Wal. I say, Oliver, suppose—

Oli. Suppose what?

Wal. Why—suppose—suppose we were just to save 'em, Oliver?

Oli. Save 'em, eh!

Wal. Me save 'em!—Eh!—What you—you will—eh? Aye, you wish it, and I consent; how pity becomes you, Oliver? [Aside.] How savage he looks!

Oli. [Impatiently.] Why should we save 'em?

Wal. Why, to be sure, there are two or three trifling reasons—first, it is not very manly to murder innocents; next, we shall be damned for it—and—

Oli. Why, an't you a pretty rascal?

Wal. Well, Oliver, you must consent to save 'em!

Look at 'em, poor little dears ! Ah ! I perceive a tear standing in the corner of your eye.

[*Wiping one from his own.*]

Oli. [*Draws his sword.*] I am determined, so—
[*Going to cross to the children, Walter stops him ; the children, frightened, run down and kneel to Walter, c.*]

Chi. Oh ! Walter, save us !

Wal. (L. c.) Stop, Oliver ; only two words more.

Oli. Well !

Wal. Look at them : have you a heart hard enough to kill 'em ?

Oli. I have.

Wal. Why, then, have you an arm strong enough to fell me down, you damn'd dog ! [*Walter draws his sword.*]

Oli. Fell you ?

Wal. Yes, for you must do that before you shall touch a hair of their heads.

Oli. Indeed ! we'll try that.

[*They fight, Oliver gains ground upon Walter, and strikes his sword out of his hand ; the girl runs and picks up Walter's sword, gives it to him, just as Oliver is aiming to run him through the body. Walter renews the fight, and kills Oliver—off, L.*]

Re-enter WALTER, L., with his sword and hand bloody.

Wal. (c.) Damme, I didn't think I had so much pluck in me—there he lies. Come forth, my little tremblers, I am your champion.

Chi. Have you kill'd Oliver ?

Wal. Dead as a door-nail !

Boy. Go kill him again ; such a rascal as he cannot be too dead.

Girl. Walter, your hand is all bloody ; come, I'll kiss it, and make it well.

Boy. Shall we return to our uncle's, Walter ?

Wal. Alas ! poor dears, you have no home : let me consider what's best to be done. I'll return to that rascal, their uncle, get the reward and Josephine, and steal something from the buttery ; then we'll go far enough out of the reach of that villain. I say, dears, I'll go and bring Josephine to you ; will you stay here till I come back ?

Boy. We'll do any thing that Walter bids us.

Wal. I'll soon come back : see, here's a nice harbour,

and here's my cloak to sit down upon; and here are victuals. Now don't stir from this spot, I charge you. Good bye, I won't be long. *[Exit Walter, R.]*
[As the curtain drops, they retire hand in hand up the stage.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter SIR ROWLAND, followed by a Servant, L.*

Sir R. To speak with me! If it's Oliver or Walter! Heaven forefend any ill should come to my children.

Ser. I never saw this man before, sir; he says his business is urgent.

Sir R. Admit him. *[Exit Servant, L.]* Who can it be?

Enter GABRIEL, drunk, L.

Sir R. (c.) Ha! my brother's servant: should he be alive. *[Aside.]* Gabriel, I am glad to see you.

Gab. (L. c.) The joy is mutual, your honour; but your honour looks a little pale; your countenance hasn't that rosy appearance mine has.

Sir R. Grief, Gabriel.

Gab. True, your honour—grief brings on drinking, and then what is man? O, never drink, your honour, never drink!

Sir R. Now to know my fate. *[Aside, R.]* I shall soon meet my brother, where grief cannot come.

Gab. True, you'll meet very soon.

Sir R. All's safe, I find. *[Aside.]* Where are my brother's sad remains?

Gab. Remains.—Oh! he remains but a little way off, your honour.

Sir R. This drunken guise little becomes your mournful errand.

Gab. Why, you see, your honour, I was sent forward to get every thing in readiness; but living on salt provisions at sea, gave me such a confounded thirst, that I was obliged to stop every mile, to moisten my mouth with a quart of ale; so, on my second day's journey, my master overtakes me—so, says he,—says he—Gabriel—says he—

Sir R. Say! who say?

Gab. My master, your honour—Gabriel, says he, I discharge you—but my sweet mistress cried, I might

stay, for, says she, if ever we part with Gabriel, we shall lose the only sober servant we have got—so my master only gave me a kick, and set me forwards again.

Sir R. Idiot! wretch! he's dead.

Gab. Dead, is he? I could show you the mark he made with his foot, and if you call that a blow for a dead man to give—why, however, if you won't credit the mark of his foot, here's the mark of his hand.

[*Shows a letter. Sir Rowland snatches the letter.*

Sir R. (R.) Damnation!

Gab. (C.) Damnation—a comical way of expressing joy—your brother arrived, says I—damnation, says he—but I hope your honour has taken care of the children?

Sir R. Aye, aye, they're taken care of.

Gab. If that cursed thirst had not seized me, I would have been here yesterday.

Sir R. Oh! had you come but yesterday—begone, leave me, drunkard.

[*Crosses to back of stage, L.*

Gab. Yes, your honour, [*Going, R.*] I'll go to the cellar, for I feel a kind of dryness on my palate—yet your brother and his lady will soon be here, your honour—they are not far behind me—I have a notion I didn't come here quite straight, your honour.

[*Exit, reeling, R.*

Sir R. Confusion! ruin! yet if the hand of heaven has been stretched forth to save the innocent, if the children live—

Enter WALTER, L., with caution.

Sir R. Say quick—[*Walter draws his sword, and shows it bloody.*] It is concluded—where's Oliver?

Wal. Gone, heaven knows whither—I have fulfilled my oath—just mention the reward, your honour, the prize of angels, your honour—Josephine, your honour—the—

Sir R. Wretch! murderer! avoid me—take my curses—such ever be the reward of villany.

Wal. So say I.—[*Aside.*] But, your honour, consider I killed—

Sir R. Dare but to name the foul act, and by hell thou shalt be rewarded—a halter, villain—go from the haunts of men, and devour thy heart in misery and contempt.

[*Retires to the back of stage, and hides his face.*

Wal. (L. C.) I should be a devil of a fool to do that, make a companion of my conscience—does your honour find your's so pleasant a one?

Sir R. Leave me, fellow—

[*Putting his hand on his sword.*

Wal. I go—I'm gone, sir—Heigho! [*Putting his hand to his heart.*] What would he give to do this. Now to steal something from the buttery—endeavour to find Josephine—and away again to the children.—Oh fret and fume—They say villains inflict misery on their fellow-creatures, but I think they can make none so miserable as they make themselves.

[*Exit, L.*

Sir R. [*Comes forward, c.*] Lost beyond hope—how shall I act—How—how; but on—my purpose was, my brother's family should meet in heaven, and it shall be accomplished—I'll chaunt my coffers, and to some thriftless rascal throw down the dazzling ore, and while their senses are misled by the damning dear delusion, I'll lead them to destroy this hated brother.—Fortune continue dull and blind—now for happiness or perdition:

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter CHILDREN, R.

Boy. [*Supporting the Girl.*] How do you do, sister?

Girl. Very tired and very hungry—I could eat some of the meat Walter left us.

Boy. I wish we hadn't left the place—let us try to find it.

Girl. (C.) I can't—indeed I can't, I'm so sleepy—and the wood turns round—but, brother, as we may sleep a good long time, look, I'll put mamma's picture here—for Josephine told me, if I was sick, and should sleep a long while, I should go where my mamma is—so she'll know us by the picture.

[*Kisses the picture, and then gives it to the boy to kiss, and puts it in her bosom. Thunder and lightning. Children appear frightened, and cling together.*

Boy. Are you frightened, sister?

Girl. No, not much.

[*Trembling.*

Boy. Look, yonder's a place to hide us—for sure the thunder can't shoot us there.—Come, sister.

Girl. I can't walk—indeed I can't—I'm so sick, brother

Boy. I don't cry. [*Thunder.*] Do try to walk a bit—there—see, I'll help you ; very well, very well.

[*Thunder, lightning, and rain.—Exit boy, supporting the girl, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter WALTER, R. S. E., with a basket—cloak on.

Wal. Zounds, what a peppering storm—sweet souls, how glad they'll be to see me. The cunning rogues have got under the cloak, and I dare say have got fast asleep. [*Sets down the basket on the cloak, is alarmed at not seeing them—runs to the front of the stage.*] Gone! Murder! Murder! Oh, they have hid themselves to frighten me; I see you, I see you—you may as well come, I see you. [*Pauses.*] They're gone! I can never sleep more—ha! the print of a foot.

[*Pursues the step, and exit, L.*]

Re-enter, L. S. E., greatly alarmed at not finding them.

What the devil do I stand here for? I'll roar myself dumb—I'll hollo!—Hollo!

[*Runs off, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Road.*

Enter SIR ROWLAND masked, and two ruffians armed, L.

Sir R. Look out.

First Ruf. The travellers have gained the hills, and are dismounted.

Sir R. 'Tis well; behind that thicket wait their approach—be firm—here is encouragement. [*Gives him a purse.*] This way, this way.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Enter LORD and LADY ALFORD and Servant, R.

Lord. (C.) Thou art weary, Helen.

Lady. In truth, most sadly; but let us on.

Lord. No; here rest a while; this place is most dear to my remembrance: when my good falcon urged on his quarry to this forest's verge, reclined beneath this aged oak, I first saw thee, my Helen.

Lady. Ah, those times, my Alford! what were then our hopes and fears—the remembrance is strong within me still.

SONG.—*Lady Alford.*

Mark a true test of passion, where a lover is nigh—
 Its hue is the rose, its language a sigh;
 But, where doubts interfere, and no lover is nigh,
 When its hue is a lily, its language a sigh.

Lady. But look, my lord, this avenue displays your castle's stubborn turrets. The western tower contains our lovely children. Oh, how sweetly fancy, passing the bounds of vision, pictures to me my babes, at great nature's bidding, stretching forth their little hands to clasp their mother—the thought's rapture.—On, on, my dear lord, you never saw the youngest—indeed, he is most like you, the image of my Alford; pardon these foolish tears, they are a mother's joy.

Ser. [*Looking out.*] Master, defend yourself!

[*Alford puts his lady behind him—Ruffians rush on him and his Serrant; one of the Ruffians, with Sir Rowland, attacks Alford, the other attacks the Servant, and is beat off, L.*]

Enter WALTER from the Wood, R.

Wal. What, two to one

[*Attacks Sir Rowland, wounds him, and drives the Ruffian off, L.—Alford retires into the wood with Lady Helen. The two Ruffians enter, supporting Sir Rowland, L.*]

1 Ruf. Are you hurt, sir?

Sir R. Never heed that—have you succeeded

1 Ruf. No, sir, the travellers escaped in the wood.

Sir R. Providence, I thank thee!

1 Ruf. Shall we pursue them?

Sir R. No; on your souls forbear—convey me to the castle.

1 Ruf. Shall I fly for assistance?

Sir R. No, I'll none; do as I ordered you.

[*Exit R., Ruffians supporting him.*]

Enter WALTER, L.

Wal. What the devil does all this mean? Where are the people I've been fighting for—or where are the people I've been fighting with? I'm pretty sure I've drill'd one of them; damme, now my hand's in, I shall be killing a man every day, I suppose; but these poor

children—I am almost mad—night coming on, too—
Ha! —Another ruffian—I'll soon do his business.

[*Enter a Ruffian* R. S. E., *but seeing Walter, immediately retires again.*—*Walter runs off as if in pursuit,* R. S. E.]

SCENE V.—A Wood.

Moonlight. Children discovered seemingly dead, folded in each other's arms, on the bank, L., with leaves strewed over them.

Enter LORD, *supporting* LADY ALFORD, R. S. E.

Lord. Courage, my Helen.

Lady. I'm wondrous faint.

Lord. Droop not, my love, we are safe—here we'll remain to-night.

Lady. It was most strange—spoil was not their aim, but blood—a thousand fears press on me—the vizor'd ruffian had an air me thought of—

Lord. Dearest love, calm thy troubled mind—rest on that verdant bank. [*Helen retires on the bank, R.*] My servants, ere this, have gained the castle—I'm sure my brother's anxious care will find us ere the morning.

AIR.—*Lord Alford.*

When first to Helen's lute
I sang, as she played to me,
How came there then to shoot
A thrilling sense all through me?
O 'twas love, 'twas love!

In my eyes it glistened;
'Twould inspire a brute
To sing if Helen listened—
O! my love, my love!

Why call I with delight
This ditty's plaintive numbers
To wrap my fair in night,
And soothe my Helen's slumbers?
O! 'tis love, 'tis love.

Lullaby, my dearest,
Care from thee take flight,
And peace thy heart be nearest!
O! my love, my love

Lord. (L.) She sleeps—I'll forth, and, under covert of the friendly shade, descry if danger be aloft. [*Advances where the children are, starts at seeing them.*] Heavenly powers, what's here! two infants, cold even to death! Poor wretched babes! poor wretched parents! what pangs must rend their hearts! How shall I thank thee, heaven, for giving mine a brother's fostering care. [*Takes the girl in his arms.*] Cold and breathless! Hold, life seems nearly ebb'd! [*Puts his hand on her breast, pulls out the picture, comes forward, and, looking on it, exclaims.*]—Merciful powers! my own children! [*Girl, alarmed, awakes.*]

Lady. My Alford! [*Advances and snatches the picture from him; on looking in it, shrieks, falls on the bank, and embraces the boy.*] My child! My child!—My darling boy dead! [*Takes him in her arms—Alford takes up the girl.*] How is my girl?

Lord. She will recover.

Lady. How came they here? But let's away.

Lord. At the eastern extremity of this forest, stands an humble cottage—there we'll hasten—thy feeble arms cannot sustain—

Lady. Away, away! under my own disasters I might droop—but a mother's fears have amazonian strength—away, my lord. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*Inside of WALTER'S House, door open.*

Enter JOSEPHINE and WINIFRED, R. U. E.—They bring in a table, on which is placed wooden trenchers, a roast fowl, knives and forks, &c.

Win. [*Speaking as she enters.*] I thought so—well, and so—

Jos. (L. C.) And so, goody, a servant came to the castle, and Sir Rowland ordered him to be confined in the dark tower, and do you know old King says it is a servant of Lord Alford.

Win. I thought so: well, and so—

Jos. Why, then Sir Rowland went out, disguised, with four men; and, in the confusion, I stepped out. But, Goody, where's Walter?

Win. Oh, heaven knows whether we shall ever see the dear boy again!

Jos. Oh dear, you frighten me! Why, Goody—

Win. Why, do you know, I saw a spider crawl up

the side of the chimney—that's a sign of bad luck ; and the horse-shoe was last night taken off the door, and that's another sign of bad luck !

Wal. [*Without.*] Holloa !

Enter WALTER (R.), pale and dejected ; shuts the door after him, and takes a chair ; brings it forward, and sits down, (R. C.)

Jos. Here is Walter.

Win. I thought so. [*Looking at him.*] Why, child, what's the matter ? Have you seen a ghost ? Sit cross-legged, my dear boy.

Wal. There—will that please you ? [*Josephine taps him on the shoulder ; he jumps up, alarmed.*] Ah, Josephine, is it you ?

Jos. Well, Walter, where did you leave the children ?

Wal. Under a tree, and told them to stay there till I—

Jos. Under a tree ? Oh ! in the gentleman's garden ?

Wal. No, no. [*Recollecting.*] Yes, yes—where else should I leave them—in a wood, where they might be starved ?

Jos. No ; that I am sure you would not.

Wal. I never was afraid of goblins ; but to-night I thought every tree a ghost, and took old Jowler for the devil !

Win. Ay, ay, old Tab did not scratch under her ear for nothing—a sure sign that somebody will be hanged.

Wal. Damn old Tab !

Jos. Ay, Walter, you have been drinking.

Wal. My own tears, then.

Win. But come, here is a capon for your supper.

Wal. Oh, if the dear children had that capon !

Jos. Lord, Walter, they have plenty !

Wal. Plenty, have they ? [*Recovering.*] To be sure ; I know that as well as you, Josephine.

Jos. Had I known how cross you would have been, I would not have come. [*Roughly.*]

Wal. I beg your pardon, Josephine. Don't cry, my girl—I'm almost mad !

[*Sits down beside the table—knocks over the salt, L.*]

Win. [*Sitting behind the table*] Oh ! he's spilt the salt. [*Throws some over his shoulder*] And I see here's a winding-sheet in the candle !

Wal. Damn it, mother, don't frighten me so. Josephine, my dear girl, give me a song.

Jos. (R.) I'll sing you what I bought of the old blind pedlar who passed by this morning ; it's entitled and called, " The Norfolk Tragedy," showing how the ghost of a murdered babe——

Wal. No, no, ; don't sing that.

Win. Yes, yes ; sing it, Josephine.

SONG—*Josephine.*

A yeoman, of no mean degree,
For thirst of gain and lucre, he
A pretty babe did murder straight,
By reason of its large estate !

To vex him to his heart's content,
To him the murder'd babe was sent.
Full blue appear'd the candle flame,
And a knocking at the window came !

[*A knock without, at the window, R. All start up from table, greatly alarmed. Walter falls on his knees, trembling, c.*

Jos. Walter, why do you tremble—are you frightened ?

Wal. Me frightened ! Bless your soul ! [*Pause.*] Nonsense—go on.

Jos. His wicked conscience smited him,
And made him tremble every limb ;
With that the ghost began to roar,
And strightway bursted ope the door !

[*Knocking at the door without. They all start ; the door is burst open ; Winifred and Josephine retire, greatly alarmed. Walter remains near the table, fearing to look towards the door ; he catches hold of his mother, and hides his face with her apron.*

Wal. Mother, mother, mother—don't leave me !

Enter LORD and LADY ALFORD, and the two Children, R.
The Children run up to Walter.

Children. [*Surprised and delighted.*] Walter, Walter !

Wal. Children ! What, alive ! Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord ! [*Kisses them.*] What, my honoured lord and lady too ! Oh, 'tis too much ! Josephine, come here—down on your knees !

Lady. My faithful girl, explain these wonders ?

Jos. I can't, my lady ; Walter can.

Wal. The—I know nothing : yes, I know every

thing : you see, my lord, your brother—aye, you little rogue, to run away—and so, my lord, your brother sent—and I, my lord—I—I—cannot tell you now.

[*Kissing the Children.*]

Girl. I'm so hungry.

Wal. Hungry, are you ?

[*Snatches them up, cuts fowl, and helps them with great joy.*]

Apa. [*Without.*] Let none pass ! [*Entering with Constables.*] Seize that murderer of innocents ! [*Walter laughs.*] Do you laugh, you murderer ?

Wal. Laugh ? Look there ! [*Showing the Children.*]

Apa. Bless my soul ! There they are at supper ! A capon, I declare ; very pretty eating ; I could like to pick a bit. Oh, my lord, your brother is dying—he has confessed he employed Oliver and Walter to murder your children !

Wal. True—I killed Oliver !

Lord. My gallant fellow !

Apa. He then planned your destruction.

Lord. A cursed ambition—wretched brother !

Apa. And went out with armed ruffians to attack you.

Lady. But heaven sent an unknown friend to save us.

Walter, couldst thou but find him !

Wal. Why, my lady, I could find him, I believe.

[*With modest hesitation.*]

Lady. Sure—that look—you protected us !

Wal. I believe I did.

Lady. My preserver !

Lord. My friend !

Wal. Dear my lord—sweet dear lady, don't kill me with kindness—I can't bear it—I'm too happy ! Could ill-gotten wealth do this ?

Lady. Name some reward.

Wal. A treasure.

Lord. If India can produce it, it is yours.

Wal. My lord, you need not go so far—there's the treasure I want—give me my little Josephine, and I am happy.

Lady. My dearest girl, receive from my hand your faithful Walter ; and it shall be my study to reward his services.

Wal. Madam, I'll serve you with my latest breath ; but I trust the children in the wood will, to-night, find better friends than poor Walter the carpenter.

FINALE.

Wal. [*Solo.*] Have I sav'd this girl and boy?
 Is't so understood, sirs?
 May I holloa now for joy—
 Are we out of the wood, sirs?
 Have I sav'd, &c.

Apa. [*Solo.*] Providence has smiled on me;
 Happy I as may be;
 A father here—at either knee
 A rosy dimpl'd baby.
 Have we sav'd, &c.

Lady. [*Solo.*] Fullest mine of mother's bliss;
 Fuller naught can make it,
 Since all to-night who witness this
 Seem kindly to partake it.

Jos. [*Solo.*] Now my Walter I shall wed,
 Gay my heart, and light, sirs;

Wal. [*Solo.*] And I, my girl, have made a bed
 To fit us right and tight, sirs.
 We have sav'd, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

APA.	LORD A.	GIRL.	WAL.	BOY.	LADY.	JOS.	WIN.
R]							EL.

THE END



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonney Sc.

The Rendezvous.

Quake and Simon. Thieves!—Murder!—Blood!—Help!—Oh! oh!

Act I. Scene 2.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

AN OPERETTA,

In One Act,

BY RICHARD AYTON.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER, from a drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Rendezvous

It is not always the case that those ladies whose faces are of peculiar length and gravity, and whose deportment carries with it a Quaker-like primness—a *noli-me-tangere* stateliness and solemnity, are the most invulnerable in affairs of love. A pinched cap and a poke bonnet are no indications that the wearer is insensible to the charms of Cupid. On the other hand, a chaste heart is often coupled with a smiling countenance. If we grant that—

“True *piety* is cheerful as the day,”

we must surely admit that a lively air is not incompatible with real virtue :

“*Prudence* you’d think was more than Dian chaste,
And judge few men could suit her maiden taste ;
So cold her eye, with justice you might wear,
Love, tender Love, could never enter there :
O, strange reverse ! beneath that artful guise,
Some wicked thoughts intrude, and mischief flies !”*

We have a rooted dislike to hypocrisy and pretence. No one *assumes* that which he already *possesses*. A *strutting* is always an *insignificant* personage ;—your *pigmy* would be thought a *giant* ;—and the nymph who is reasonably dubious of her own virtue, is sure to put on an extra garb of sanctity to take in the knowing ones.

The ingenious author of the *Rendezvous* has illustrated this idea with some pleasantry. He has shown that a young lady, whose manners are most amiably repulsive, can fall in love like the veriest mad-cap, who is content to be frolicsome and agreeable. Nay, he has had the unpardonable effrontery to declare, that, in love-matters, all women are the same, and that it only requires “*a cloact a-piece*” to prove them so !

This is a “bold word, Master Filch.” We, who have a dutiful regard for the good opinion of the ladies, and are moreover ambitious of leading a quiet life, shall not enter into so delicate a controversy. If, as the poet sings,

“Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love,”

it is but natural that every piously-disposed young lady, whether *prude* or *coquette*, should desire to go to *heaven* with all convenient speed, as a consummation devoutly to be wished ; and take the road that she considered the readiest and most expedient.

There is much whimsical contrivance in this farce. Of bustle it possesses a more than ordinary share—a quality that is sure to *tell*

* “Woman.” A satire.

with modern audiences, who go to *see* rather than to *hear*. The adventures of the *table* and the *closets* are well conducted; and the story is told so naturally, that we conceive it *might* have happened, without offering any particular violence to our credulity.

There is also some attempt at novelty of *character*. Lucretia (a very different sort of lady to the Roman matron!) is the *Prudence* we have already described. Of Sophia we may say:—

“ Now view the *contrast* in Clarissa’s air,
Light, easy, cheerful, spruce, and debonnaire!
Her laughing eye, soft smile, at once bespeak,
Love warms her heart, and blushes in her cheek !” •

Both ladies are equally desirous to entrap—

“ That meek, rejected, darling creature—*man* !”

The one does it as if conscious that her inclination was leading her astray; the other, as if she were only labouring in her vocation. A *third* is opportunely introduced in the person of *Rose*, the waiting-maid; and this female trio, with the assistance of those two especial cowards, Quake and Simon, pass away an agreeable hour.

Miss Kelly gave a lively picture of the Hoyden. Her bridling and curvetting, her hopes and fears when she approaches her awful cousin, with the tremendous secret of the *young gentleman*, were excellent. Mrs. Chatterley, as the immaculate Lucretia, was, as Dr. Johnson said of himself, after his play was damned, “ firm as the monument.” She lifted the head, and lied with the utmost self-possession and decorum; and, when Sophia, with great *naïveté*, blurts out, “ O, law, yes—a *young man*, cousin,” she had all the apparatus for fainting but her fan; and, had the bold dragoon been at her elbow, she had probably *gone off*, in more senses than one. Harley and Chatterley were sufficiently cowardly and comical in Simon and Quake; they had, in truth, hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins’ heads. Keeley and Bennett are far behind their predecessors in fun. Keeley wants another face or two for extraordinary occasions, and a few sprightly tones to enliven the eternal monotony of his voice. Mrs. Weippert and Mr. Salter had little to do, but that little they did well.

☞ D—G

Costume.

QUAKE.—Dark old man's suit, drab great coat, high boots, three-cornered hat.

BOLDING.—Military coat, white trousers, boots, hat and feathers, sword.

CHARLES.—Blue undress frock-coat, white trousers, boots, hat, &c.

SIMON.—Dark livery (square cut), bound with yellow, worsted stockings, high boots, three-cornered hat, and handkerchief over it.

SMART.—Short blue livery jacket, with yellow facings, breeches and top-boots, hat, with binding and cockade.

LUCRETIA.—Plain neat white muslin dress.

SOPHIA.—Ditto, with gay riband on waist.

ROSE.—Slate-coloured skirt, light body, and apron.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; **L.** *Left* ; **D. F.** *Door in Flat* ; **R. D.** *Right Door* ; **L. D.** *Left Door* ; **S. E.** *Second Entrance* ; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance* ; **M. D.** *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; **L.** *Left* ; **C.** *Centre* ; **R. C.** *Right of Centre* ; **L. C.** *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Cast of the Characters, as performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

<i>English Opera,</i> <i>Sept. 21, 1818.</i>		<i>English Opera,</i> <i>1827.</i>		<i>Drury Lane,</i> <i>1827.</i>		<i>Covent Garden,</i> <i>1837.</i>	
<i>Quake</i>		Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Bennett.	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Blanchard.		
<i>Belding</i>		Mr. Brydghurst.	Mr. Thorne.	Mr. Mercer.	Mr. Duruset.		
<i>Charles</i>		Mr. Jones.	Mr. J. Bland.	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Raymond.		
<i>Simon</i>		Mr. Harley.	Mr. Keeley.	Mr. J. Russell.	Mr. Meadows.		
<i>Smart</i>		Mr. Salter.	Mr. Salter.	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Evans.		
<i>Iscretia</i>		Mrs. Chatterley.	Miss Gray.	Mrs. Orger.	Miss Harvey.		
<i>Sophia</i>		Miss Kelly.	Miss Kelly.	Miss Kelly.	Miss Goward.		
<i>Rose</i>		Miss Stevenson.	Mrs. J. Weipert.	Miss Smithson.	Miss Jones.		

SCENE—The Country House of QUAKES, near London

THE RENDEZVOUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Quake's Country House, near London.*

Enter SIMON, R.

Sim. (R.) [Solus.] And he's absolutely going to town at this time of night!—The man's mad!—he hasn't a grain of common sense left. And I am to go and be murdered with him, just for the sake of keeping him company,—and for such wages as I receive. Oh! 'tis quite out of the way. *[Crosses to L.*

Enter QUAKE, R.

Qua. Well, Simon, is every thing ready for our journey?

Sim. (L.) Yes, sir, the horses are saddled,—but, bless us, you don't think of travelling to-night, sir

Qua. And why not, pray?

Sim. Do you know what o'clock it is, sir?

Qua. Why, what's the matter with you, booby? What are you afraid of?

Sim. Lord, sir, we are but flesh and blood, you know, after all, and there can be but little doubt of what would be the fate of two poor sinners alone on the heath in the dark.

Qua. Well, Simon, well—We can die but once.

Sim. True, sir; therefore, better not be in a hurry to try that *once*.—Bless you, a man, to venture on that heath after sunset, should have twenty lives!

Qua. Pshaw, you are a coward!

Sim. Ah! there's nothing to make one courageous!—If it were quite safe, indeed—Couldn't you go in the morning, sir?

Qua. No, my business is urgent, and I must be in town to-night.

Sim. Well, sir, death will be our portion, that's all.—

We shall both be barbarously murdered, if that be your pleasure.

Qua. [*Symptoms of fear showing themselves through his carelessness.*]—Death!—Nonsense!—I tell you there's nothing to fear. Come hither, Simon—Murders—pooh, pooh!—I say, Simon,—you don't know what I'm going to town about, I suppose?

Sim. No, sir, not I.

Qua. I'll be sworn you don't—no, no—I've been too close for that, I fancy. Now remember, Simon, it's a great secret, and you must keep it snug.

Sim. Depend upon that, sir.

Qua. You must know then, Simon, that I have got a husband for my daughter, and another for my niece;—the whole affair is to be settled to-night.

Sim. Well, I declare if I didn't think so—you're very lucky, sir—marvellously lucky, indeed; though, if I am not mistaken, the ladies have got a husband a-piece for themselves.

Qua. What's that you say, you impudent varlet?

Sim. Nay, sir—it is only as I suspect—

Qua. Suspect!—Slanderer!—and my daughter Lucretia, too, the most dutiful child in the world!

Sim. Just as you think proper, sir.

Qua. If ever I hear you again—

Sim. Pray, sir, be pacified—I've quite done; but hadn't we better be moving, if we are to go?

Qua. Yes, directly—they get husbands!—Here, Rose, Rose!—Murders!—Ridiculous!

Enter ROSE, R.

Rose. Did you call, sir?

Qua. Go, Rose, and tell my daughter and my niece, that I wish to speak with them before I go. [*Exit ROSE, R.*—But, Simon, do you actually think that the heath is not safe?

Sim. Do I, sir?—My heart turns cold at the bare thought of it.

Qua. [*Aside.*] Lord ha' mercy, if he should be right—[*To him.*] Come, come, pluck up a spirit, man—Remember, I shall be with you—I never liked that infernal heath, I must confess.— [*Aside.*

Enter LUCRETIA, SOPHIA, and ROSE, R.

Luc. (L.) So, papa, you're going?

Soph. (R.) What, uncle, you're leaving us, then?

Qua. (c.) Yes, lasses, I must be gone—time presses—but I shall be back to-morrow—and with such a present a-piece for you, my chicks!

Luc. [*Comes down.*] (L.) What is it, papa?

Soph. Do tell us, there's a good uncle!

Qua. No, no—time enough—wait till to-morrow.

Soph. Is it any thing to eat, uncle?

Qua. Wait, I say, and see; now be good girls in my absence. Lucretia, I leave Sophia, and my whole household, in your charge; and, from your gravity and good sense, I have no doubt that all will be kept in proper order.

Luc. Certainly, papa; you may rely upon my discretion.

Qua. That I may, I'm sure; and you, simpleton [*To Sophia*], don't run into mischief: and do as you are bid.

Soph. No, that I won't, uncle!

Qua. Now, good bye, then, my dears; be sure to be good.—Let the doors be all fastened betimes, and early to bed.—Good bye, my darlings. [*Kisses them.*]

Luc. Good bye, papa.

Soph. A pleasant journey to you, uncle.

[*Exit Quake, followed by Lucretia, Sophia, and Simon, L.*]

Rose. (c.) [*Sola.*] Now, what is the meaning of all this? I can't make it out. These young ladies, who have so often pretended to be frightened out of their wits at being left alone in the house, now so happy to see my master leave them! There must be some intrigue at the bottom of it—and yet it's impossible: Miss Sophia is innocence itself; and, as for Miss Lucretia, she's far too proud and discreet to love any body but herself.

Enter SOPHIA, running in, with anxious joy in her face, R.

Soph. (R.) Ah, Rose, I'm glad you're alone—I've got such a deal to tell you—

Rose. What, I suppose you're for robbing the orchard, or rifling the preserves, now your uncle's out of the way—hey, miss?

Soph. No, no, I want your opinion, Rose—

Rose. Well, miss, it's always very much at your service. A little goosecap—now will all this preparation lead only to some childish plaything. [*Aside.*]

Soph. Do you think, Rose, there can be any harm in—

in—hang it, I'm in such a pother, I don't know how to begin—

Rose. My good young lady, what is it that you want? Do pray let us know.

Soph. Well, then, Rose, should you think there was any harm in my having a friend?

Rose. What, miss!—I don't understand you.

Soph. I mean, that if an agreeable, discreet, good-looking person—

Rose. [*Aside.*] Is it possible!—here's simplicity and innocence!—[*To her.*] May I ask, miss, if peradventure you have a lover?

Soph. Law, Rose, for shame!—I didn't say so—

Rose. Who is this good-looking person, then?

Soph. Only a sort of acquaintance—a very particular friend.

Rose. Yes, yes; I perceive the distinction, miss—and pray, from whence does this particular friend come?

Soph. Why, you remember that, when I became an orphan, I was sent to live with an old aunt of mine. Now it so happened, that in the next house, there lived a young man—

Rose. A young man!

Soph. Yes; his name's Charles. Isn't it a pretty name, Rose?

Rose. Very pretty, indeed, miss.

Soph. Ah! you are so kind and considerate,¹ Rose; and then the fact is—Charles happens just now to be in this neighbourhood.

Rose. In this neighbourhood!

Soph. Yes, he is; and sometimes, I assure you, he is kind enough to walk in our garden.

Rose. Well, now that's very civil, I must say.

Soph. Bless you, he'll do more for me than that, a great deal. And now, my dear Rose, if you like, you may do me such a favour—I'm sure you can—you can help me to see him, and nobody will know any thing about it.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Here's innocence again!—[*To her.*]—But how am I to manage this, miss?

Soph. Why, I was thinking, that if you would break the matter to my consin, Lucretia, she might possibly allow him to come and sup with us.

Rose. Break it to your cousin!—you don't think of such a thing—to your cousin!—who, you know, is a pattern of all that is prudent and discreet.—Impossible!

Soph. Oh, yes, you may—you can put the thing in a certain way—give it a sort of turn—you are much cleverer than I am, Rose—now do speak to her—there's a dear good girl; you'll not repent it, I can tell you—Charles will give you a pocket full of money. Heavens! here she comes—now do speak—pray do—I daren't face her for the life of me—remember, Rose, I rely upon you!

[*Exit Sophia, R. D.*]

Rose. [*Sola.*] I speak to her!—not for the world! Oh, no, she's a great deal too upright for me. [*Going.*] I'll be missing.

Enter LUCRETIA, L.

Luc. Rose

Rose. Yes, miss.

Luc. Stay where you are—I wish to speak with you—I have something of consequence to say to you.

Rose. I am always ready, miss, to attend to you.

Luc. [*With great gravity.*] But, before I say any thing, let me warn you not to draw any impertinent inferences from what I shall disclose.

Rose. Why should you suspect me, miss?

Luc. I know that servants are too ready to think ill of their betters.

Rose. Indeed, miss, you quite astonish me: I have always felt the highest respect for you.

Luc. Why, yes, I fancy I have always given you reason for so doing; but, on this occasion, I desire that you will have the highest possible opinion of me.

Rose. There can be no fear of it, miss.

Luc. Without further preface, then, you must know, that a short time ago, I became acquainted with a person who is anxious to see me just now, and will, I imagine, be here this evening.

Rose. Whenever she pleases, miss, I shall be in the way.

Luc. The gentleman, perhaps—

Rose. The gentleman, miss!

Luc. Yes; he's a perfect gentleman, I assure you.

Rose. [*Aside.*] Why, this is more astonishing than the innocent Miss Sophia.—Ah! we're all alike, that's quite clear.

Luc. He wishes most particularly to see me, but we must be circumspect, Rose—a woman should never be without circumspection.

Rose. No, miss, she should take care never to be found out.

Luc. The world, you know, is too apt to suspect young persons.

Rose. Ah, miss, and very unjustly.—Pray, what is the gentleman's name?

Luc. Bolding, a captain in the army, and a very delightful young man, I assure you—brave—generous—

Rose. Yes, miss—all that you wish him to be, no doubt.

Luc. He is, indeed; but notwithstanding, as I wish to avoid the scandal that might fall upon a secret interview, I have been thinking—

Rose. I understand, miss; it occurs to you, as my master happens to be out of the way, that the gentleman might come and sup here.

Luc. Why, upon my word, Rose, I see no kind of inconvenience in such an arrangement—but—[*Hesitates*]—come hither, Rose. [*Rose goes close to her.*] My cousin seems very fond of you, Rose.

Rose. Yes, miss, I'm happy to think she is.

Luc. She's a nice girl.

Rose. Oh, quite charming!

Luc. A little childish, though, Rose; a bit of a simpleton.

Rose. So young, you know, miss—

Luc. Just so; therefore we must be upon our guard a little. In her thoughtless gaiety she might, you know, say something—that my father—

Rose. Yes, miss, I understand.

Luc. So, if you could explain to her the nature of the thing—I mean just—in a delicate kind of way—open her eyes a little—

Rose. Who, I, miss? Not for the world. No, indeed, you must excuse me—I can't think of such a thing.

Luc. And, pray, why not?

Rose. What, that pretty innocent! Give her ideas—corrupt her mind!—I'd die first—no, you must speak to her yourself, miss.

Luc. Why, you perverse hussy, how dare you misunderstand me in this manner?

Rose. No, indeed, miss, I can't think of it; you'd far better speak to her yourself—and here she comes—I'll leave you together.

Enter SOPHIA, R.

Soph. [*Aside to Rose.*] Well, Rose, what does she say? Have you spoken?

Rose. [*Aside to Sophia.*] Heavens and earth ! spoken ! I'd sooner speak to the grand Turk.

Soph. (r.) [*Aside.*] Ah ! poor Charles—I am sure I can never bring myself to break it out to her.—How awful she looks !

Luc. (l.) [*Aside.*] Now, does this foolish girl embarrass me more than twenty women of sense could. How shall I manage her ?

Rose. [*Aside.*] A notable pair. Ah ! if they knew how safely they might trust one another ! [*Exit Rose, r.*

[*Lucretia and Sophia stand for some time, playing with their fingers, in awkward silence.*

Luc. Sophia—hem ! hem !

Soph. Did you speak, cousin ?

Luc. Hem !—Do you think, Sophia—hem ! should you be surprised—but no matter—no matter. [*Aside.*] I know not how to trust her.

Soph. [*After a pause.*] Cousin—hem !—hem !—I was going to ask you—hem ! [*Aside.*] I shall sink before her.

Luc. So, Sophia, we are to sup alone to-night ?

Soph. Yes, cousin, it seems so—and it's not very agreeable, I think.

Luc. No, indeed, in a lone house like this, with only women. Shouldn't you think it safer, Sophia, if we had a companion—a protector ?

Soph. Oh law ! yes—a young man, cousin.

Luc. What's that you say, miss ? [*Aside.*] A giddy simpleton, I knew how she'd run away with the first hint.

Soph. Would there be such a very great objection, then, cousin ?

Luc. How dare you put such a question ?

Soph. [*Aside.*] The proud haughty thing, she won't hear a word.

Luc. What, then, Sophia, should you imagine—

Soph. No, cousin—no—I shouldn't imagine—[*Aside.*]—She suspects me, and wants to coax my secret out of me—

Luc. Would you, let me ask, think of permitting—

Soph. No—no—indeed, cousin, I would not permit it. [*Aside.*] Ah ! poor Charles, he won't come, I see.

Luc. [*Aside.*] The fool,—I must give up the scheme, I believe—[*To her.*] I wish to know, Sophia—would you venture to receive a young man in the absence of your uncle ?

Soph. No, cousin, I would not—no indeed—I would

not receive him. [*Aside.*] Ah! it's all over! just as I thought.

Luc. [*Aside.*] An idiot—I can make nothing of her.

Soph. We shall sup alone, then, cousin?

Luc. [*Very harshly.*] Yes!

Soph. (L.) [*Aside.*] A sour, ill-tempered creature!

Luc. A stupid, impenetrable dolt!

Enter ROSE, R., crosses behind to C.

Rose. [*Aside.*] What, not acquainted yet? [*Aside to Lucretia.*] Well, miss, what success?

Luc. [*Aside to Rose.*] The girl's a perfect fool!

Rose. [*Aside to Lucretia.*] Never mind, let him come, and leave the rest to me.

Luc. (L.) [*Aside to Rose.*] Are you serious?

Rose. [*Aside to Lucretia.*] Rely on me, but don't let him show himself till supper-time.

Luc. Very good.

Rose. [*Aside to Sophia.*] Well, miss,—inexorable, I suppose?

Soph. [*Aside to Rose.*] Oh, yes—poor Charles will drown himself.

Rose. [*Aside to Sophia.*] Go and let him in—I'll manage it all for you.

Soph. Will you?

Rose. [*Aside to Sophia.*] Yes; but let him conceal himself till we meet at supper.

Soph. [*Aside to Rose.*] Oh, yes, yes,—how happy I am!

Rose. [*Aloud.*] Ladies, a thought has just come into my head: as my master has taken himself pleasuring to London, suppose we have a merry-making here?—I'm for a cheerful supper.

Luc. An excellent notion!

Soph. An admirable thought, indeed!

Rose. Well, leave the management of it to me—I shall contrive it to your satisfaction, I dare say.

Luc. Do what you please, Rose.

Soph. Yes, just what you please, Rose.

Rose. [*Aside to Lucretia.*] I thought I observed him just now, close to the little gate.

Luc. Good; I'll go to him.

Rose. [*To Sophia, aside.*] I just saw a young man under your window.

Soph. [*Aside to Rose.*] That's he, depend upon it.

Luc. Well, Sophia, love, I must leave you for a while—remember our merry-making.

Soph. That I will. [*Aside to Rose, as she is going.*] Charles will be pretty hungry, I dare say. [*Exit, R.*]

Rose. Yes, yes, there shall be enough for him.

Luc. [*Aside to Rose, as she is going.*] Rose! Captain Bolding will like something nice, perhaps.

Rose. I'll not forget him, miss. [*Exit Lucretia, L.*]

Rose. [*Sola.*] Ah! my dear young mistresses! We should do any thing but reproach one another—I'll bring them all together at once, and let the innocent complain. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—A Saloon—at the bottom a door, the common entrance—on the right side, a door leading to the chamber of Quake—on the left opposite to it a door leading to the chamber of the ladies—on each side in the fore-scene, a closet—to the right, near the closet, a window opening into a garden—a table covered with green baize in the room, C., and three chairs.

Enter SOPHIA (R.) with a lighted candle, and CHARLES cautiously, talking low.

Soph. (L.) My dear Charles, I'm afraid you're sadly tired with waiting so long.

Cha. (R.) Mention it not, Love; we must submit to circumstances—But, dearest Sophia—

Soph. Hush! we shall be surprised—Rose is going to speak to my cousin—Hark!—You must hide yourself till supper-time.

Cha. Till supper-time? Oh, impossible!

Soph. You must, I say; come, get into this closet, and don't open it till I call.

Cha. Well, I'll obey you in every thing—but, my dear girl—

Soph. Hush! they are coming—get in.—[*Charles crosses, I*]—get in [*Charles enters the closet to the left*]—it's my cousin—be quite still—Good bye, don't come out till I tell you, there's a good boy! bless his pretty face!

[*Exit Sophia, R. with candle.*]

Enter LUCRETIA with candle, and BOLDING, L.

Luc. Tread softly, Bolding, we must be cautious—you must hide yourself in one of these closets till Rose has settled how we are to introduce you at supper.

Bold. You'll hide with me, Lucretia?

Luc. No, no—come, quick—jump into your box.

[*Bolding tries to open the closet in which Charles is, L.*]

Bold. It won't open.

Luc. Try the other, then—you'll shut yourself in, and wait till I return.

[*Bolding enters closet, R.*]

Bold. Be speedy, dearest—moments will be hours till I see you.

Luc. There, shut the door—Adieu! [*He opens and shuts the door often to kiss his hand to her.*] What a charming fellow he is! [*Exit Lucretia, with candle, L. The stage becomes dark.*]

Enter SMART, through the window, R.

Smart. There,—safely housed again—Rose! Rose! The little jade, she's not in the way—Hush! somebody's coming—it may not be she—now where to hide myself till she comes. [*Tries to open the closets.*] The devil! all fast—Gad, but I must stow myself away somewhere, for if the young ladies—Eh! the table—yes, I've no other shelter—I may be poking my head into a pretty kind of scrape here—but what are a little danger and suffering to a man in love?

AIR—*Smart.*

Of a moment of pain
Let no lover complain:
It but gives him new zest
When his hour is bless'd.
Like a true gallant, here
I'll watch for my dear,
And not blame the delay
Which still keeps her away;
'Tis love's lot, as it burns,
To waver by turns
Between pleasure and care,
Between hope and despair:
But of moments of pain,
Let no lover complain;
They but give him new zest
When his hour is bless'd—
Quick—quick then to my secret lair,
Here patiently I'll take my seat.

[*Gets under the table—the buize not reaching low enough down to conceal him from the audience.*]

I might have found a softer chair,
But every thing in love is sweet.

[At this moment Charles and Bolding open the doors of their closets, and pop out their heads.

Cha. Sophia, how she keeps me here !

Bold, Lucretia, how she keeps me here!

Both. But hush, let me restrain my heart ;

All Three. For every thing in love is sweet:
Yes, every thing in love is sweet.

TRIO.—*Renewal of the Air.*

Of a moment of pain
Let no lover complain ;
It but gives him new zest,
When his hour is bless'd—
Like a true gallant, here
I will watch for my dear,
&c. &c. &c.

Bold. [Coming out of his closet.] I'll venture to reconnoitre a little, though.—All's quiet—

Smart. [*Aside.*] Hey, who the devil are you?

Cha. [*Coming out of his closet.*] Can she have forgotten me? I'll venture out a little, at all events.

Smart. [*Aside.*] What—another! Upon my soul, I begin to feel a little awkward here.

[Bolding and Charles pace about, till they come abruptly upon one another, face to face.

Bold. (L.) Who are you, sir?

Cha. (R.) And you, sir?

Bold. Would he presume to address— [Aside.

Cha. Dare he venture to aspire— *Aside.*

Bold. Speak, sir. What is your business here?

Cha. That will I tell to no man.

Bold. By Jupiter, but you shall—*[Draws his sword.]*
—Come, sir, explain, or fly instantly.

Cha. What, sir, do you think to frighten me

Bold. I mean at least not to be trifled with—[*Advances upon him.*—Come, sir, depart—quick—away with you!

Cha. [*Retreating round the table.*] Hey—what—why—d—mnation! What do you mean, sir? The devil take the fellow.

[Pops into the closet in which Bolding was, and shuts himself in, R.]

Bold. Curse the rascal!—he has got into my closet. [*Voices heard without.*] Confusion!—We've alarmed the whole house—I must mind myself, then.

[*Runs into the closet in which Charles was, L.*]

Smart. A pretty sort of adventure this!—We shall all be thrown into a horse-pond together, I've no doubt.

Enter SOPHIA, with a lighted candle, R.

Stage becomes light.

Soph. All's ready, Rose says; so now, my poor Charles, you shall be released from your imprisonment. [*Goes close to the closet (L.) in which Charles was.*] Come—you may come out—come, I say—[*She taps.*] Can he be asleep?

Smart. [*Aside.*] The wrong box, I suspect, missie—

Soph. Why don't you come out?—It's I.

Bold. [*Showing himself.*] Here am I—[*Sophia starts back at the sight of him, and screams aloud.*]—By heavens! not Lucretia!

[*Retreats into his closet.*]

Soph. Help!—Murder!—Thieves!—Cousin!—Rose! help!

Enter LUCRETIA and ROSE, with a candle, L.

Luc. Sophia, child what's the matter?

Rose. [*Comes down, R.*] Are you ill, miss?

Soph. There's a thief in the cupboard!

Luc. Be silent, then. [*Aside.*] The prying little fool:—she has seen Bolding, no doubt.

Rose. [*To Soph.*] Compose yourself, pray.

[*Puts candle on table, R.*]

Luc. It must be a mistake.

Soph. Oh no, no, no—we shall all be murdered!

[*Lucretia taps at the closet (R.) in which Bolding was, unseen by Sophia, and whispers—“Bolding, are you there?”—Charles shows himself, when she runs back with a loud scream.*]

Soph. What, another there, too?

Luc. Yes, as I live. Oh, what will become of us?

Rose. Stay, stay, you must both be mistaken. Let me see—[*Goes to the closet, (R.) in which Charles is, and knocks at it.*]—Mr. Thief, are you there? If you are a man, show yourself—[*Charles pops out his head.*]—Oh, ho! Mr. House-breaker!—[*Takes hold of him.*]—Come along!

Cha. [*Lugs back.*] No, no, be quiet. What are you about?

Rose. Come, I say; Miss Sophia, allow me to introduce—

Soph. [*Aside.*] A mischievous hussy!—my cousin will renounce me for ever.

Luc. Sophia, Sophia, [*With great severity*] I am shocked at you!

Cha. Madam, allow me to speak. If there is any wrong, it has been of my contriving.—I know that, to a lady of your strict principles and delicacy, such conduct may appear more than suspicious—but I trust that, on inquiry—

Rose. Excuse me, sir—we've no time for talking now. Haven't we another robber, ladies? But I'll have him out, a wretch! [*Goes to Bolding's closet, and knocks.*] Come forth, sir, make your appearance. [*Bolding appears—she takes hold of him.*] Yes, as I live—come along, friend, this way. Miss Lucretia, permit me to—

[*Charles and Sophia stare at each other with uplifted hands.*]

Soph. Am I awake? [*With mock solemnity.*] Lucretia! Lucretia!—O, gemini! gemini!

[*Puts down candle on table.*]

Luc. [*Aside.*] Oh! that I had never been thought better than other people, or than I am!

Cha. I think, Sophia, we may take heart a little.

Soph. O, yes; I'm wonderfully reconciled to myself; indeed, I am proud to imitate my cousin.

Bold. Lucretia!

Luc. [*Aside to him.*] Madam—call me madam.

Bold. But, my dearest love—

Luc. Barbarian, what are you about?

Rose. Upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, you seem very shy and distant; and why, pray?—Which of you has any thing to say against the other?—Come, come, away with all further disguise; you see what you are—it wants but a closet a-piece to make women alike.

Soph. Hey, cousin, is it so?

Luc. Giddy, improvident creature!

Soph. Yes, and you grave and prudential. But you see [*Pointing first to Charles, and then to Bolding*] it comes to the same thing.

Luc. [*Brightening up, and taking Sophia by the hand.*] I confess it, Sophia, I confess it.

Rose. No need of confessions, miss; the proofs [*Pointing to the gentlemen*] stand before you.

Luc. Bolding!

Soph. Charles! [*The lovers embrace.*]

Rose. Ha! ha! ha! Now, then, to supper—to supper—the party's complete. Gentlemen, why what's the matter? Why so shy? Are you, too, afraid to come together?

Bold. [*Aside.*] What a fool my violence has made of me? [*To Charles.*] Can you forgive me, sir? An idle jealousy, which appearances——

Cha. Your hand, sir. I had precisely the same opinion of you; and, had I been armed——

Soph. Preserve us!—Are you going to fight? [*Crosses to Charles.*]

Cha. No, sweet; we are all friends.

Soph. But how came you in that closet, Charles?

Rose. Pray explain it all after supper. I shall have every thing cold with waiting.

All. Come, then.

[*They turn round, and perceive Smart under table; the ladies scream; Rose hangs her head, and bites her nails.*]

Cha. Why, what's all this?

Bold. [*Touching his sword.*] Whence, and who are you, sir?

Smart. Pray, sir, be cool. I am a poor devil, who have been sitting with my knees up to my chin for this half-hour under the table, in the hope of seeing——

[*Rose makes signs to him not to notice her.*]

Luc. So, so—I see. Rose, allow me to introduce——

Soph. Permit me to—Ha! ha! ha!

Rose. [*Running to Smart*] Well, with all my heart—we may all join in the laugh. Now, then, to supper without mystery or fear.

Soph. There's nobody else to come, I suppose?

Rose. No, no—one a-piece—but one at a time. Be seated, if you please, and I'll fetch the supper.

[*Just as they are about to seat themselves, a bell is heard to ring loudly, L.*]

Rose. Mercy! What can this be? It's at the house-gate.

Soph. Don't open it, Rose.

Luc. Who can it be, and at such an hour?

[*Rose runs to the door, L.*]

Rose. Preserve us all! It's my master!

Luc. My father!

Soph. My uncle!

Rose. Yes, he's coming up with Simon.

Luc. What are we to do?

Bold. Where can you put us?

Luc. Get into the closets again.

Smart. And I—O Lord! O Lord! Stay, I'll to my old place again.

[*Smart gets under the table; Charles and Bolding hurry to their closets; the girls run about in confusion, and Rose clears away the cloth, &c. &c.*]

Rose. Hark! they're upon us.

Enter *QUAKE* and *SIMON*, in great trepidation, *L.*

Qua. Thank heaven, we are here again alive! Lord ha' mercy! what business had I out at such an hour?

Luc. My dear papa, what has been the matter? You seem quite distracted.

Qua. [*Not attending.*] What an escape! O dear! O dear! Why was I tempted out?

Sim. Ah, I knew how it would be! But you will be so fool-hardy.

Soph. But what has happened, uncle?

Qua. Ask Simon—ask Simon.

Soph. Well, Simon, what is it? [*Simon groans.*] Have you lost your wits?

Qua. Give it breath, Simon; tell it, if you can.

Sim. Well, ladies, you must know, that we had not got quite over the heath, when I saw, and, Lord bless me! not half a mile off, as I live—two men.

Qua. O! the horrid villains!

Sim. Well, miss, as soon as I seed them—urged by my fears, as you will suppose—master, says I, there are two men coming towards us, and I don't exactly see what business they can have here.

Qua. Cruel, bloody wretches!

Sim. Well, I had scarcely spoken, when my master turned his horse, set him into a gallop, I following, as in duty bound, and we never stopped to look behind us till we found ourselves at our own door.

Qua. Ah, it was a marvellous escape!

Sim. Ah, it was a marvellous escape!

Luc. But did they speak to you?

Sim. No, miss, nor we to them.

Qua. No, no; trust us for that.

Soph. [*Aside.*] A couple of cowards!

Qua. And now, my children, leave me—for I want repose.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Heavens! how will he get out?

Soph. [*Aside.*] My poor Charles, he will be starved outright.

Rose. You'll have some refreshment, sir, before you sleep?

Qua. Oh no, I shall not eat again for a month? Leave me, children.

Soph. But, Uncle—

Qua. No buts—go to your beds, and see that the doors are well fastened.

Luc. [*Aside.*] What will become of him?

Qua. Well, do you hear me?—Why don't you go?

Luc. Good night, papa.

Soph. Good night, uncle.

[*They do not stir. All three turn round from the door, and come into their places, face to face with Quake.*]

Qua. Good night, good night!—Well, why don't you move?—Go along, I say—to bed this instant!

[*He presses them on, they turning up their eyes in despair, till they are fairly pushed out of the room, R.*]

Qua. And now, Simon, that we're all quiet again, tell me, do you really think those men you saw were robbers?

Sim. How can it be doubted, sir?

Qua. Why, Simon, you are a bit of a coward, that's the truth on't.

Sim. I only did as you did.

Qua. Ha! ha! ha!—Oh, yes, you are a sad coward, most assuredly.—But, Simon, we must get rid of this infernal house—it's a vile place.

Sim. Aye, sir, if we don't, we shall all have our throats cut.

Qua. Pshaw; you are frightened, man—though it certainly is a very lonesome and disagreeable situation.

[*Smart groans*]

Sim. [*In a voice of terror.*] Sir!

Qua. [*Equally alarmed.*] What's the matter?

Sim. Did you hear nothing?

Qua. No.

Sim. As I'm a sinner, I heard a groan!

Qua. A groan!—What's a groan?

Sim. A sigh.—

Qua. [*Trying to disguise his fear.*] A sigh! Who do

you think is here to sigh ? But this is to live with cowards,—there is no end to their fancies—A sigh ; what do you mean ?

[Looks warily round the room. At this moment Charles pushes his door gently forward, and closes it again ; Simon observes it with horror.

Sim. Sir ! Sir ! [Simon and Quake get back to back.

Qua. [Terrified.] What—What—What's the matter ?

Sim. The door of the closet, there, just opened all of itself.

[Gets over to R.

Qua. You don't say so—Lord help us !—Where—I don't see it—All's still—Speak, Simon—Where—You fool, why don't you speak !

[While saying this he keeps his eyes fixed on the closet, where Charles is confined ; while Simon, who has, unobserved by Quake, turned round, keeps gazing in a state of stupefaction on the door of the opposite closet, which Bolding has pushed forwards—Both fall down flat.

Sim. Another door : Sir !—Another—Oh Lord !—Oh Lord !

[Quake turns and sees it.

Qua. Merciful Heaven ! and so it is—oh dear !—Lord ha' mercy !—run and call help, Simon !

Sim. I haven't a leg left, sir—it's all over with me !

Bold. [Pushing his door, L. in flat more open.] D—n it, this'll never do ! I can stay here no longer.

[Quake and Simon catch a glimpse of his cocked hat.

Qua. We're dead men to a certainty !

Sim. O, my poor body !

[They both fall to the ground in an agony of fear, in front of the stage, L. C. ; Charles and Bolding come forth, and stand for a moment gazing at each other ; Smart jumps up from under the table.

Smart. Now's our time—the devil take the hindmost !

[He pulls the cloth from the table, and throws it over Quake and Simon ; Charles and Bolding put chairs and table on them ; Smart then runs to the window, R., opens it, and jumps out ; Charles and Bolding follow him ; Quake and Simon keep crying out as loudly as terror will allow them.

Qua. } Thieves !—Murder !—Blood !—Help !—Oh !

Sim. } Oh !

[After a pause, Simon ventures to put his head from under the baize, &c., and gazes fearfully about the room.

Sim. They're gone, sir. [Rises on his feet.

Qua. How many were there, Simon?

Sim. Seven, I counted.

Qua. Seven! Lord protect us poor miserable wretches!
[Gets up.]

[A knocking is heard at the door, R.; Quake and Simon again fall to the ground, C.]

Qua. We're lost now, past redemption.

Sim. O, Lord, yes!—They're all coming back again, no doubt, with more to help them.

Luc. [From without.] Father, what is the matter?

Soph. [From without.] Uncle, what are you about?

Qua. [Rising.] They're my children. Run, Simon; open the door. [Simon totters to the door, R.]

Sim. Are you alone?

Luc. Yes, yes; open the door

Enter LUCRETIA, SOPHIA, and ROSE, with lights, R.

Luc. Lord bless us, papa!—what have you been doing?

Soph. Are you dead, uncle?

Sim. No, miss, but perilously frightened.

Qua. [Almost crying.] Ah, my dears, you had well nigh lost me! Death, in the most dreadful form—swords—pistols—

Sim. And a cocked-hat that might have frightened the devil!

Luc. But whom have you seen?

Qua. The house swarms with assassins. How many were there, Simon?

Sim. Seven stood over us—not to mention those who fled off while we were on the ground.

Luc. [Aside to Sophia.] Seven!—Why, what can it mean!

Soph. [Aside to Lucretia.] I'm thunderstruck!

Luc. And they used violence, you say, papa?

Qua. No; every thing but that.

Soph. But how came you on the ground, uncle?

Qua. [Confused.] Hey, Simon, how was that?

Sim. The cocked-hat, sir, mortal man could not have stood up against. [A violent ringing heard at house-gate, L.]

Qua. Preserve us!—What is that?

Sim. They're all coming again out of the window in at the door.

All. Lord ha' mercy!—What will become of us!—Help! help!

Qua. Don't be afraid, Simon ; you shall go first, and I'll back you.

[*Bell rings violently, L. ; a loud hallooing heard without ; Lucretia, Sophia, and Rose crowd behind Quake, taking hold of the skirts of his coat ; he seizes hold of Simon, and places him in front ; while the latter completes the line of defence by a chair placed before him.*]

Smart. (L.) [*Without.*] Open the door—fear nothing—we're friends.

Rose. [*Detaching herself from the group.*] Thank heaven ! it is a friend ; sir, our neighbours are coming to help us.

Qua. Will you venture to open the door, Rose ?

Rose. Oh yes, sir, without delay. [*She runs out, L.*]

Bold. (L.) [*Without.*] Take courage, friends.

Chas. (L.) [*Without.*] Your danger's over.

Luc. and } Heavens ! That voice !

Soph. }

Enter ROSE, L. running in, followed by BOLDINO.

CHARLES, and SMART.

Luc. [*Quitting her father.*] Bolding ! My dear Bolding !

Soph. [*Running towards Charles.*] My dear, sweet Charles !

[*They both throw themselves into the arms of their lovers, while Quake and Simon stand staring with stupid wonder at each other.*]

Qua. Are we awake, Simon ?

Sim. The devil's amongst us, sir,—that's certain.

Bold. [*To Lucretia.*] Be composed, dearest, no harm shall touch you.

Cha. [*To Sophia.*] Look up, Sophia—smile and be happy.

Qua. Very consoling, gentlemen, indeed.

Bold. My dear sir, banish all your apprehensions ! You are secure—we have routed all the robbers, and saved your lives—but—no thanks, I beseech you—no thanks.

Qua. And is it really to you, gentlemen, that we owe—

Bold. Yes, sir ; it is to us that you owe it all—I give you my honour.

Qua. Sir, I want words to express my gratitude—but—excuse me, sir, you and the ladies here seem old acquaintance.

Bold. I confess, sir, that I have long known and loved the incomparable Lucretia.

Qua. The devil you have!—[*To Charles.*—And you, sir.

Soph. And he, sir, has long known and loved the incomparable Sophia.

Qua. Why, Lucretia!—Sophia! Audacious hussies.

Bold. Be calm, sir; marriages, remember are made in heaven!

Qua. What, without my consent?

Cha. Doom not those to death, sir, who have saved you from it.

Luc. Dear papa!

Soph. Kind uncle!

Qua. [After a pause.] They have saved our lives, it is true, and we owe them much. [Pauses.] Well, let it be so.—Take 'em, gentlemen, take 'em, and may they never deceive you, as they have deceived me. [The lovers embrace.]

Smart. And I, sir, one of the heroes to whom you owe your breath—may I not ask for a reward?

Qua. Name it, and take it.

Smart. 'Tis here, sir.—[Takes Rose's hand.]

Qua. Aye, aye, empty my house at once: and will nobody have poor Simon?

Sim. No, sir, I'll stay and fight for you another day.

Qua. Come, then, gentlemen, let's sup and be merry. And may this spot be the rendezvous of merry faces for many a night to come.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

ROSE. SMART. BOLD. LUC. SIMON. QUA. SOPH. CHARLES.
R.] [L.]



BARBAROSSA:

A TRAGEDY,

In five Acts,

BY JOHN BROWN, D. D.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. KEAN, JUN.
IN THE CHARACTER OF SELIM.

Engraved on Steel by MR. WOOLNOTH, from an original Drawing
by MR. WAGEMAN.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Barbarossa.

THIS tragedy is the production of a divine, a scholar, and, we may add, a man of genius; though, as a dramatic writer, Dr. Browne has little claim to the latter distinction. The plot of *Barbarossa* is derived from *Merope*; and the character that gives its name to the tragedy is a compound of Bajazet, and the vociferous monarch in the *Mourning Bride*. The language, in many instances, is borrowed from *Paradise Lost*, and the *Annus Mirabilis*. That part which is confessedly the Doctor's composition, is a strange mixture of bombast and insipidity—of sentiment, ill-chosen and ill-expressed—of empty declamation, instead of real passion. There is, however, considerable tact displayed in the management of the plot, and in the development of the incidents; many of which are calculated to fix attention, and to create surprise. There are also sentiments of dignity and pathos, though but thinly scattered; and some passages of poetic beauty, though not of sufficient consequence to redeem the prevailing tameness of the far greater portion. The characters are neither prominent nor particularly well-drawn. Zaphira is a tender mother; Selim an affectionate son; and *Barbarossa* is a tyrant of the first water, who tears a passion to tatters—to very rags. He is alternately King Cambyses and ancient Pistol. He maintains his regal dignity with sufficient imprecation and bluster, and levies a heavy contribution on the lungs of the performer who shall assume the sock in his behalf. *Garrick* had so high an opinion of this tragedy, that he took extraordinary pains to produce it with appropriate splendour, writing the prologue and epilogue himself;—the former he spoke in the character of a country boy; the latter was delivered by *Woodward*, dressed as a fine gentleman. But *Garrick* was not the best judge of literary merit: he produced *Barbarossa* with extraordinary honours in 1755; and, in less than two years afterwards, he rejected *Douglas*!

This tragedy has been seldom performed of late years, but for the purpose of exhibiting the precocious talents of some new candidate for theatric honours in *Selim*; in which character all the interest of the play is centered. The performance of *Master Betty* was, for a boy, "*prodigious*;" but, as we were quite satisfied with *Kemble*, *Cooke*, and *Siddons*, the merits of this juvenile prodigy were entirely lost upon us. We would rather, at any time, see that greater wonder, *Toby*, the learned pig, go through *his* part, as he invariably does, with good discretion, than the most surprising young *Roscius* that ever burlesqued *Shakspeare*, or made a fool of the public, "*ag-*

gravate" Macbeth or Richard. Shakspeare has an allusion to a similar mania that prevailed in his day, in the following dialogue in Hamlet:—

"*Hamlet.* Do they (*i. e.* the players) hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

"*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

"*Hamlet.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

"*Ros.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace. But there is, sir, *an aiery children, little eyases*, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't," &c. &c.

This sarcasm clearly points at the *Children of Paul's* and of *her Majesty's Chappell*, who were beginning to rival the established actors of the time.

But, when *Master Betty* ceased to be *little*, he ceased to be *great*. *Barbarossa* has, therefore, been shelved for several years past;* and would probably have remained so, but for the aspiring ambition of Mr. Kean, jun., who has again drawn it from obscurity, to exhibit himself in the character of the youthful *Selim*.

The principal fault of this young gentleman's acting is *want of keeping*. He can be energetic when his powers are called forth by any striking passage; but, in the absence of this excitement, he is often tame and passionless. He is neither deficient in taste or judgment; he does not offend the eye by ungraceful attitudes, or crack the ear with harsh, discordant sounds. He has no affectation of making *new points*: indeed, were he to attempt something *above the level* of his declamation, his performance would be greatly improved. Mr. Kean's voice is weak, his figure puerile, as may be expected from his youth—for he is not yet *seventeen* until the 18th of January, 1828)—but his countenance has the power of giving effect to strong passion. What improvement time, experience, and *study*, may produce—and we recommend the *latter* to him, as indispensably necessary to form a great actor—it is hard to surmise. It is not often that we have to record *hereditary* talent on the stage.—*Bannister* is the only exception—and a brilliant one he is—to this almost general rule.

Mr. Cooper, in *Othman*, was better than usual. Mrs. W. West and Miss I. Pator, as *Zaphira* and *Irene*, were about as good as the modern run of tragedy ladies: they did not make us *laugh*, which is saying a good deal. Mr. Mude, in *Barbarossa*, was a perfect illustration of the *Buil and Mouth*:—

"Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery!—Hence!"

➡ D—G.

* With this intermission—Mr. Wallack played *Selim*, at Drury Lane, on the 26th of December, 1826, with considerable talent.

Costume.

BARBAROSSA.—Green velvet robe, scarlet satin shirt, white trousers, russet boots, and turban.

SELIM.—First dress (as **ACHMET**)—Brown stuff tunic, red slippers, white trousers, and turban. Second dress—Blue velvet fly, white satin shirt, red slippers, white trousers, and turban.

OTHMAN.—Scarlet fly, yellow satin shirt, white slippers, turban to correspond, scarlet Cashmere scarf.

SADI.—Brown fly, blue vest, red trousers, slippers and turban to correspond.

ALADIN.—Black and scarlet fly, white vest, trousers, and turban.

FIRST OFFICER.—Black fly, blue shalloon vest, white trousers, slippers, and turban.

SLAVE.—Brown fly, blue vest and trousers, turban.

FOUR OFFICERS.—Blue fly, yellow vests, and white trousers; slippers and turbans to correspond.

TWO EXECUTIONERS.—Brown fly, yellow vests, and trousers.

ZAPHIRA.—White embroidered silver dress and trousers, purple robe, trimmed with ermine and gold, turban, and Turkish shoes.

IRENE.—White satin and tissue dress, robe trimmed with yellow satin, white trousers and turban, with crescent and bird of Paradise feather, Turkish shoes.

SEMIRA.—Brown tunic dress, white trousers, Turkish shoes, and plain white turban.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Cast of the Characters, as performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	<i>Covent Garden, Dec. 1, 1802.</i>	<i>Drury Lane, Dec. 26, 1826.</i>	<i>Drury Lane, Oct. 15, 1827.</i>
<i>Barbarossa</i>	Mr. Hargrave.	Mr. Archer.	Mr. Mude.
<i>Selim</i>	Master Betty.	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Kean, jun.
<i>Othman</i>	Mr. Murray.	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Sadi</i>	Mr. Creswell.	Mr. Southwell.	Mr. Fenton.
<i>Aladin</i>	Mr. Chapman.	Mr. Younge.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Yusef</i>	Mr. Abbot.		Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Hassan</i>	Mr. Atkins.		Mr. Fenton.
<i>Officers</i>	Messrs. L. Bologua, &c.		Messrs. Hope, &c.
<i>Zaphira</i>	Mrs. Litchfield.	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. W. West.
<i>Irene</i>	Miss Brunton.	Miss I. Paton.	Miss I. Paton.
<i>Semira</i>	Mrs. Gaudry.	Mrs. Weston.	Mrs. Weston.

SCENE—The Royal Palace of Algiers.

BARBAROSSA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OTHMAN and a Slave, R.

Oth. (c.) A stranger, sayest thou, that inquires of
Othman?

Sla. (l. c.) He does : and waits admittance.

Oth. Did he tell

His name and quality?

Sla. That he declin'd :

But call'd himself thy friend.

Oth. Where didst thou see him?

Sla. Even now, while twilight clos'd the day, I
spied him

Musing amid the ruins of yon tower

That overhangs the flood.

Oth. (R.) What can this mean?

Conduct the stranger to me.

[*Exit Slave, L.*

Perhaps some worthy citizen, return'd

From voluntary exile to Algiers,

Once known in happier days.

[*Crosses to L.*

Enter SADI, L.

Ah, Sadi here !

My honour'd friend !

Sadi. (L.) Stand off—pollute me not :

These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain

Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.

Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches : for beneath

This habit, which to thy mistaken eye

Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true

As Sadi's to my king.

Sadi. Why then beneath

This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,

Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live,

The slave of insolence ?

O shame to dwell,

With murder, lust, and rapine ! Did he not
 Come from the depths of Barca's solitude,
 With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance ?
 Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
 Receive him as his guest ? O fatal hour !
 Did he not, then, with hot, adult'rous eye,
 Gaze on the queen Zaphira ? Yes, 'twas lust—
 Lust gave the infernal whisper to his soul,
 And bade him murder if he would enjoy !
 Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd,
 Canst wear the murd'rer's badge.

Oth. Mistaken man !

Yet, still I love thee :
 Still unprovok'd by thy intemperate zeal.
 Could passion prompt me to licentious speech,
 Bethink thee—might I not reproach thy flight
 With the foul names of fear and perfidy ?
 Didst thou not fly, when Barbarossa's word
 Reek'd with the blood of thy brave countrymen ?
 What then did I ?—Beneath this hated roof,
 In pity to my widow'd queen——

Sadi. In pity ?

Oth. Yes, Sadi ! heaven is witness, pity sway'd me.
 With honest guile I did enrol my name
 In the black list of Barbarossa's friends :
 In hope that some propitious hour might rise,
 When heav'n would dash the murd'rer from his throne ;
 And give young Selim to his orphan'd people.

Sadi. Indeed ! canst thou be true ?

Oth. By Heaven, I am.

Sadi. Why then dissemble thus ?

Oth. (c.) Have I not told thee ?

I held it vain to stem the tyrant's power,
 By the weak efforts of an ill-tim'd rage.

Sadi. (l. c.) I find thee honest : and with pride
 Will join thy counsels. [Takes his hand.
 Can aught, my friend, be done,—
 Can aught be dar'd ?

Oth. We groan beneath the scourge.
 This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance
 For the foul murder of our honour'd king,
 Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.

Sadi. O my devoted country !

But say, the widow'd queen—my heart bleeds for her.

Oth. If pain be life, she lives : but in such woe,

As want and slavery might view with pity,
And bless their happier lot.
Hemm'd round by terrors,
Within this cruel palace, once the seat
Of ev'ry joy, through seven long tedious years,
She mourns her murder'd lord, her exil'd son
Her people fall'n : the murd'rer of her lord,
Returning now from conquest o'er the Moors,
Tempts her to marriage ; but with noble firmness,
Surpassing female, she rejects his vows,
Scorning the horrid union. Meantime, he,
With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son ;
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast.

Sadi. Is this thy faith !
Tamely to witness to such deeds of horror !
Give me thy poniard ; lead me to the tyrant.
What though surrounding guards—— [*Crosses to R.*

Oth. Repress thy rage.
Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence ;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends
And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.

Sadi. (R. c.) Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's
wrongs.

Remember, Othman (and let vengeance rise),
How, in the pangs of death, and in his gore
Welt'ring, we found our prince !
His royal blood,
The life-blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple ! Oh, remember ! and revenge !

Oth. (L. c.) Doubt not my zeal. But haste and seek
our friends.

Near to the western port Almanzor dwells,
Yet unseduced by Barbarossa's power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of Selim's safety, or (what more I dread)
Of Selim's death. Thence best may our resolves
Be drawn hereafter.

Sadi. I obey thee.
Near to the western port, thou say'st ?

Oth. E'en there.
Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend ;

I would not have thee found within these walls.

[*Flourish, R.*

And, hark ! these warlike sounds proclaim th' approach
Of the proud Barbarossa, with his train.

Begone !

Sadi. (L. C.) May dire disease and pestilence
Hang o'er his steps ! [*Shake hands.*] Farewell. Re-
member, Othman,

Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong !

[*Exit Sadi, L.*

Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot !
Yet, for the love I bear them, I must wrap
My deep resentments in the specious guise
Of smiles and fair deportment.

Enter BARBAROSSA, Guards, &c. R. S. E.

Bar. (R. C.) Valiant Othman,
Are these vile slaves impaled ?

Oth. (L.) My lord, they are.

Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from them ?

Oth. They died obdurate ; while the melting crowd
Wept at their groans and anguish.

Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts !
But why sits that sadness on thy brow,
While joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the Moors o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace ?

Oth. Mighty warrior,
The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give.

Bar. Well, be it so.
To guard Algiers from anarchy's misrule,
I sway the regal sceptre.
But 'tis strange,
That, when with open arms I would receive
Young Selim—would restore the crown which death
Reft from his father's head, he scorns my bounty,
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes
Against my power, who saved his bleeding country

Enter ALADIN, L.

Ala. (L.) Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to Algiers and thee :
Young Selim is no more.

Oth. (R. c.) Selim no more ! [*Much agitated.*]

Bar. (c.) Why that astonishment?
He was our bitterest foe.

Oth. So perish all thy' causeless enemies !

Bar. How died the prince, and where ?

Ala. The rumour tells,
That, flying to Oran, he there begged succours
From Ferdinand of Spain, t' invade Algiers.

Bar. From Christian dogs !

Oth. How !—League with infidels !

Ala. And there held council with the haughty Spaniard,

To conquer and dethrone thee ; but in vain
For, in a dark encounter with two slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,
Selim at length was slain.

Bar. Ungrateful boy !

Oft have I courted him to meet my kindness,
But still in vain : he shunn'd me like a pestilence ;
Nor could I e'er behold him since the down
Cover'd his manly cheek. How many years
Number'd he ?

Oth. I think scarce thirteen when his father died,
And now some twenty.

Bar. Othman, now for proof
Of undissembled service. Well I know
Thy long-experienced faith hath plac'd thee high
In the queen's confidence.

Othman, she must be won :
Plead thou my cause of love ;
Make her but mine,
And such reward shall crown thy zeal,
As shall outsoar thy wishes.

Oth. (R.) Mighty king,
Where duty bids, I go.

Bar. (R. c.) Then haste thee, Othman,
Ere yet the rumour of her son's decease
Hath reach'd her ear ;
Tell her, I come, borne on the wings of love.
Haste—fly—I follow thee. [*Exit Othman, R.*]

Now, Aladin,
Now fortune bears us to the wish'd-for port !
This was the rock I dreaded : dost not think
Th' attempt was greatly daring ?

Ala. Bold as needful.

What booteth it to cut the old serpent off,
While the young adder nested in his place?

Bar. (c.) True. Algiers is mine
Without a rival.

Yet I wonder much

Omar returns not—Omar, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear 'tis he hath fall'n.

Didst thou not say two slaves encounter'd Selim?

Ala. Ay, two; 'tis rumour'd so

Bar. And that one fell?

Ala. By Selim's hand; while his companion
Planted his happier steel in Selim's heart.

Bar. Omar, I fear, is fall'n. From my right hand
I gave my signet to the trusty slave;
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of Selim's death, if sickness, or captivity,
Or wayward fate, should thwart his quick return.

Ala. The rumour yet is young; perhaps, foreruns
The trusty slave's approach.

Bar. We'll wait th' event.

Meantime give out, that now the widow'd queen
Hath dried her tears, prepared to crown my love
By marriage rites: spread wide the flatt'ring tale;
For, if persuasion win not her consent,
Power shall compel.

This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the Moor. Hence, Aladin,
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[Exeunt Aladin and Slaves, L.]

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish; in Selim's blood
Its root is struck: from this the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er Afric's continent,
And stretch from shore to shore.

Enter IRENE, R.

My wayward daughter, still will thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul? When pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon,
To dwell with sorrow. Why these sullen tears?

Ire. (R. C.) Let not these tears offend my father's eye;
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Bar. What wouldst thou urge?

Ire. Thy dread return from war

And proffer'd love, have opened ev'ry wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
Urge not thy command

To see her. Her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude ; she asks no more.

Bar. She mocks my love. How many tedious years
Have I endur'd her coyness ! Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from Algiers,
Ere this my power had reach'd what she denies.
But there's a cause which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Ire. O, frown not thus, *[Takes his hand.]*
But look more kindly on me !

Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty.
Unhappy queen !

[Weeps.]

Bar. What means that gushing tear ?

Ire. O, never shall Irene taste of peace,
While poor Zaphira mourns !

Bar. Is this my child ?
Perverse and stubborn ! as thou lov'st thy peace,
Dry up thy tears. What ! damp the general triumph
That echoes through Algiers ; which now shall pierce
The vaulted heav'n, as soon as fame shall spread
Young Selim's death, my empire's bitt'rest foe !

Ire. O, generous Selim ! *[Weeps.]*

Bar. Ah ! there's more in this.
Tell me, Irene, on thy duty tell me,
Why, at this detested name of Selim,
Afresh thy sorrow streams ?

Ire. Yes, I will tell thee,
For he is gone, and dreads thy hate no more.
My father knows, that scarce five moons are past
Since the Moors seiz'd and sold me at Oran
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime.

Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this ?

Ire. Oft have I told thee,
How, 'midst the throng, a youth appear'd ; his eye
Bright as the morning star—

Bar. And was it Selim ?
Did he redeem thee ?

Ire. With unsparing hand,

He paid th' allotted ransom ; at his feet I wept,
 Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
 But when I told my quality and birth,
 He started at the name of Barbarossa ;
 Yet, with recovery mild,
 "Go to Algiers," he cried ; "protect my mother,
 And be to her what Selim is to thee."
 E'en such, my father, was the gen'rous youth,

[Takes his hand.

Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
 Lies number'd with the dead ! [Weeps.

Bar. (L. c.) Amazement chills me !
 Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me ?
 False, faithless child !

Ire. (c.) Could gratitude do less ?
 He said thy wrath pursued him ; thence conjur'd me
 Not to reveal his name.

Bar. Thou treacherous maid,
 To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe !

Ire. Alas ! my father,
 He never was thy foe.

Bar. What ! plead for Selim !
 O, coward ! trait'ress to thy father's glory !
 Thou shouldst have lived a slave—been sold to shame—
 Been banish'd to the depths of howling deserts,—
 Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
 A father's honour by a deed so vile !
 Hence from my sight !—Hence, thou unthankful child !
 Beware thee ; shun the queen ; nor taint her ear
 With Selim's fate. Yes, she shall crown my love,
 Or, by our prophet, she shall dread my power !

[Exit Barbarossa, l.

Ire. (L. c.) Unhappy queen !
 To what new scenes of horror art thou doom'd !
 She but entreats to die
 In her dear father's tent : thither, good queen,
 My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.
 What though my frowning father pour his rage
 On my defenceless head ; yet innocence
 Shall yield her firm support, and conscious virtue
 Gild all my days. Could I but save Zaphira,
 Let the storm beat ; I'll weep and pray till she
 And heav'n forget my father e'er was cruel. [Exit, R.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment, with sofa.**Enter ZAPHIRA, R.*

Zap. (c.) When shall I be at peace? O, righteous heaven,
Strengthen my fainting soul, which fain would rise
To confidence in thee! But woes on woes
O'erwhelm me. First my husband, now my son—
Both dead—both slaughter'd by the bloody hand
Of Barbarossa! What infernal power
Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,
To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
Murder and lust!—To wake domestic peace,
And every heart-felt joy!

Enter OTHMAN, L.

O, faithful Othman!

Our fears were true: my Selim is no more!

Oth. Has, then, the fatal secret reach'd thine ear?
Inhuman tyrant!

Zap. Strike him, heav'n, with thunder,
Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence!

Oth. 'Twas what we fear'd. Oppose not heav'n's
high will,
Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate,
That links thee to thy woes. O, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to heaven, my honour'd queen.
The king——

Zap. Whom styl'st thou king?

Oth. 'Tis Barbarossa.

Zap. Does he assume the name of king?

Oth. He does.

Zap. O, title vilely purchas'd!—by the blood
Of innocence—by treachery and murder!
May heav'n, incens'd, pour down its vengeance on him,
Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror
Till phrensy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth!—My faithful Othman,
My sole surviving prop, canst thou devise
No secret means, by which I may escape
This hated palace?

Oth. That hope is vain. The tyrant knows thy hate ;
Hence, day and night, his guards environ thee.
Rouse not, then, his anger :
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Would rob thee of for ever.

Zap. An injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty !—And, oh ! to whom !
E'en to the murd'rer of her lord and son !
O, perish first, Zaphira !—Yes, I'll die !
For what is life to me ?—My dear, dear lord—
My hapless child—yes, I will follow you !

Oth. Wilt thou not see him, then ?

Zap. I will not, Othman ;
Or, if I do, with bitter imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents' tongues,
I'll pour my curses on him.

Oth. Will Zaphira
Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge ?

Zap. Revenge !—O, tell me—
Tell me but how ?—What can a helpless woman ?

Oth. (c.) Gain but the tyrant's leave, and seek thy
father ;
Pour thy complaints before him ; let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation to pursue
This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten pow'r.

Zap. (L. c.) Ah ! say'st thou, Othman ?
Thy words have shot like lightning through my frame,
And all my soul's on fire !—Thou faithful friend !
Yes, with more gentle speech I'll soothe his pride ;
Regain my freedom ; reach my father's tents ;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
Shall wake the valleys into honest vengeance ;
The sudden storm shall pour on Barbarossa,
And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs ! [*Crosses to R.*]

Oth. (c.) There spoke the queen.—But, as thou lov'st
thy freedom,
Touch not on Selim's death. Thy soul will kindle,
And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.

Zap. (R.) My murder'd son !—Yes, to revenge thy
death,
I'll speak a language which my heart disdains,

Oth. Peace, peace!—the tyrant comes. — Now, injur'd queen,
Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
And check each rising passion. [*Exit Othman, R.*]

Enter BARBAROSSA, L.

Bar. (L.) Hail, sovereign fair! in whom
Beauty and majesty conspire to charm :
Behold the conqu'ror.

Zap. (R. C.) O, Barbarossa,
No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart. With my departed lord
My love lies buried !
Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
May crown thy growing love with love sincere ;
For I have none to give.

Bar. Love ne'er should die :
'Tis the soul's cordial—'tis the fount of life ;
Therefore should spring eternal in the breast
One object lost, another should succeed,
And all our life be love.

Zap. Urge me no more.—Thou mightst with equal
hope
Woo the cold marble, weeping o'er a tomb,
To meet thy wishes.—But, if generous love

[*Approaches him.*]

Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere :
Give me safe convoy to the native vales
Of dear Mutija, where my father reigns.

Bar. O, blind to proffer'd bliss!—What! fondly quit
This pomp
Of empire for an Arab's wand'ring tent !
Where the mock chieftain leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, and faintly shadows out
The majesty of kings!—Far other joys
Here shall attend thy call :
Submissive realms
Shall bow the neck ; and swarthy kings and queens,
From the far-distant Niger and the Nile,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot-wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.

Zap. Pomp and pow'r are toys,
Which e'en the mind at ease may well disdain :
But, oh ! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendour, when the mind

Lies desolate within!—Such, such is mine!
 O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to ev'ry joy:
 Envy me not this last request, to die
 In my dear father's tents.

Bar. Thy suit is vain.

Zap. Thus, kneeling at thy feet—

[*Kneels.*

Bar. Thou thankless fair!

[*Raises Zaphira.*

Thus to repay the labours of my love!
 Had I not seiz'd the throne when Selim died,
 Ere this thy foes had laid Algiers in ruin.
 I check'd the warring pow'rs, and gave you peace.
 Make thee but mine,
 I will descend the throne, and call thy son
 From banishment to empire.

Zap. O, my heart!

Can I bear this?

Inhuman tyrant!—Curses on thy head!

May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,

And gender in thy bosom fell despair,—

Despair as deep as mine!

[*Crosses to L.*

Bar. (R. C.) What means Zaphira?

What means this burst of grief?

Zap. (L.) Thou fell destroyer!

Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience

Would flash conviction on thee, and each look,

Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent horrors,

To turn thee into stones!—Relentless man!

Who did the bloody deed?—O, tremble, guilt,

Where'er thou art!—Look on me; tell me, tyrant,

Who slew my blameless son?

Bar. What envious tongue

Hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?

Thy Selim lives; nay, more, he soon shall reign,

If thou consent to bless me.

Zap. Never, O, never!—Sooner would I roam

An unknown exile through the torrid climes

Of Afric—sooner dwell with wolves and tigers,

Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne!

Bar. Rash queen, forbear; think on thy captive state;

Remember, that within these palace walls

I am omnipotent. Yield thee, then;

Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,

And dread my pow'r increas'd.

Zap. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine ear

With that foul menace? Tyrant! dread'st thou not

Th' all-seeing eye of Heav'n, its lifted thunder,

And all the redd'ning vengeance which it stores
For crimes like thine?—Yet know, Zaphira scorns
thee. [Crosses to R.

Though robb'd by thee of ev'ry dear support,
No tyrant's threat can awe the free-born soul,
That greatly dares to die. [Exit Zaphira, R.

Bar. (c.) Where should she learn the tale of Selim's
death?

Could Othman dare to tell it?—If he did,
My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,
To instant death!

Enter ALADIN, L.

O Aladin!

Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,
That swells with indignation and despair.

This stubborn woman—

Ala. (L.) What, unconquer'd still?

Bar. (c.) The news of Selim's fate hath reach'd her ear.
Whence could this come?

Ala. I can resolve the doubt.

A female slave, attendant on Zaphira,
O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale,
And gave it to her ear.

Bar. Perdition seize her!

Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure
Her haughty soul: nay, she defies my pow'r;
And talks of death, as if her female form
Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.

Ala. Let her rage foam.

I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Bar. Say'st thou?—Speak on—O give me quick relief!

Ala. The gallant youth is come who slew her son.

Bar. Who, Omar?

Ala. No; unhappy Omar fell

By Selim's hand. But Achmet, whom he join'd
His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Reveng'd his death by Selim's.

Bar. Gallant youth!

Bears he the signet?

Ala. Ay.

Bar. That speaks him true.—Conduct him, Aladin.

[Exit Aladin, L.

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter SELIM disguised as ACHMET, and ALADIN, L.

Sel. Hail, mighty Barbarossa ! As the pledge [*Kneels.*
Of Selim's death, behold thy ring restor'd.—
That pledge will speak the rest.

Bar. Rise, valiant youth ;
But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom.
Thou art the youth, whom Omar (now no more)
Join'd his companion in this brave attempt ?

Sel. I am.

Bar. Then tell me how you sped.—Where found ye
That insolent ?

Sel. We found him at Oran,
Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.

Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor—

Sel. As we ought.

While night drew on, we leap'd upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave Omar aimed the poniard,
Which Selim shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plung'd it in his breast. I hasted on,
Too late to save, yet I revenged my friend :
My thirsty dagger, with repeated blows,
Search'd every artery : they fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity :
And thus in frowns expir'd.

Bar. Well hast thou sped :
Thy dagger did its office, faithful Achmet !
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
Be the thought fortunate!—Go, seek the queen.
For know, the rumour of her Selim's death
Hath reach'd her ear : hence dark suspicions rise,
Glancing at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
Her son expire ;—that with his dying breath
He did conjure her to receive my vows,
And give her country peace.

Enter OTHMAN and ALADIN, R.

Most welcome, Othman ;
Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen ; for he hath news,
Worthy her ear, from her departed son,
Such as may win her love.—Come, Aladin ;

The banquet waits our presence ;—festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet ; and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day. [*Exeunt Barbarossa and Aladin, R.*

Sel. (L.) What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast ?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy
That riots through the palace ?

Oth. Dar'st thou tell me
On what dark errand thou art here ?

Sel. I dare.
Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage ? Read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury ?—I am Selim's murd'rer.

Oth. Selim's murd'rer ?

Sel. Start not from me.
My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood—
Why this amazement ?

Oth. Amazement !—No—'tis well : 'tis as it should be
He was indeed a foe to Barbarossa.

Sel. And therefore to Algiers :—Was it not so ?
Why dost thou pause : what passion shakes thy frame ?

Oth. Fate, do thy worst ! I can no more dissemble ;
Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
Smear'd with my prince's blood !—Go, tell the tyrant,
Othman defies his power ; that, tir'd with life,
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Sel. What, didst thou love this Selim ?

Oth. All men lov'd him.
He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
That envy at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair name. Remorseless tyrant !—

Sel. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lov'st him,
I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
I have deceiv'd this tyrant Barbarossa.
Selim is yet alive.

Oth. Alive !

Sel. Nay, more—
Selim is in Algiers.

Oth. Impossible !

Sel. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither straight.

Oth. Not for an empire !
Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tiger's den.

Sel. But I'll bring him
Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride

Suspicion, though she wear lynx's eyes.
Not even thyself couldst know him.

Oth. Yes, sure : too sure to hazard such an awful trial

Sel. (c.) Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.

Oth. No time can blot
The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien.
The lustre of his eye ! Besides, he wears
A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Sel. A scar ?

Oth. Ay, on his forehead.

Sel. What ! like this ?

[*Lifts his turban.*]

Oth. Whom do I see ?—Am I awake.—My prince !
My honour'd, honour'd king !

[*Kneels.*]

Sel. Rise, faithful Othman :

Thus let me thank thy truth !

[*Embraces him.*]

Oth. O happy hour !

Sel. Why dost thou tremble thus ? why grasp my hand ?
And why that ardent gaze ? Thou canst not doubt me ?

Oth. Ah, no ! I see thy sire in every line.—

How did my prince escape the murd'rer's hand ?

Sel. I wrench'd the dagger from him ; and gave back
That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore
The tyrant's signet :—"Take this ring," he cried,
"The sole return my dying hand can make thee
For its accurst attempt ; this pledge restor'd,
Will prove thee slain : safe mayst thou see Algiers,
Unknown to all."—This said, th' assassin died.

Oth. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown ?

Sel. Disguised as Selim's murderer I come :
Th' accomplice of the deed : the ring restor'd,
Gain'd credence to my words.

Oth. Yet, ere thou cam'st, thy death was rumour'd here.

Sel. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hither ;
That babbling humour, like a lying dream,
Might make belief more easy. Tell me, Othman,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme,—
How fares my mother ? Does she still retain
Her native greatness ?

Oth. Still :—in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, though with impious threats
Of death or violation.

Sel. May kind heav'n
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, Othman?

Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.

Sel. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue: 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?

Oth. Still my heart
Forbodes some dire event: O, quit these walls.

Sel. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

Oth. What means my prince.

Sel. To take just vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's sufferings, and a people's groans.

Oth. Alas, my prince! thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes.

Sel. (R.) Therefore I come.
Clad in this murd'rer's guise—Ere morning shines,
This, Othman!—this—shall drink the tyrant's blood.
[Shows a dagger.]

Oth. Heav'n shield thy life—let caution rule
Thy zeal.

Sel. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair;
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From Sadi and Almanzor.

Oth. Say—what hope.
My soul is all attention—

Sel. (R. c.) Mark me, then:
A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace: while the glutt'd troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit, the confed'rate city,
Bold through despair, have sworn to break their chain
By one wide slaughter. I, meantime, have gained
The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard Zaphira from the tyrant's rage
Amid the deathful uproar.

Oth. (L. c.) Heav'n protect thee—
'Tis dreadful—what's the hour?

Sel. I left our friends
In secret council. Ere the dead of night,
Brave Sadi will report their last resolves.—
Now lead me to the queen.

Oth. Brave prince, beware!

Her joy's or fear's excess would sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her till the tyrant perish!

Ach. I must; I feel some secret impulse urge me.
Who knows that 'tis not the last parting interview
We ever shall obtain?

Oth. Then, on thy life,
Do not reveal thyself.—Assume the name
Of Selim's friend, sent to confirm her virtue,
And warn her that he lives.

Ach. It shall be so. I yield me to thy will.

Oth. Thou greatly daring youth! May angels watch
And guard thy upright purpose! That Algiers
May reap the blessings of a virtuous reign,
And all thy godlike father shine in thee!

Sel. Oh, thou hast roused a thought, on which revenge
Mounts with redoubled fire!—Yes, here, even here,—
Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father
Shed round his blessings, till accursed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour! O, blessed shade! [*Kneels.*
If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs!
Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,
Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd
By peril, pain, or death! that, undismay'd,
I may pursue the just intent, and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die. [*Exeunt, R.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter IRENE, L.

Ire. (c.) Can air-drawn visions mock the waking eye?
Sure 'twas his image!—
This way, sure, he mov'd.
But, oh, how chang'd—he wears no gentle smiles,
But terror in his frown. He comes—'tis he;—
For Othman points him thither, and departs.
Disguis'd, he seeks the queen; secure, perhaps,
And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.
O, generous Selim! can I see thee thus,
And not forewarn such virtue of its fate!
Forbid it, gratitude! [*Retires to the back of the stage, R.*

Enter SELIM, L.

Sel. (L. C.) Be still, ye sighs!
Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still.
Down, down, fond heart!

Ire. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?

Sel. Oh, ruin! [Shunning her.]

Ire. Bless'd is Irene! Bless'd if Selim lives!

Sel. Am I betrayed!

Ire. Betrayed to whom? To her
Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save thee!

Sel. It was my hope
That time had veiled all semblance of my youth.
Am I, then, known?

Ire. To none, but love and me—
To me, who late beheld thee at Oran;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,
And flew to save the guardian of my honour.

Sel. Thou sum of every worth! thou heav'n of sweetness!

How could I pour forth all my soul before thee,
In vows of endless truth! It must not be!
This is my destined goal,—the mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell! where bitter tears,
And sighs and lamentations choke the voice,
And quench the flame of love!

Ire. Yet, virtuous prince,
Though love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear, then, her voice, which warns thee from these walls.
Mine be the grateful task, to tell the queen
Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O, speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps.

Sel. Would it were possible!

Ire. What can prevent it?

Sel. Justice! fate and justice!

A murdered father's wrongs? [Crosses to R.]

Ire. Justice, saidst thou?

That word had struck me like a peal of thunder!
Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror! Thy approach by night—
Thy dark disguise—thy looks and fierce demeanour,—
Yes, all conspire to tell me I am lost!
Ah, prince, take heed! I have a father too!
Think, Selim, what Irene must endure,
Should she be guilty of a father's blood!

Sel. (L. c.) Come on, then; lead me to him. Glut
thine eye
With Selim's blood—

Ire. Was e'er distress like mine!
O, Selim, can I see my father perish!
Heaven will ordain some gentler, happier means,
To heal thy woes: thy dark attempt is big
With horror and destruction! Generous prince—
Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart!

Sel. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go?
Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us
The mournful pleasure of a parting tear?

Ire. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these walls
As soon as morning shines;—else, though despair
Drives me to madness;—yet—to save a father!—
O, Selim! spare my tongue the horrid sentence!—
Fly! ere destruction seize thee! [Exit Irene, R.]

Sel. (L.). Death and ruin!
Must I, then, fly? What! coward-like, betray
My father, mother, friends! Vain terrors, hence!
Danger looks big to fear's deluded eye:
But courage, on the heights and steepes of fate,
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of peril. Now to the queen.
How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown!
How stifle the warm transports of my heart,
That pants at her approach! Who waits the queen?
Who waits Zaphira?

Enter SEMIRA, R.

Sel. (R. c.) Tell the queen, I come
On message from her dear departed son;
And bring his last request. [Exit Semira, R.]
O, ill dissembling heart! My ev'ry limb
Trembles with grateful terror.
Some look or starting tear
Will sure betray me—honest guile, assist
My falt'ring tongue!

Enter ZAPHIRA, R.

Zap. Where is this pious stranger?
Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress?
Didst thou behold in death my hapless son?
Did he remember me?

Sel. (L. c.) Most honoured queen!

Thy son,—forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine!

Zap. (c.) I thank thy pity!
'Tis generous thus to feel for others' woe?
What of my son? Say, didst thou see him die?

Sel. By Barbarossa's dread command I come,
To tell thee that these eyes alone beheld
Thy son expire.

Zap. Relentless fate! That I should be denied
The mournful privilege to see him die!
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul! [*Weeps.*] Oh, tell me all,
All that he said and looked; deep in my heart
That I may treasure every parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son!

Sel. Let not my words offend. What if he said,—
Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have streamed too long: then bid her weep no more:
Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms!

Zap. O, basely false!
Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprise my unsuspecting heart!
Vile slave, begone! My son betray me thus!
Could he have e'er conceived so base a purpose,
My griefs for him should end in great disdain;
But he was brave, and scorned a thought so vile!
Wretched Zaphira! how art thou become
The sport of slaves?

Sel. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen! Thy woes
May yet have end.

Zap. Why weep'st thou, crocodile?
Thy treacherous tears are vain.

Sel. (c.) My tears are honest.
I am not what thou think'st.

Zap. What art thou, then?

Sel. Oh, my full heart! I am—thy friend, and Selim's.
I come not to insult, but heal thy woes;
Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell thee—
Perhaps—thy son yet lives.

Zap. Lives! Oh, gracious heaven!
Do I not dream! Say, stranger, didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my Selim lives? What do I ask!
Wild, wild, and fruitless hope! What mortal power
Can e'er re-animate his mangled corse,

Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead! [*Crosses to R.*

Sel. (L. c.) O, powerful nature! thou wilt sure betray
me! [*Aside*

Thy Selim lives: for, since his rumoured death,
I saw him at Oran.

Zap. O, generous youth, who art thou?

Sel. A friendless youth, self-banished with thy son;
Long his companion in distress and danger:
One who rever'd thy worth in prosperous days,
And more reveres thy virtue in distress.

Zap. O, gentle stranger! Mock not my woes,
But tell me truly—does my Selim live?

Sel. He does, by heaven!

Zap. O, generous heaven! Thou at length o'erpay'st
My bitterest pangs, if my dear Selim lives!
And does he still remember
His father's wrongs, and mine?

Sel. He bade me tell thee,
That in his heart indelibly are stamped
His father's wrongs, and thine; that he but waits
Till awful justice may unsheath her sword;
That, till the arrival of that happy hour,
Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
And his breast labour with the great revenge!

Zap. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!

Sel. Much honoured queen, farewell. [*Going, L.*

Zap. Not yet—not yet,—indulge a mother's love!
In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my Selim stand before me.
Depart not yet. [*Takes his hand.*] A thousand fond re-
quests

Crowd on my mind. Wishes, and prayers, and tears,
Are all I have to give. O, bear him these!

Sel. Take comfort, then; for know, thy son, o'erjoy'd
To rescue thee, would bleed at every vein!—

“Bid her,” he said, “yet hope we may be blessed!
Bid her remember that the ways of heaven,
Though dark, are just: that oft some guardian power
Attends, unseen, to save the innocent!

But, if high heaven decrees our fall! oh, bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke, prepared alike
To live or die!” And then he wept as I do. [*Weeps.*

Zap. O, righteous heaven,
Protect his tender years!

Be thou his guide through dangers and distress ;
Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,
And lead him to his throne !

[*Exit, R.*

Sel. (c.) Now, swelling heart,
Indulge the luxury of grief ! Flow, tears !
And rain down transport in the shape of sorrow !
Yes, I have sooth'd her woes ; have found her noble :
And, to have given this respite to her pangs,
O'erpays all pain and peril ! Powerful virtue !
How infinite thy joys, when even thy griefs
Are pleasing ! Thou, superior to the frowns
Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,
And brighten woe to rapture !

Enter OTHMAN and SADI, L.

Honoured friends !

How goes the night ?

Sadi. (L. c.) 'Tis well nigh midnight.

Oth. What ! in tears, my prince !

Sel. But tears of joy : for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast :
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends ;
They have but harmonized my soul, and waked
All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril or death.—What tidings from the city ?

Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confederate friends
Burn with impatience till the hour arrive.

Sel. What is the signal of th' appointed hour ?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meeting :
And, when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.

Sel. (c.) Speed, speed, ye minutes !
Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm.
Let your zeal hasten on the great event :
The tyrant's daughter found and knew me here,
And half suspects the cause.

Oth. Too daring prince,
Retire with us ; her fears will sure betray thee.

Sel. What ! leave my helpless mother here a prey
To cruelty and lust—I'll perish first ;
This very night the tyrant threatens violence ;
I'll watch his steps ; I'll haunt him through the palace ;
And, should he meditate a deed so vile,

I'll hover o'er him like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt !

Sadi. Intrepid prince !

Worthy of empire ! Yet accept my life,
My worthless life ; do thou retire with Othman ;
I will protect Zaphira.

Sel. Think'st thou, Sadi,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim will shrink into a common man !
Worthless were he to rule who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more :
Here shall my station be ; and, if I fall,
O, friends, let me have vengeance ! Tell me now
Where is the tyrant ?

Oth. (L. c.) Revelling at the banquet.

Sel. (c.) 'Tis good. Now tell me how our powers are
destined ?

Sadi. Near every port a secret band is posted ;
By these the watchful sentinels must perish :
The rest is easy : for the gluttoned troops
Lie drown'd in sleep—the dagger's cheapest prey.
Almanzor, with his friends, will circle round
The avenues of the palace. Othman and I
Will join our brave confederates (all sworn
To conquer or to die), and burst the gates
Of this foul den. Then tremble, Barbarossa.

Sel. Oh, how the approach of this great hour
Fires all my soul ; but, valiant friends, I charge you
Reserve the murderer to my just revenge ;
My poniard claims his blood.

Oth. Forgive me, prince !

Forgive my doubts,—think—should the fair Irene—

Sel. Thy doubts are vain. I would not spare the
tyrant,

Though the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet ;
Nay, should he fall by any hand but mine,
By heaven, I'd think my honoured father's blood
Scarce half revenged ! My love, indeed, is strong ;
But love shall yield to justice.

Sadi. Gallant prince,
Bravely resolved.

Sel. But is the city quiet ?

Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty streets,
Nor voice, nor sound ; as if the inhabitants,

Like the presaging herds that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd th' impending uproar.

Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night, too,
That pleases me ; a general pause through nature ;
The winds are hush'd——

Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach, [*Looking out, L.*
The lazy billow scarce could lash the shore ;
No star peeps through the firmament of heav'n—

Sel. And, lo ! where eastward, o'er the sulien wave,
The waning moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood ; her beam, well nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness— [*Bell tolls.*
Hark !—what meant
That tolling bell ?

Oth. (R. C.) It sounds the midnight watch.

Sadi. (L. C.) This was the signal—
Come, Othman, we are call'd ; the passing minutes
Chide our delay ; brave Othman, let us hence.

Sel. One last embrace !—nor doubt but, crown'd with
glory, [*Takes the hand of Othman and Sadi*
We soon shall meet again. But, oh ! remember—
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy ;
Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood !
Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the sword,
Not to destroy, but save—nor let blind zeal
Or wanton cruelty e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence ; or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now looks on us from his bless'd abode,
Would wish that we should spare

Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us !

Sel. Farewell, friends !

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell !

[*Exeunt Othman and Sadi, L.*

Sel. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted sentinel
Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see.
In this dread interval, O busy thought,
From outward things descend into thyself—
Search deep my heart ; bring with thee awful conscience,
And firm resolve ; that, in th' approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd ;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare

To strike where she forbids.
 Witness, ye pow'rs of heav'n,
 That not from you, but from the murd'rer's eye,
 I wrap myself in night.—To you I stand
 Reveal'd in noontide day.—Oh, could I arm
 My hand with pow'r ! then, like to you, array'd
 In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
 Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
 That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives ;
 Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath him,
 And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
 In one prodigious ruin. [Exit, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter IRENE and ALADIN, R. S. E.

Ire. But didst thou tell him, Aladin, my fears
 Brook no delay.

Ala. I did.

Ire. Why comes he not !
 Oh, what a dreadful dream !—'tis surely more
 Than troubled fancy ; never was my soul
 Shook with such hideous phantoms.—Still he lingers !
 Return, return ; and tell him, that his daughter
 Dies, till she warn him of his threat'ning ruin.
Ala. Behold, he comes. [Exit Aladin, L.

Enter BARBAROSSA and Guards, L.

Bar. (L.) Thou bane of all my joys !
 Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth.
 E'en now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
 And damps the festal hour.

Ire. Forgive my fear.

Bar. What fear, what phantom, hath possess'd thy
 brain ?

Ire. Oh, guard thee from the terrors of this night ;
 For terrors lurk unseen.

Bar. What terror ? Speak.
 Say what thou dread'st, and why ! I have a soul
 To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Ire. (c.) Let not my father check, with stern rebuke
 The warning voice of nature ; for e'en now,

Retir'd to rest, soon as I clos'd mine eyes,
A horrid vision rose—methought I saw
Young Selim rising from the silent tomb :
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand ;
By some mysterious pow'r, he rose in air ;
When, lo ! at his command, this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance.
Swift he descended with terrific brow,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast.

Bar. Wouldst thou appal me by a brain-sick vision ?
Get thee to rest :

Ire. Yet hear me, dearest father. [*Kneels.*

Bar. Provoke me not—

Ire. Merciful heav'n, instruct me what to do

Enter ALADIN, L.

Bar. What mean thy looks ?—Why dost thou gaze
so wildly ?

Ala. I hasted to inform thee, that e'en now,
Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla,
Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark,
That young Selim is yet alive—

Bar. (c.) May plagues consume the tongue
That broach'd the falsehood !—'Tis not possible—
What did he tell thee further ?

Ala. More he said not :
Save only, that the spreading rumour wak'd
A spirit of revolt.

Ire. O gracious father !

Bar. The rumour's false—and yet, your coward fears
Infect me—what !—shall I be terrified
By midnight visions—I'll not believe it.

Ala. But this gathering rumour—
Think but on that, my lord.

Bar. Infernal darkness
Swallow the slave that rais'd it !—Hark thee, Aladin :
See that the watch be doubled ;
Find out this stranger, Achmet ; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me. [*Exeunt Guards and*

Ire. O my father ! *Aladin, L.*

I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy life,
Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards—
See not this Achmet.

Bar. Not see him ! forthwith bring the slave before me :

If he prove false,—if hated Selim live,
I'll heap such vengeance on him——

Ire. Mercy ! mercy !

Bar. Mercy—to whom ?

Ire. To me—and to thyself ;

To him—to all.—Thou think'st I rave ; yet true

My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd

When heaven inspires his tongue.

Bar. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave with
dreams

More wild than thine.—Get thee to rest, ere yet

Thy folly wakes my rage. Call Achmet hither.

Ire. Thus prostrate on my knees : [*Kneels, and takes
hold of his garment.*] O see him not,

Selim is dead :—indeed the rumour's false,

There is no danger near ;—or, if there be,

Achmet is innocent.

Bar. Off, frantic wretch !

This idiot dream hath turn'd her brain to madness.

Hence to thy chamber, till returning morning

Hath calm'd this tempest—on thy duty, hence !

Ire. Yet hear the voice of caution. Cruel fate :

What have I done !—heav'n shield my dearest father !

Heaven shield the innocent—undone Irene !

Whate'er the event, thy doom is misery. [*Exit Irene, R.*]

Bar. (c.) Her words are wrapt in darkness.—Aladin,
Forthwith send Achmet hither.—Then with speed,
Double the sentinels.

Infernal guilt !

How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape

Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,

To rend my soul. Why did I not

Repent, while yet my crimes were delible ;

Ere they had struck their colours through my soul,

As black as night or hell—'tis now too late.

Take me all,

Unfeeling guilt ! oh, banish, if thou canst,

This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear.

Enter SELIM and two Guards, L.

Come hither, slave ;

Hear me, and tremble. Art thou what thou seem'st ?

Sel. Ha !—

Bar. Dost thou pause ?—By hell, the slave's con-
founded !

Sel. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth.

Bar. Take heed ; for, by the hov'ring pow'rs of vengeance,

If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd. Thou com'st beneath the guise
Of Selim's murderer : now tell me, is not
That Selim yet alive ?

Sel. (L.) Selim alive !

Bar. Perdition on thee !—Dost thou echo me ?
Answer me quick, or die ! [Draws his dagger.

Sel. Yes, freely strike :
Already hast thou given the fatal wound,
And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion.
O, could my dagger find a tongue to tell
How deep it drank his blood !—But, since thy doubt
Thus wrongs my zeal, behold my breast—strike here ;
For bold is innocence.

Bar. I scorn the task ; [Puts up his dagger.
Time shall decide thy doom. Guards, mark me well :
See that ye watch the motions of this slave ;
And, if he meditates t'escape your eye,
Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Sel. I yield me to thy will ; and when thou know'st
That Selim lives, or seest his hated face,
Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Bar. Bear him hence ;
Yet, on your lives, await me within call.

[Exeunt Selim and Guards, L.
Call Zaphira. [Exit a Slave, R.

If Selim lives, then what is Barbarossa ?
My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,
Till marriage rites declare Zaphira mine.
I will not brook delay : by love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate !

Enter ZAPHIRA, R.

Well, haughty fair,
Hath reason yet subdued thee ?—Wilt thou hea
The voice of love ?

Zap. (R. C.) Why dost thou vainly urge me ?
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Bar. Can aught but phrensy
Rush on perdition ?

Zap. Therefore shall no pow'r
E'er make me thine.

Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage :
Know, that thy final hour of choice is come.

Zap. I have no choice. Think'st thou I e'er will wed
The murd'rer of my lord ?

Bar. Take heed, rash queen.
Tell me thy last resolve.

Zap. Then hear me, Heav'n !
Hear, all ye pow'rs that watch o'er innocence !
Angels of light, and thou, dear honour'd shade
Of my departed lord ! attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve :
If e'er I wed this tyrant murderer,—
If I pollute me with this horrid union,
May ye, the ministers of heav'n, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene !

Bar. Begone, remorse !
Guards, do your office.—Drag her to the altar ;
Heed not her tears or cries ! [*Guards go to seize Zaphira.*]

Zap. O, spare me !—Heav'n protect me !—O, my son !
Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless mother !
What shall I do ?—Undone, undone Zaphira !

Enter SELIM and Guards, L.

Sel. Who call'd on Achmet ?—Did not Barbarossa
Require me here ?

Bar. Officious slave, retire.
I call'd thee not.

Zap. O, kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid !
O, rescue me from these impending horrors !
Heav'n will reward thy pity.

Sel. Pity her woes, O, mighty Barbarossa !

Bar. Rouse not my vengeance, slave.

Sel. O, hear me, hear me !

Kneels.

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal !

Sel. Yet, yet have mercy !

[*Lays hold of Barbarossa's garment.*]

Bar. Presuming slave, begone ! [*Strikes Selim.*]

Sel. Nay, then, die, tyrant !

[*Rises, and aims to stab Barbarossa, who wrests his dagger from him.*]

Bar. Ah, traitor !—have I caught thee ?
Hold—forbear ! [*To Slaves, who offer to kill Selim.*]
Kill him not yet—I will have greater vengeance.
Perfidious wretch, who art thou ? Bring the rack ;
Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Sel. Thy impious threats are lost ! I know that death

And torments are my doom. Yet, ere I die,
I'll strike thy soul with horror Off, vile habit!
If thou dar'st, [*Throws off his disguise.*
Now view me! Hear me, tyrant! while, with voice
More terrible than thunder, I proclaim,
That he who aim'd the dagger at thy heart
Is Selim!

Zap. O, heav'n!—My son! my son! [*Faints.*

Sel. Unhappy mother! [*Runs to embrace her.*

Bar. Tear them asunder! [*Guards separate them*

Sel. Barb'rous, barb'rous ruffians!

Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor. [*They offer to seize him.*

Sel. Off, ye vile slaves!—I am your king!—Retire,
And tremble at my frowns. That is the traitor—
That is the murd'rer—tyrant ravisher! Seize him,
And do your country right.

Bar. Ah, coward dogs!

Start ye at words? Or seize him, or by hell,
This dagger sends you all— [*They seize him.*

Sel. Dost thou revive, unhappy queen?

Now arm my soul with patience.

Zap. My dear son!

Do I then live, once more to see my Selim?

But, O, to see thee thus!

Sel. Canst thou behold
Her speechless agonies, and not relent?

Bar. (c.) At length revenge is mine. Slaves, force
her hence!

Sel. Lo, Barbarossa, thou at length hast conquer'd.
Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes, [*Kneels.*
Prostrate before thy feet! Not for myself
I plead—Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast,—
Tear, tear me piecemeal!—But, Oh, spare Zaphira!
Yet, yet relent—force not her matron honour—
Reproach not heaven!

Bar. Have I, then, bent thy pride?
Why, this is conquest e'en beyond my hope.
Lie there, thou slave, lie, till Zaphira's cries
Arouse thee from thy posture!

Sel. Dost thou insult my griefs?—Unmanly wretch!
Curse on the fear that could betray my limbs, [*Rising.*
My coward limbs, to this dishonest posture!
Long have I scorn'd—I now defy thy pow'r.

Bar. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.
Slaves, bear him to the rack. [*Slaves seize hold of Selim.*

Zap. (L. C.) O, spare my son !
 Sure, filial virtue never was a crime.
 Save but my son, I yield me to thy wish.
 What do I say?—The marriage vow—O, horror !
 This hour shall make me thine.

Sel. What ! doom thyself
 The guilty partner of a murd'rer's bed,
 Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's blood !
 To be the mother of destructive tyrants,
 The curses of mankind !—By Heav'n, I swear,
 The guilty hour that gives thee to the arms
 Of that detested murderer, shall end
 This hated life !

Bar. (C.) Or yield thee, or he dies !

Zap. The conflict's past—I will resume my greatness :
 We'll bravely die, as we have lived—with honour !

[*Embracing.*

Sel. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us !
 Now see, despairing guilt, that virtue still
 Shall conquer, though in ruin !

Bar. Drag them hence :

Her to the altar—Selim to his fate. [*Guards seize them.*

Sel. One last embrace.

Farewell !—farewell for ever !

[*Guards struggle with them.*

Zap. One moment yet !—Pity a mother's pangs !
 O, Selim !

Sel. O, my mother !

[*Exeunt Barbarossa, Zaphira, and Guards, R.,
 and Selim and Guards, L.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter BARBAROSSA and ALADIN, L. S. E.

Bar. (C.) Is the watch doubled ?—Are the gates secur'd
 Against surprise ?

Ala. (L. C.) They are, and mock th' attempt
 Of force or treachery.

Bar. This whisper'd rumour
 Of dark conspiracy

Seems but a false alarm. Our spies sent out
Affirm, that sleep
Has wrapp'd the city.

Ala. But, while Selim lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls.

Bar. Right, Aladin. His hour of fate approaches.
How goes the night?

Ala. The second watch is near.

Bar. 'Tis well. Whene'er it rings, the traitor dies :
So hath my will ordain'd. I'll seize th' occasion,
While I may fairly plead my life's defence.
Yet first the rack shall rend
Each secret from his heart.
Haste—seek out Othman ;
Go tell him, that destruction and the sword
Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance
Plead not his pardon. [*Exit Aladin, L.*]
Stubborn fortitude !
Had he not interpos'd, success had crown'd
My love, now hopeless. Then let vengeance seize him.

Enter IRENE, R.

Ire. (c.) O, night of horror !—Hear me, honour'd
father :

If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee,
Now hear me !

Bar. Impious !—Dar'st thou disobey !
Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence ?
Get thee to rest ; for death is stirring here.

Ire. O, fatal words !—By ev'ry sacred tie,
Recall the dire decree.

Bar. What wouldst thou say ?
Whom plead for ?

Ire. For a brave unhappy prince,
Sentenc'd to die.

Bar. And justly. But this hour
The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
His dagger at my heart.

Ire. Wouldst thou not love the child, whose fortitude
Should hazard life for thee ?—O, think on that :
The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe.
His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother.

Bar. Damn'd was his purpose ; and accurs'd art thou,
Whose perfidy would save the dark assassin,
Who sought thy father's life. Hence from my sight !

Ire. O, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim !

Bar. Thy Selim ?—Thine ?

Ire. Thou know'st—by gratitude
He's mine. Had not his gen'rous hand redeem'd me,
What, then, had been Irene ?—Oh, but spare the gen'rous
youth, [Takes his hand.
Who sav'd me from dishonour !

Bar. By the pow'rs
Of great revenge, thy fond entreaties seal
His instant death !—In him I'll punish thee.
Away ! [Retires to the back of stage, L

Ire. O, Selim, gen'rous youth ! how have my fears
Betray'd thee to destruction !
Inhuman father !—Generous, injur'd prince !
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the rack,—
Hear thy expiring groans—O, horror ! horror !
What shall I do to save him ?—Vain, alas !
Vain are my tears and prayers !—At least, I'll die !
Death shall unite us yet ! [Exit Irene, R.

Bar. (c.) O, torment, torment !
E'en in the midst of pow'r—the vilest slave
More happy far than I !—The very child,
Whom my love cherish'd from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace !—O, false ambition,
Whither hast thou lur'd me !
E'en to this giddy height where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless, with not a friend
In whom my soul can trust !

Enter ALADIN, L.

Now, Aladin,
Hast thou seen Othman ?
He will not, sure, conspire against my peace ?

Ala. (c.) He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurking
ruin.

The sentinel on watch says, that he pass'd
The gate, since midnight, with an unknown friend :
And, as they pass'd, Othman in whisper said,
Now farewell, bloody tyrant !

Bar. Slave, thou liest.
He did not dare to say it ; or, if he did,
Why dost thou wound my ear
By the foul repetition ?
What's to be done ? Some mischief lurks unseen.

Ala. Prevent it, then—

Bar. By Selim's instant death—
Is the rack prepar'd?

Ala. 'Tis ready.

Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains:
The ministers of death stand round, and wait
Thy last command.

Bar. Once more I'll try to bend
His stubborn soul.—Conduct me forthwith to him;
And if he now refuse my proffer'd kindness,
Destruction swallows him! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Prison in the Palace.*

*SELIM discovered in chains, lying on the ground, before
a rack, at the back of the stage, c.; Executioners and
Officers standing round the rack.*

Sel. I pray you, friends,
When I am dead, let not indignity
Insult these poor remains; see them interr'd
Close by my father's tomb. I ask no more.

Offi. They shall.

Sel. How goes the night?

Offi. Thy hour of fate,
The second watch, is near.

Sel. Let it come on:
I am prepar'd.

Enter BARBAROSSA, and Guards, L.

Bar. (L.) So—raise him from the ground.

[*They raise him; he goes forward.*]

Perfidious boy! behold the just rewards
Of guilt and treachery! Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face?

Sel. Then take it, tyrant.

Bar. Didst thou not aim a dagger at my heart?

Sel. I did.

Bar. Yet heav'n defeated thy intent;
And sav'd me from the dagger.

Sel. (c.) 'Tis not our's
To question heav'n. Th' intent and not the deed
Is in our pow'r; and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee—

Sel. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd?
He who can bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Bar. Yet, lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save Zaphira;—for the bell
E'en now expects the sentinel to toll
The signal of thy death.

Sel. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death: I scorn its darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant, nor profane my dying hour.

Bar. Then take thy wish. [*Bell tolls.*]
There goes the fatal knell.

Thy fate is seal'd.—Not all thy mother's tears,
Nor pray'rs, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death.

Yet, ere the assassin die,
Let torment wring each secret from his heart.
The traitor, Othman, is fled;—conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.
Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort
The lurking treason. [*Exit Barbarossa, L*]

Sel. Come on, then.

[*They bind him, and drag him to the rack.*]

Begin the work of death—what! bound with cords
Like a vile criminal!—O valiant friends,
When will ye give me vengeance?

Enter IRENE, R.

Ire. (R. C.) Stop, O, stop!
Hold your accursed hands!—On me, on me
Pour all your torments.—How shall I approach thee.

Sel. These are thy father's gifts!—yet thou art
guiltless;
Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best,
Most amiable, of women!

Ire. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue!

Sel. Ah!

Ire. 'Twas I,—my fears, my frantic fears, betray'd
thee!

Thus, falling at thy feet, [*Kneels*] may I but hope
For pardon ere I die!

Sel. Hence to thy father.

Ire. Never, O never!—Crawling in the dust,
I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears;

Tread me to earth ! I never will complain ;
But my last breath shall bless thee !

[*Weeps.*

Sel. Lov'd Irene !

What hath my fury done ?

Ire. Canst thou, then,

Forgive and pity me ?

Sel. I do, I do.

Ire. On my knees

Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince !

O earth and heav'n ! that such unequall'd worth

Should meet so hard a fate !—that I—that I—

Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,

Should be the accurs'd destroyer !—Strike, in pity,

And end this hated life !

Sel. Cease, dear Irene.

Submit to heaven's high will—I charge thee live ;

And, to thy utmost pow'r, protect from wrong

My helpless, friendless mother !

Ire. With my life

I'll shield her from each wrong.—That hope alone

Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe !

Sel. O my ungovern'd rage !—to frown on thee !

Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong,

And mingle rapture with the pains of death. [*Embracing.*

Off. No more—prepare the rack.

Ire. Stand off, ye fiends ! here will I cling.

No pow'r on earth shall part us,

Till I have sav'd my Selim. [*A shout. Clashing of swords, &c.*

Off. Hark ! What noise

Strikes on mine ear !

[*Shouts, &c.*

Sel. Again !

Ala. [*Without.*] Arm, arm !—Treach'ry and murder !

[*Executioners go to seize Selim, &c.*

Sel. Off, slaves !—or I will turn my chains to arms,
And dash you piecemeal ! [*Snatches up his chains.*

Enter ALADIN, L.

Ala. Where is the king ?

The foe pours in.

Off. Death and ruin .

Follow me, slaves, and save him.

[*Exeunt Aladin, Officer, and Guards, L.*

Sel. Now, bloody tyrant ! Now thy hour is come !

Ire. Whom dost thou mean ? my father ?

Sel. Yes : thy father,

Who murder'd mine !

Ire. Is there no room for mercy?
Must he then die?
Let me but see my father ere he perish!
Let me but pay my parting duty to him

[*Clash of swords, L.*

Hark! 'twas the clash of swords! heav'n save my father!
O cruel, cruel Selim!

[*Exit Irene, R.*

Sel. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me fast
In pow'rless ignominy; while my sword
Should haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down!

Oth. [*Without.*] Where is the prince?

Sel. Here, Othman, bound to earth!
Set me but free;—O cursed, cursed chain!

Enter OTHMAN and party, who free SELIM, L.

Oth. O my brave prince!—Heav'n favours our design
[*Embraces him.*

Take that:—I need not bid thee use it nobly.

[*Giving him a sword.*

Sel. Now, Barbarossa, let my arm meet thine:
'Tis all I ask of heav'n. [*Exeunt Selim, L., with guards.*

Oth. Guard ye the prince—
Pursue his steps.—Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant. [*Exeunt Othman, &c. R.*

SCENE III.—*A Court in the Palace. Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter BARBAROSSA, R.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life: yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter OTHMAN, L.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor?—Die!—

[*They fight. Barbarossa falls, c.*

Enter SELIM and SADI, L.

Sel. The foe gives way: sure this way went the storm:
Where is the tiger fled?—What do I see!

Sadi. Algiers is free!

Oth. This sabre did the deed!

Sel. I envy thee the blow! Yet valour scorns
To wound the fallen. But, if life remain,
I will speak daggers to his guilty soul—
Hoe! Barbarossa! Tyrant, murderer!

'Tis Selim, Selim calls thee.

[*Walks around him.*

Bar. Off, ye fiends!
Torment me not! O Selim, art thou there!
Swallow me, earth!
Oh, that I ne'er had wronged thee!

Sel. Dost thou, then,
Repent thee of thy crimes? He does, he does!
He grasps my hand—see, the repentant tear
Starts from his eye! Dost thou indeed repent?
Why, then, I do forgive thee: from my soul
I freely do forgive thee! and, if crimes [*Kneels.*
Abhorr'd as thine, dare plead to heaven for mercy,—
May heaven have mercy on thee.

Bar. Generous Selim!
Too good—I have a daughter—Oh! protect her!
Let not my crimes— [*Dies.*

Oth. There fled the guilty soul!

Sel. Haste to the city—stop the rage of slaughter.
Tell my brave people that Algiers is free,
And tyranny no more. [*Exeunt Guards, L.*

Enter ZAPHIRA, L.

Zap. (L.) What mean these horrors? Whereso'er I turn
My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore! And dost thou live, my Selim!

Sel. Lo, there he lies!

Pointing to the body of Barbarossa.

Zap. The tyrant slain! O righteous heaven!

Sel. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the pow'r
Of Barbarossa. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne, and bless thy people.

Zap. Just are thy ways, O heaven! Vain terrors,
hence!

Once more Zaphira's bless'd! My virtuous son,
How shall I e'er repay thy boundless love!
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
And on thy bosom weep my griefs away!

Sel. O happy hour! Happy beyond the flight
E'en of my ardent hope! Look down, bless'd shade,
From the bright realms of bliss! Behold thy queen
Unspotted, unseduced, unmov'd in virtue.
Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet!
And, to the memory of thy bleeding wrongs
Accept this sacrifice.

Zaph. My generous Selim

Scl. Where is Irene?

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien,
She sought her father where the tumult rag'd.
She pass'd me, while the coward Aladin
Fled from my sword; and, as I cleft him down,
She fainted at the sight.

Oth. But soon recovered;
Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
Convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.

Scl. Thanks to thy generous care: come let us seek
Th' afflicted maid.

Zap. Her virtues might atone
For all her father's guilt! Thy throne be her's;
She merits all thy love.

Scl. Then haste, and find her. O'er her father's
crimes
Pity shall draw her veil; nay, half absolve them,
When she beholds the virtues of his child!
Now let us thank th' eternal pow'r; convinc'd
That heav'n but tries our virtue by affliction;
That oft the cloud, which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days!

[*Curtain falls.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

OTHMAN. BODY OF BAR. SELIM. ZAPHIRA. SADI
R.]

THE END.



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Gambler's Fate.

Albert. What's this?—Julia senseless—dying! What can have happened?

Act I. Scene 1.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE ;

OR, A LAPSE OF TWENTY YEARS :

A DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

Founded on the Popular French Play of " La Vie d'un Joueur,"

BY CHARLES THOMPSON, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Gambler's Fate.

WHENEVER we become reconciled to *melodrame*, it will be when it is applied to some useful and moral purpose. As a mere instrument to suspend curiosity and awaken horror, we heartily despise it. A robber running up and down perpendicular rocks—and a damsel braving incredible dangers, hysterically heroic, and distressed beyond all possible distress, for two hours and a half, claim no sympathy from us. We sit, like *Patience*—not on a monument, but on the third row from the orchestra—*smiling at grief*! We can pretty well guess what will be the result—those that are not *married*, will, in all probability, be *killed*; for a *melodrame* without a murder is the mustard without the *beef*. English audiences are very nice in this respect. They will have all fair and above-board; homicide—justifiable or otherwise—must come before them in form as palpable as the stage-lights—

“ If ’twere done, ’twere well
If ’twere done quickly”——

“ Begin, murderer; leave thy *dammable faces*, and begin.” And a melodramatic hero may exclaim with Macbeth—

“ I’ve done the deed—didst thou not hear *a noise* ;”

by which *noise* we are to understand the three rounds of applause that invariably follow any deed of darkness, done out of hand with true tragic dexterity. Then do boxes, pit, and gallery go weeping to their beds, highly diverted with their evening’s entertainment.

This melodrame may, at least, claim exemption from general censure;—not on the score of its superior merit as a dramatic composition, but solely on account of its *utility*. It holds forth a lesson of deep importance to the titled gambler who stakes his thousands; down to the meanest wretch that ever gambling made its victim. The tragedy of the Gamester is a beautiful picture of domestic woe, produced by this execrable passion—every character is true to nature, every incident belongs to the affecting drama of real life. Those whose hearts have not been rendered entirely callous by long familiarity with dissipation and vice, it may arrest in their ruinous career; but the desperate, *hardened* gambler requires a much stronger stimulant to awaken *his* remorse; and that stimulant the melodrame before us very powerfully supplies.

In *Albert*, we mark the progress of this dreadful infatuation—the

various gradations of crime through which it passes, till it arrives at robbery, and ends in murder—

“ Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But *this* most foul, strange, and unnatural.”

The incidents, though highly romantic, are nevertheless probable ; indeed, many of them would appear the most natural results of his headlong career. Other spectacles, founded on impossibilities, may delight the eye and leave untouched the heart ; but this strikes the very heart's core, and presents to the terrified imagination such an appalling picture of infamy, destitution, and despair, that we unhesitatingly pronounce much benefit must result to society from its exhibition. The French author has borrowed largely from the tragedy of the Gamester—*Malcour* is *Stukely* in more instances than one. He makes his unhappy friend a gambler—grows rich by his losses—and attempts to seduce his wife. The circumstance of Albert's selling his wife's jewels, is also from the same source. But these incidents are worked up with many others that *are* original ; and the interest they excite is so intense, that we shall not play the hypercritic, and quarrel with what has been thus judiciously appropriated.

Mr. Wallack and Mr. Cooper, in the two gamblers, were all that *melodrame* could desire. Mr. Wallack was particularly effective—indeed, were it not for Mr. T. P. Cooke, this gentleman would be without a rival in this department of the drama. Albert's wife was well represented by Mrs. W. West : this lady was more *subdued* than usual ; she was less prodigal of her sighs and tears, and consequently gave a quiet and affecting picture of real misery. We can neither endure to see a robustious, periwig-pated fellow out-herod Herod—nor a mincing, affected fine lady—

“ Drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech.”

When the expression should be silent and unutterable—

“ *Grief unaffected* suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.”

 D—G.

Costume.

OLD GERMAINE.—An embroidered dress suit.

ALBERT GERMAINE.—*First dress*—Green coat, buff waistcoat and breeches, cocked hat, top boots. *Second dress*—Puce-coloured dress suit. *Third dress*—An old gray tattered coat, waistcoat, and trousers, tied at the bottom with cord; shabby low-crowned hat, shoes with pieces of hempen cord, rope round his waist, long rough walking-staff.

MALCOUR.—*First dress*—Blue coat, white waistcoat, buff breeches, top boots, cocked hat. *Second dress*—Brown dress suit. *Third dress*—A mendicant's old blue ragged dress, old hat, long rough walking-staff, and wallet by his side.

DUMONT.—Brown dress suit, camlet fly.

BEHRAND.—Brown coat white waistcoat, buff breeches, top boots.

MARTIN.—Old-fashioned brown coat and breeches, black silk waistcoat, black stockings and shoes.

EVERARD.—Black suit and black gown.

CAPTAIN D'ESTERRE.—Blue regimental coat, white waistcoat and breeches, military boots, high cocked-hat.

HENRY GERMAINE.—Blue braided coat, white waistcoat and trousers, military cap and cloak.

RICHARD.—Striped silk jacket, pink silk jockey's cap, blue silk waistcoat, buff breeches, and top boots.

LINDORF.—Blue frock, military cloak, boots, and travelling-cap.

CARL.—Blue regimental coat, breeches, high boots, and cocked hat.

BAALAMB.—Brown jacket, shirt and braces, black full breeches, leather garters, and russet shoes; cap to correspond.

TWELVE SOLDIERS.—Blue regimental coats and waistcoats white breeches, high boots, and cocked hats.

FOUR WAITERS.—White and orange livery, trimmed with silver, white silk stockings and shoes.

TRAVELLERS.—German cloaks, white shirts and braces, full breeches, grey stockings, garters and shoes.

MARQUIS.—Light-coloured embroidered suit.

JEAN JAKES ROUSSEAU.—Striped velvet coat and waistcoat, silk stockings, and shoes.

BARON HERCULES.—Green German military great-coat, high cocked-hat, mustachios, and military boots.

AMBLERS.—Embroidered full-dress suits.

JULIA.—*First dress*—Gold lama dress, French bonnet. *Second dress*—Common dark-brown cotton gown, shabby morose cotton handkerchief, and cap.

MADAME BELCOUR.—A neat matronly French dress, high cap.

VISITORS.—White fancy dresses.

MRS. BAALAMB.—Brown and yellow German dress.

*Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatre Royal,
Drury Lane, October 15th, 1827.*

<i>Old Germaine</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Powell
<i>Albert Germaine</i>	} <i>The Gamblers</i>	-	Mr. Wallack
<i>Malcour</i>		-	Mr. Cooper
<i>Dumont</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Younge
<i>Lindorf</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Thompson
<i>Bertrand</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Wakefield
<i>Martin</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Barnes
<i>Captain D'Esterre</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Yarnold
<i>Everard</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. C. Jones
<i>Henry Germaine</i>	- - - -	-	Miss Pincott
<i>Richard (a little Jockey)</i>	- - - -	-	Master Wieland
<i>Baalamb</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Salter
<i>Carl</i>	- - - -	-	Mr. Vining
<i>Julia</i>	- - - -	-	Mrs. West
<i>Madame Belcour</i>	- - - -	-	Mrs. Knight
<i>Rose</i>	- - - -	-	Miss Vincent
<i>Mrs. Baalamb</i>	- - - -	-	Mrs. C. Jones
<i>Babet</i>	- - - -	-	Mrs. Weston

Gamblers, Officers, Villagers, Waiters &c. &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre* · R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Gaming-house at Paris; twenty Gamblers sitting at play round a Rouge-et-Noir table in an inner room, at the back of the stage, with an entrance from anti-room.—A door, R. S. E., leading to Hazard-room; public door at L. S. E.—A table, chair, pens, and ink, R.; a table, chair, pens, and ink, L.—Servants, in splendid liveries, carrying about refreshments, &c.*

Banker. [*Behind.*] Make your game, gentlemen, make your game. [*Dealing.*] Um—um—29—rouge.

[Expressions of pleasure and pain from gamblers.]

MALCOUR advances to C., counting notes, &c.

Mal. Um—1200—winner—good! I hadn't five pounds three hours ago! Bless the blind old lady, say I!—Ha! ha!—What excitement in the game to a novice! I have retired soon—I'm cool. [*Sits L.*

[Dice heard in the room, R.]

Ban. Make your game, gentlemen. Um—um—noir.

Enter RODOLPHE BERTRAND from Hazard-room.

Ber. (R. D.) Fool, fool that I was not to quit when I was so considerable a winner!—Now I am without a shilling!—Cruel, cruel fortune!

Mal. Ha! ha! ha!—Poor devil, he has lost. Why how now, Bertrand?—Complaining of dame Fortune?

Ber. Complaining!—Aye; the old blind beldam has settled me for ever. Lost in three weeks four thousand pounds—all that a kind father had saved during a long life of honour in his country's service! But, if ever again—

[Throws himself in chair, R.]

Mal. Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs.*] Always the cry of your losing gamester; but let the luck turn, and then—Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs.*] Where's your philosophy,

my dear fellow? You should study the chances—play on calculation. [*Counting his notes.*] Ah, here comes young Albert Germaine, the boldest, the most desperate dog—

Enter GERMAINE, who has peeped through folding-doors, and then turns and sees Malcour.

Alb. (c.) Ah, Malcour, my boy, how goes the enemy?

Mal. Midnight.

Alb. I'm late—my honoured papa detained me—obliged to do an hour's "filial piety," and a little "domestic comfort," the night before my marriage. Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs.*] I'm a precious hypocrite. [*Sighs.*

Mal. The run has been against you here lately—you're out.

Alb. Aye, confoundedly out; but to-night I depend on fortune's smile to compensate for all her frowns.—I'm out the twelve hundred my father entrusted to me, to buy those diamonds he is to give my intended wife on our wedding-day.

Mal. That's awkward.

Alb. It's ruin. Money I must have. I have been running after our old friend Alvare, the usurer—he's in the country.

Mal. That's unlucky. The old Jew has often been "a friend in need."

Alb. I was so short of cash, that I have metamorphosed some trinkets into "rosy gold."

Mal. Right, my boy; attack fortune like a lad of courage—force her to be kind. Who knows but those goldfinches [*Albert counting his cash*] may sing a pretty tune before sunrise.

Alb. Fortune—dear, but fickle goddess! befriend me but one hour—but one little hour, and I shall be the happiest of men, of lovers, and of husbands!

[*Exit to the table—plays.*

Ber. (R.) So—another victim!

[*Observes Albert at the table.*

Mal. [*Sits, L., writing during speech.*] Those jewels must be had for Albert, or the old gentleman's suspicions would prevent the marriage. That must not be—no, he must marry. Marriage!—Ha! ha! [*Laughs.*] I, too, love this Julia; but marriage—ha! ha! [*Laughs.*] As a mistress I should adore her; but, as a wife—pssha!—there's such an inconvenient interruption about

a wife. But when Albert's ruined (as soon he must be here), I'll make the haughty fair one mine on my own terms. I've written to a female friend. [*Seals and directs a letter.*] Waiter, see this delivered: 'tis for Madame Sivrac, your neighbour.

Wai. I know her, sir.

[*Bows and exit, L. D.*]

Ber. Malcour, if you had any friendship for young Germaine—

Mal. Friendship in a place like this! Ha! ha!—poh!—he's "a dashing fellow;" he'll soon be rich enough.

Ber. How?

Mal. By marriage with a charming girl—happy dog!

Ber. Are you not a friend of the family?

Mal. Yes, I'm "THE friend"—'twas I that "brought out" this young man—I have launched him into "the world." Ha! ha! [*Pointing.*]

Ber. Strange! for they say that his father is a very severe man, with manners most primitive and rigid.

Mal. Why, yes, he's a—a—"grumbling old gentleman," and very rich. But, thanks to my address, the "good man," already full of infirmity, believes us—ha! ha!—a couple of saints; and, as Albert expects a splendid fortune at the old man's death, he borrows a little beforehand—ha! ha! He has already disposed of the cash he is to receive with his bride to-morrow.

Ber. Poor girl!—Was she not an orphan at the early age of ten?

Mal. Yes; she was brought up under the eye of Mr. Germaine. She has an uncle lately returned from India, from whom she expects no trifle; he consents to the marriage, and is hourly expected. [*Noise of playing.*] But, allons! the game seems all alive.—Come.—Oh, I forgot—you are—ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs.*] cleaned out! [*Exit through to table.*]

Ber. Cold-hearted wretch! Poor young Germaine—with such a tutor!

Enter DUMONT, L. D., hat in his hand.

A stranger!—How shame dyes my cheek at the sight of every new face, in a place like this! Ah! by heaven, I know him—a rich merchant at Marseilles. I met him at my uncle's there. What brings him to this scene of vice and ruin? I'll avoid him, and observe Germaine, for the poor devoted Julia's sake. [*Exit up.*]

[Two Waiters observe Dumont; one goes to Malcour, R., the other smirks up to Dumont, L.]

Dum. So—this, then, is the den of thieves, called a gaming-house. I am a bold man to enter—'tis the first time in my life—I hope the last.

1 Wai. Your hat and stick, sir.

Dum. Thank you, friend; I can take care of them myself.

1 Wai. It isn't the custom of the house, sir.

Dum. Aye, you've many customs here I sha'n't subscribe to. [A row at the table.]

1 Gen. Stop!

Ban. Silence!

2 Gen. The game is made.

1 Gen. No, no!

2 Gen. 'Tis false!

1 Gen. False, sir! [Knocks him down.] Blackguard, turn him out!

Omnes. Out with him! out with him!

[Waiters seize him, lead him bleeding to L. D.; a little man kicks him out; all return to the table.]

Ban. Come, come, make your game, gentlemen.

Dum. (c.) What a horrid scene!—'Tis a libel to call them men—they are fiends in human form. And are these his companions? Can it be, that Albert Germaine, the son of my best friend, the intended husband of my niece, comes here each night to destroy his health, his fortune, and sully a name illustrious in the proud annals of his country? I must be certain. I have chosen the best means. 'Tis ten years since I saw this young man: how shall I know him amongst this foul herd of gamblers? [Sits, L.]

[Waiter brings forward Malcour, and points to Dumont.]

2 Wai. It's a strange face, sir.

Mal. A pigeon, perhaps, you think.

2 Wai. [Smirking.] I hope he'll prove worth the plucking, sir.

[Malcour gives him money, and motions him to bring refreshments.]

Mal. (c.) I'll try the old boy.

Dum. I must conquer my feelings, and speak to some one. [Malcour bows, smirks, &c.]

Mal. Your servant, sir.

Dum. Sir, your's.

Mal. Very warm here—no air—but above, in the hazard-room, you'll find——

Enter Second Waiter, with refreshments.

Will you?—Lemonade. [*Drinks and offers to Dumont.*]

Dum. You are very good—none.

Mal. A glass of wine?

Dum. Nothing, sir. This man is very polite. [*Aside.*]

Mal. You seem a stranger, sir. [*Offers snuff.*]

Dum. I am so, sir.

Mal. Ah, I see; you—you don't know any of the frequenters?

Dum. No, not just at present.

Mal. You—you want to “woo the fickle goddess?”—Wish to try your fortune, eh?

Dum. Not exactly.

Mal. The devil you don't. [*Aside.*] Ah! I see—I see—you're right—prudence, my dear sir—prudence is—*is*—damme if I don't forget what it is. [*Aside.*] The game is tempting, sir. Yes, when one sees the piles of gold—here—there—one can't help longing, and risking; but be cautious, sir—and, if my services or advice—

Dum. Indeed, sir! [*Dryly.*]

Mal. Upon my honour, you've inspired me with a sort of—interest. What's your game?—Roulette, rouge et noir, hazard, écarté.—My dear sir, you may command me.

Dum. Sir, I have no wish to become a pupil in infamy and vice; and I hold you and your services in equal contempt and detestation.

Mal. This is a pretty return for an act of voluntary friendship.

Dum. Friendship, sir! Don't degrade that hallowed name. [*Row behind at the table.*]

1 Gam. He staked on the red card.

Alb. 'Tis false.

1 Gam. False!

Alb. False— [*Throwing a pack of cards at his head.*]

Omnes. Shame! Shame!

1 Gam. Satisfaction—Satisfaction!

[*Coming forward, followed by others.*]

Enter ALBERT, from table, half mad, with cards and rake in his hand.

Alb. Who wants satisfaction? Who wants—is it you—or you—or you—or you, sir, with your blushing honours thick upon you.

[*To a tall Frenchman, decorated, and pulling his riband off in his fury.*]

Tall Frenchman. I pass the box!

[*Passing Albert to the little three-foot whiskered fellow, who kicked the gambler out, who prepares to receive the challenge.*

Alb. Fiends seize you all! Thus I destroy these execrable instruments of fortune—thus!

[*Breaks the rake, throws it at the Banker's head, and tears the cards.*

Mal. Why, how now, Germaine?

[*Holding him.—Gamblers return, threatening; Waiters shut the doors, anxious to prevent a row.*

Dum. Germaine! Just heaven!—It is. I recollect his features now.

Mal. What has happened?

Alb. (c.) I have lost all—my brain is turning.

Mal. (R. c.) Lose your money—but not your reason.

Alb. I've lost all, I tell you—the money I had with me; the 400 you procured for me; and 500 for which “my word is pledg'd.” Oh that the cards, the fiend-like instruments, had been in the abyss of hell.—Miserable, miserable Albert. [*Throws himself in chair, L.*

Dum. Horrible madness!—That a young man, with competence, all the elegant enjoyments of home, friends, relations, the heart-thrilling smiles of an affianced bride—should leave those joys for a scene like this!

Ber. Still here! [*Aside.—Looking at Dumont.*

Dum. I should know that young man's face. [*Aside.*

Mal. Come, come; I thought you a man—a man that wouldn't run mad at the loss of a few hundreds.

Ber. Germaine, I am a fellow-sufferer; this terrible lesson is a warning from heaven: believe it so, and, like me, swear to renounce for ever—

Alb. Renounce! Renounce! What! not try to redeem my loss. No, no; I still must worship fortune—I'll not desert her, though she has deserted me; after all her frowns, perhaps, she means to smile. I—I'll watch her—follow her—she—she yet may save me. Yes, yes—in one hour—aye, in one little hour—she—she might redeem all—all—

[*Nervous and anxious anticipation.*

Mal. True—true; but you must play more coolly—coolly, my friend. You are always obstinate in pursuing bad luck; when the run's against you, cut—always cut. Have you lost all the money I lent you?

[*Significantly.*

Alb. [*Petulant.*] Yes, yes—all. [*Writes at table.*] There's my I. O.

Mal. [*Putting in his pocket-book.*] Cheer up, I am still your friend. To-night—why—the run's against you, or [*Showing notes, then putting them up*—to-morrow you'll be in cash, and perhaps in luck again.

Dum. To-morrow!

Alb. Ay, to-morrow my marriage with Julia will—but those bridal jewels, Malcour—longer to deceive my father is impossible.

Mal. I am still your friend, Albert—[*Pressing his hand*—I shall be able to procure them—at least borrow them for a time—you understand—

Alb. When?

[*Anxiously.*]

Mal. This night.

Alb. Where?

Mal. Here.

Alb. This, this indeed is friendship. My dear Malcour, you are my better angel.

Dum. Your better angel! Rather the fiend that leads you to destruction. [*Aside.*]

Mal. An accommodating lady, who has certain traffic with her sex—(she is very useful to our female gamblers, from the proud duchess to the “dashing spouse” of the briefless barrister); and she's not particular as to the vendor's right of property—her commercial motto's—“no questions asked here.” She showed me this afternoon a splendid set of diamonds—I've credit with her, which credit shall be yours.

Dum. Humph!—[*Sitting, R., looking over his shoulder unobserved.*] A pair of precious scoundrels.

Alb. Ten thousand thanks—not a moment must be lost. Malcour, [*Presses his hand.*] Oh, what is life without a friend. [*Exit, L. D.*]

Dum. Can I believe my senses. Is this the youth, on whom a fond father rests his every hope of happiness—to-morrow, or rather to-day [*Looks at his watch*] he was to have married my niece—I have arrived in time to prevent that dreadful misfortune, however.

[*Going, sees Bertrand, L.*]

Ber. (L.) You recognise me, sir—and yet you doubt—you think it impossible, that the son of an honourable man, like Mr. Bertrand, should be found in a place like this.

Dum. Rodolphe Bertrand, is it not?

Ber. I would have avoided you; but some words escaped you during the odious scene we witnessed—and, above all, your embarrassment—tells me that you are here for the first time.

Dum. I am—and the last, I trust.

Ber. Would it were my first visit [*Sighs*]; but, alas! I have lost all my little fortune in this scene of vice. I was leaving it for ever, when I overheard a scheme laid to entrap you. If you are not a practis'd gamester, fly this place.

Dum. I a practis'd gamester! Oh, young man, I am in no danger; but your good intentions have won my esteem; and, if your penitence be sincere, I may befriend you, for your father's sake. I am no gambler; but my presence here may perhaps preserve the happiness of a lovely girl. But come, let us leave this den of infamy.

[*About to go—are met by gendarmes, L. D.—The two officers and six men.—First and second soldier advance—charge bayonet—stop Dumont and Bertrand. Second officer, with third, fourth, fifth, and sixth soldier, go into back room, and close doors; seventh and eighth soldier sent to the hazard room, R. D., by Captain D'Esterre, who places first soldier sentinel at door of back room, and second at entrance, L. D.*]

C. D'Est. (c.) Let no one pass, unless known and proved.

Dum. How this! You will not dare to detain me, sir?

Cap. I dare execute my orders, sir.—Your papers—if correct, you may depart.

Dum. What! in a place like this, must I dishonour myself by declaring my name—my residence?

Cap. Despatch, sir—your papers.

Dum. Why this severity?

Cap. 'Tis for the public good. Jewels of great value have been stolen from a neighbouring house—we suspect that they have been brought here.

Dum. Can you suppose that I—

Ber. Stop—this gentleman is ashamed to have it publicly known that he was in a place like this; unfortunately, I regard it not. [*Hands his passport.*] I am known to you, Captain D'Esterre, and will be answerable for him.

Dum. You, young man! Well, well, you may do it without fear.

Cap. You must speak for yourself, sir.—Your name?

Dum. I—

Ber. I am answerable, I tell you, captain.

Cap. Mr. Bertrand, I am on duty, sir. Your name?
[To Dumont.]

Dum. Dumont—a man of independent property, well known at Marseilles. I arrived at Paris this evening—my papers are at my hotel. Is that sufficient?

Cap. Yes, when proved. I must conduct you to the prefecture.

Dum. The prefecture.—Sir, my character is—

Cap. Good, perhaps; but your company— [Points.]

Dum. True—true—

[2d officer and 4 gendarmes bring out gamblers in files from back room; 1 gendarme and 4 from the hazard room, R. D.]

Cap. My orders are peremptory—you must follow.

[Goes up, examines papers, and sends them off.]

Dum. Must!—Poor Julia Dumont, who shall watch thy fate the while.

Ber. Julia Dumont.—Did I hear right—then you are—?

Dum. Her nearest friend—her more than parent. I come to save her—

Ber. From a ruined gamester's arms. I see it all—confide to me your wishes—write down your orders—I'll fly to execute them.—Here, here.

[Sits at R. table, writes, &c.]

2 Offi. [Reads papers as given.] "The Marquis of Sanschemise."

Cap. Pass the marquis.

[Passes a queer buttoned-up Frenchman.]

2 Offi. Jean Jacques Rousseau, Staymaker.

Cap. [Pushes him off.] Pass.

2 Offi. [Receiving from the little whiskered man.] Baron Hercules Tichdamhievondlinderickslauchkenhausen.

Cap. Pass, Hercules. [Exit the little whiskered Gam.]

Enter from (R. D.) a Soldier, forcing an Englishman from the Hazard Room with point of bayonet.

Bull. Come, I say, don't run your damn'd French bayonet into me. Pretty treatment; there's no liberty in this country: I wish I had you at Bow Street, before Sir Richard, that's all, [Shaking his fist.] Hollo, mister, you are this chap's captain, a'nt you? I shall bring my action—so I only want to know, am I a prisoner?

Cap. Till you show your passport, sir

Bull. I can show my passport; but I won't—I'm an Englishman.

Cap. I respect your country, sir. [*Bows.*]

Bull. Ay, we made you do that—it cost a precious sight of money, though [*Aside.*] Then how dare you interrupt me in my pleasures here?

Cap. Pleasures! ruin rather.

Bull. Well, it's my pleasure to be ruined—I left England on purpose—and what's that to you. [*Going—soldier puts his bayonet to his breast.*] Come, I say, none of that—I can't stand it—I'm English—I shall—

Cap. Commit yourself, but not your country, sir, [*Bows.*] Your papers?

Bull. Well, as you are civil—but if you'd been saucy, like that fellow, I'll be d—— there [*Gives passport if I had him at Moulsey Hurst for half an hour—*

[*Eying the soldier next him, doubling his fists, aside.*]

2 *Off.* [*Reading passport.*] “John Bull, Esquire, of Calve's Head Place, county of Essex.”

Cap. [*Peremptorily.*] Pass, Bull. [*Hands his passport.*]

Dum. There, generous young man [*Giving Bertrand a letter.*] Delay not a moment; the happiness of a virtuous and lovely girl depends upon your speed.

[*Military, arranged, march off, L. D.*]

SCENE II.—*A Summer Saloon, open to the garden at the back; an arm chair (L. S. E.), put on by Servant for Old Germaine. Madame Belcour and females arranging.*

M. Bel. (c.) Not quite seven, and all arranged—there—there—

Enter MARTIN, L. D.

Well, Martin, how is Mr. Germaine, poor old gentleman?

Mar. The medicine has made him worse, I think. He wants to speak to his son: 'tis the third time I've been to seek him; my master is very impatient.

M. Bel. Not without reason, Martin: he is not the only person that Albert's conduct has given offence to. Poor Miss Julia Dumont, my dear pupil—in a few hours they are to be married.

Mar. Ah, Madame Belcour—have you discovered?

M. Bel. Yes, that your young master has been “out all night.”

Mar. (L. c.) Mercy on us! The night before his wedding—how odd. If master knew it—if Miss Julia

knew it—the night before his wedding—what would she think?

M. Bel. She has a little of my suspicion: she dislikes that Mr. Malcour—so do I too—he seems to have bewitched Mr. Albert. Now I make bold to pronounce him a determined and reckless gambler.

Mar. Don't! Hush! If master knew it, it would be the death of him.

M. Bel. On that account I'm silent. Peace! here comes Julia—say nothing—go where Mr. Germaine sent you.
[*Exit Martin*, R. U. E.]

Enter JULIA, R. D., *dressed for Wedding*.

Jul. (R. C.) Ah, my dear Madame Belcour.

M. Bel. Julia, my dear girl, this is your wedding-day: if there's a heart in the world that prays for your happiness, it is mine.

Jul. I know you love me. I—I—have no secrets from you.
[*Weep and embrace*.]

M. Bel. Julia, my beloved child, I feel your warm tears.

Jul. You—you weep yourself.

M. Bel. Me—I—
[*Trying to conceal it*.]

Jul. Dearest friend of my infancy—hitherto my instructress and my guide: I feel as though a cloud obscured the joy that should attend the nuptial hour—as if fate ordained that misery would follow the sacred vow I am about to make. Mr. Dumout, my only relative, he comes not—he abandons me; and my good old guardian, Mr. Germaine—I fear his days are numbered—sad moment for a fête:—and for the principal witness to the solemn act we are to have Mr. Malcour; I know not how to express the fear with which that man inspires me—his libertine and audacious looks disgust me.

M. Bel. You will be surrounded by your friends.

Jul. Albert, too, seems strangely altered. Have you not remarked his air, all inquietude and agitation?

M. Bel. Hark! the bridesmaids come to fetch you.

Jul. Already! No, no; 'tis my dear afflicted guardian.
[*Music*.]

Enter OLD MR. GERMAINE, L. U. E. *leaning on two Servants in splendid liveries—they place him in great arm chair*, L.

Jul. [*Has helped him and knelt.*] My more than father—friend of my orphan infancy—

O. Ger. [*Raises her, kisses her forehead.*] Where is my

son—I have asked for him several times this morning—not here yet? [Vexed.]

Jul. I will seek him sir. Ah! see, he comes.

Enter ALBERT, R. U. E.

Alb. Malcour not yet arrived—should he not obtain those cursed jewels, [*Aside.*] Sir, I attend your orders. Julia, the bridesmaids wait your presence in the great saloon.

O. Ger. Let me enjoy, a moment longer, the sight of my daughter. It is the regret of my heart that I am not able to conduct you to the altar. But how is this, Julia, your bridal ornaments are not complete? My son, have you forgotten?

Alb. No, sir; but, in the hurry—the bustle—if Malcour comes not, I am lost [*Aside.*]—some things are not quite arranged, [*Looking anxiously to top of the stage.*] Ah! he's here, and I am safe.

Enter MALCOUR, R.

The diamonds!

Mal. Are here [*Crosses to Julia, fixing her eye.*] Charming Julia—and you, sir—excuse my delay. I had promised my friend to bring these objects of his impatience. [*Gives casket to Albert.*]

Alb. [*R. c.*] Thanks, thanks, Malcour—my better angel still, [*Aside.*] My dearest Julia will add lustre to these glittering baubles.

[*Presents them with an air of triumph.*]

Jul. A most brilliant set—behold, sir

[*Showing Old Germaine.*]

Alb. Only a trifling proof of my ardent love.

Mal. [*Aside.*] Trifling! true, they didn't cost you much.

O. Ger. My fears were unjust, [*Returns casket.*] Albert has fully accomplished my wishes.

Mal. Has he—ha! ha! [*Laughs.*] wise old man! [*Aside.*] I have promised this evening to deposit £500 on account of the diamonds. [*Aside to Albert.*]

Alb. The money shall be ready.

[*Takes Julia's hand to lead her off.*]

O. Ger. Albert, a word alone, before you go.

[*Music.—Enter, Bridesmaids, &c.—Showing the diamonds, &c. Malcour offers Julia his hand, she rejects it.—Exeunt, Julia, and Females, R. D.—Malcour and Servants at the back of the Stage.*]

Alb. (c.) 'Tis the last lecture—I must submit—to-morrow I am free. Now to do “a little of the amiable.”

[*Aside.*

O. Ger. Albert, you are now about to quit the paternal authority. Never forget, my son, that I commit to your care, a name bright and unsullied; pure as the snow that glitters on the summit of Mont Blanc. You will possess an independent fortune—use it, my son,—use it, but ne'er abuse it.

Alb. Sir, the example of my father—

O. Ger. Words, boy—mere words. Wealth, my son, too often leads to peril; it furnishes the means to gratify the vilest passions of our nature, and even in your boyhood, Albert, remember one vice, a love of gaming, was the source of all your little troubles; 'twas a vice that—

Alb. A father's eye observed, and crushed the monster in its birth.

O. Ger. [*Firmly scrutinizing.*] I did my duty, sir; since, you have done your's?

Alb. Can you doubt me, sir? Have I not sworn that this odious passion was for ever driven from my thoughts.

O. Ger. You—you have sworn, my son, and I should be satisfied; and yet, if you have deceived me—

[*Still doubting.*

Alb. Still these doubts. Oh, my dearest father, do I deserve suspicion?

O. Ger. My son, heaven alone sees into the hearts of men; and it is to heaven you must account for the happiness or misery of Julia Dumont. If you have abused my confidence—if, forgetful of your oaths, you still cherish that detested passion, and glory in the gambler's vice, heaven pardon me for having linked poor Julia's destiny with thine; for then your fate is certain. But, my son, I shall not live to see the dishonour of my name; the tomb will hide me from the sad disgrace.

Alb. They come; thank heaven for this relief [*Aside.*

O. Ger. Albert, I have spoken; embrace your friend—your father.

Enter MALCOUR and Visitors, from Garden; JULIA and Bridesmaids from Chamber, R.; MARTIN, R.; JULIA has the diamonds on.

Mal. Come, Albert, come; all is readiness—the carriages wait.

O. Ger. Go, then, my children ; my heart and voice will follow.

[*Music—Julia kneels to O. Germaine, who blesses—raises—kisses her forehead ; Bridesmaids take her hand, and exeunt.*]

O. Ger. My heart is troubled—my eyes fill with tears—my forebodings must be false ; he does not game—he has sworn it : Malcour, his bosom friend, he has sworn the same. Hark ! they are gone—gone to pronounce the irrevocable vow. Martin !

Mar. Sir.

O. Ger. Go to Notre Dame ; see the ceremony commenced, and then run back, that I may join my benedictions with the last prayer of the minister.

Mar. I understand, sir ; here goes. I love to see people married ; they look so silly till it's all over.

[*Runs off at top, R.*]

Enter BERTRAND, from Garden, L.

O. Ger. What stranger is this ?

Ber. I believe I address Mr. Germaine.

O. Ger. I am Mr. Germaine.

Ber. I come from Mr. Dumont, your friend.

O. Ger. Dumont ! is he arrived ? Why is he not here ?

Ber. This letter will explain.

O. Ger. What mysterious ! [*Reads.*] "*My friend—arrived last night—discovered an alarming secret.*" What does he mean ?—" *All must be changed respecting my niece's marriage ; I write in haste. Your's, Dumont.*" Great heaven ! do you know his motive, sir ? I dread to ask you.—Already my son is at the altar ; by this time the marriage is indissoluble.

Re-enter MARTIN, R. with white favours, &c.

Mar. It's done—it's done ; they are married—their job's done. Ah, sir, if you had but seen it,—such a touching ceremony.

Enter DUMONT, R.

Ber. Mr. Dumont, it is too late ; the vow is taken—they are married.

Dum. Alas ! my poor Julia.

O. Ger. My friend, Dumont ! this letter—

Dum. Forget it, I conjure you.

O. Ger. Never ; it must be explained immediately.

Dum. (L. c.) Since you insist,—know, then, that last night, in an infamous gaming-house, I saw—

[*Music at distance.*]

Ber. They are returned ; spare the innocent Julia, and guard the honour of your son by eternal secrecy.

O. Ger. Never ; I will pierce this mystery.

Enter ALBERT, JULIA, MALCOUR, *Bridesmaids, &c.*

Jul. (c.) My uncle !—friend !—father ! [*Embrace.*] Now, indeed, I'm happy.

Alb. (R. c.) What do I see ?

Mal. (R.) The stranger that last night—

Alb. And Bertrand ; we—we are betrayed !

Jul. [*Looking at Albert, and then at Dumont.*] What means this ? You don't speak, Albert—my uncle stands before you.

Alb. Your uncle ? I declare I had lost all recollection of Mr. Dumont ; I regret that you arrived too late for the ceremony.

O. Ger. [*Aloud.*] Perhaps you ought to thank heaven.

Mal. Do you mark your father ?

O. Ger. Retire a moment, my daughter.

Dum. What would you do ?

O. Ger. I would speak with my son. Julia, retire.

[*Commanding.*]

Alb. Stay—I forbid your going ; you have no master now but me. It is useless to surround yourselves with mystery ; I know the outrage you've prepared,—I know from whence it comes—the author is before me, and shall answer for this infamous treason [*Threatening Bertrand*] with his life.

Ber. (L.) Me ?

O. Ger. Rash and unguarded youth.

Dum. Insult no one here ; I am the only person.

Alb. You ! you will not dare,—remember, we met last night—where—you had better conceal. [*Significantly.*]

Enter MARTIN *at the top, L. alarmed.*

Mar. Oh, sir ! there's a magistrate, with a party of the police ; he says, he must speak with you immediately.

O. Ger. To speak with me ? Show him in.

Alb. A magistrate ?

Mal. Should it be about the diamonds—my mind mis-gives me.

Dum. My friend—preserve the honour of your house, let all strangers retire. [*Exeunt Visitors.*]

Enter EVERARD, a Magistrate, and Officers, L.

Eve. It is with regret that I disturb this nuptial celebration, but my duty demands it. Are not you Mr. Albert Germaine?

O Ger. My—my son, sir?

Eve. A robbery has been committed near a certain notorious gaming-house, long under surveillance; you, Mr. Albert Germaine, are one of the frequenters of that house.

O Ger. How! can it be? Albert! [*With surprise.*]

Eve. (L. C.) Last night a casket of jewels was conveyed to that house by a suspected female; those jewels were for you, and are sworn to be in your possession.

Jul. (C.) Albert!

Alb. (R. C.) Silence.

O Ger. Can it be! Albert, behold the gambler's exploits—behold my name disgraced; a name,—no man ever lived that dared sully the brightness of that name. Remove the degraded—the perjured wretch—whom I renounce for ever.

Eve. You deny it not.

Alb. Why should I deny it; am I not the free master of my actions,—may I not buy baubles to please my fancy; if those baubles come from an impure source, am I obliged to know it?

Mal. (R.) Good! Well argued.

Alb. Ha, ha! [*Laughs.*] Well, sir, what more have you to urge?

Eve. Your appearance before the bench now sitting. I come to bring you there.

Alb. Me!

Eve. Why this alarm? None but the guilty need fear our laws.

O Ger. What! a son of mine—a suspected criminal at the bar of justice! Break, heart—break.

[*Faints in chair.*]

Jul. In the name of heaven,—for mercy spare my husband; behold his father's anguish—already we tremble for the old man's life: do not—do not by this one blow send him to his grave. [*Falls on her knees.*]

Eve. [*Raises her.*] Madam, the prayers of beauty in distress—an aged father's tears—the sanctity of the nuptial hour—all would move me, had not duty—[*Sees*

her diamonds.—Ah, what do I see! can it be—[*Looks at a paper*—the very diamonds which—

Jul. Horror! Oh! no, no—he—he could not be so base.

Alb. Julia! [*Tries to make her go.*]

Eve. Hold, sir! Madam, I suspect the diamonds on your person are those that have been stolen.

Jul. Ah! [*Screams.*] Off!—Off!—Infamy—no more defile me! [*Uncclasps them.*]

Mal. [*Seizing Albert's hand.*] Don't name me.

Jul. There, sir, there. [*Wildly.*] Surrounded by horrors—where—oh where shall I look for succour?

Dum. Here, my child—in the arms of your truest friend.

O. Ger. Execrable act—day of malediction—oh! I feel—I feel death's hand is on me.

[*He faints, and is carried off by Servants, l. d. Exit Julia with him.*]

Dum. [*To Everard.*] Sir, you see the danger of this good old man's life; doubtless you may have just cause for your suspicions—but insist not on his following this instant!

Eve. The law must take its course.

Alb. I attend—Sir, [*To Dumont*] if you would prove yourself your niece's truest friend, seek and console her.

[*Music—Eve. Alb. and Offi. exeunt, l. and Dum. r.*]

Mal. This absence shall be turned to my account—Richard!

Enter RICHARD, Malcour's Young jockey.

Mal. So—you know the Lady Julia's boudoir?

Ric. Ay, sir.

Mal. And the rope-ladder!—is it there concealed?

Ric. It is.

Mal. Haste, then—conceal yourself, and when the signal from the window's given, expect my entrance—no more—away! [*Bar or two of music. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another room in Old Germaine's house.*

Enter MADAME BELCOUR, r.

M. Bel. (c.) Poor Julia!—I have removed her from the death-bed scene, to her own chamber.—Alas! I fear the worst.—A letter to the dying father, received a few short minutes past, proclaims this reckless son guilty of further crime—I dread to think on't!—But, to the former

crime is added—forgery!—Hark! those groans! those shrieks!—

Enter DUMONT in great agitation, l.

M. Del. Now, sir—the cause!—does our venerable friend survive?

Dum. He is no more!—The threatening letter, and the proof of the forged note, struck him so deeply to the heart that he but liv'd to utter—hush!—breathe it not to Julia.

M. Del. I guess: he died in anger with his son.

Dum. Died, cursing him!—proclaimed him parricide: nay, more—these were his words, “Albert Germaine, thou art a son already parricide; thou wilt be a most brutal husband, and a most unnatural father!—gaming will open the abyss of misery; and thy life will end in torment, horror, and despair!”

M. Del. [*Weeping.*] Oh, Julia! should this awful curse be known, you never would survive it!

Dum. Speak!—inform me—where is my poor devoted niece?

M. Del. Where she expects my coming—in her anti-chamber.

Dum. Lose not a moment; meantime, as Albert's ignominious death will but increase her sufferings, say that, for her sake, I'll struggle to preserve him—time is precious—if saved, he may repent.

M. Del. Never; the gambler's fate is fix'd; and by his crimes his days are numbered.—But Julia shall have hope!—Farewell! [*Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.—*Julia's Boudoir.* A harp at the back of the stage, R.; near a window at the back, c. a harp case, l. The Little Jockey opens the harp-case and comes out, observes the room, and listens—he hears a noise—runs and shuts himself in the harp-case—*Madame Belcour* enters, R. D., and lights two candles on the toilette table, at the back of stage, R.

Enter JULIA.

M. Del. Fear nothing, Julia—I'll mind that all is fast.—Ere long I will return; and, I trust, with welcome tidings.

Jul. Oh! may Dumont preserve him, for he is my husband still.—Good night! Stay, take the key of the pri-

vate staircase—should my uncle or Bertrand come—I have it not—'tis in my chamber—I will find it—despatch.—Oh fate, fate, when will thy tortures end!

[Exit to chamber, R. D.]

Re-enter immediately, with the key.

Jul. There is the key of the private staircase; receive my uncle or Bertrand there; if my husband returns, I'll open this door. [R. U. E.]

M. Del. Fear not—I'll see all safe—heaven bless you! [Music—Exit Julia to chamber, R.—Madame locks door, R. U. E. leaving the key in—goes to door, L. U. E.—exit, locking the door and taking the key with her.—The harp-case opens softly, and Richard, the Little Jockey, comes out with caution—looks about attentively—listens at the doors—opens the window softly—waves a white handkerchief, which appears to be answered—goes to the harp-case, takes out a ladder of ropes—after tying the end to the window, throws it out.—Malcour comes up, a sword in his hand and a pistol in his pocket—Little Jockey, in action, requires silence—shows where Julia is—then runs to the table, takes up the bell, nods to Malcour, and pulls out the clapper, smiling archly—Malcour commends him, gives him money, &c. &c. Exit down the ladder, which Malcour pulls up, and remains alone.]

Mal. (c.) At length the game is in my hand; Albert cannot return; he is safe in prison, and the hand of justice perhaps—Courage, Malcour, courage! [Listens.] Haughty fair one, you shall not long defy my love!

[Malcour glides by the wall, puts his sword on a chair, L., goes to R. D., takes out the key, drops it first, and then puts it in his pocket—the noise alarms Julia, she comes out of R. D.]

Jul. What noise was that?—Surely some one—who, who's there? [Pause.] They reply not—Who's there?

Mal. Malcour.

[Advancing.]

Jul. Malcour!

Mal. (c.) Silence!—no alarm, Julia; but hear me!

Jul. (R.) Leave me—I command you—or—[Runs to bell.]—Ah!

[He smiles, she runs to door, R. U. E., misses the key.]

Mal. You see I have prevented. [Shows the key.]

Jul. Am I, then, lost?

Mal. No; I come to save you—spite of your cruelty, I'll guard you in the hour of peril. We are alone—undisturbed—

Jul. Horror—alone at midnight!—and with this fiend

—Villain! villain!—all beneath this roof know the hatred which I bear you. I have only to summon them to my aid, and they'll drive you hence, like the midnight ruffian that you are. Wretch, instantly open that door and fly!

Mal. Fly!—what, after all the trouble and the danger that I've run to see you thus alone, and in my power!

Jul. Heavens! have you no fear that—

Mal. None; your husband can never enter here again; your servants are soundly locked in sleep's embrace—or, if any dare approach, behold [*Shows a pistol.*] Nay, Julia, do not tremble; should love give cause for fear? 'Spite of your disdain, I'll snatch you from the misery that now surrounds you; your husband is convicted—lost—dishonoured; then break the chain that binds you to his fate, and find in me a faithful friend—a fond protector. [*A knock at D. R. S. E.*] What's that!

[*Starts up.*]

Alb. [*Without.*] Open, Julia, open.

Mal. (c.) Confusion! Albert, 'tis Germaine.

Jul. (r. c.) My husband! Ah, should he see this friend.

Alb. Open—quick, I say. [*Impatient.*]

Jul. Fly, villain, fly, and save thy wretched life.

Mal. Remember, dare to betray me, I'll first destroy your fame, and then your life. [*Looks at case, measures distance, then puts out the light.*]

Alb. Open this instant, or I'll force the door.

Jul. Oh! my spirits fail—I'm weak—very weak.

[*Staggering towards door, R., falls senseless—Germaine forces the door—enters—grotes across—throws off his cloak.*]

Alb. No one here! all's silent!—Haply Julia sleeps, and knows not I've escaped by generous Dumont's aid; he has preserved me!—Ha!—heard I not voices? No—flight—instant flight, alone can save me—Julia shall accompany me—she must be my consolation—I am certain that she loves—fondly loves me. [*Going round near the harp case, finds a chair, which he hangs his cloak on—strikes Malcour's sword, which is lying in the chair—it falls.*] A sword! how is this? whence came it?—[*Feels the hilt.*] It is not mine—Ah! this door was fastened on the inside—those voices when I knocked—gracious heaven, am I betrayed?—Betrayed by her, the traitress! Now, by the fury which animates my soul—their blood—

[*Crosses to R., stumbles against Julia.*] What's this?—Julia, senseless—dying! what can have happened? Julia, my beloved Julia—

[*With affection—He raises her, she slowly recovers, stares wildly round, till her eye meets his.*

Jul. Ah, my husband! mercy, mercy.

[*Clasps his knee.*

Alb. Mercy, said'st thou! that word condemns her—thou art guilty.

Jul. No, no; but I tremble—fly. [*Albert looks round anxiously.*] Seek him not—he—he—is no longer here.

Alb. No longer here? Wretch, speak, where is your lover?

Jul. I have no lover.

Alb. Liar accursed! behold—[*Shows the sword.*] I've found—who—who was here?

Jul. I dare not tell; you would shed his blood.

Alb. Right, I would. Oh, shame! to profit by my troubles, to consummate thy most disgusting treason; now, by an injured husband's soul I swear, he dies before your eyes; speak! where is he secreted?

Jul. I know not.

Alb. He is here, and parts not hence with his life; villain, come forth.

[*Music.—Examines chamber behind harp-case, and goes to door, L.—finds it locked.*

Alb. The key.

Jul. I have it not.

Alb. The key! [*Furiously*] the key!

[*Forces door, L. and exit—Malcour comes out of the case, and cocks his pistol—After a pause,*

Enter Madame Belcour with a light, R. D. U. E.

M. Bel. Oh, ma'am, Mr. Bertrand is come; he must see your husband.

Jul. Bertrand! then heaven is just, my uncle sends me succour.

Enter BERTRAND, R. D. U. E.

Ber. Where's your husband? he has been traced—the soldiers approach the house. [*Exit Malcour, L.*

Jul. Quit me not—oh! a dreadful error drives my husband mad—he seeks for blood.

Enter MALCOUR and ALBERT, from chamber, L.—MALCOUR points with his pistol to BERTRAND—ALBERT snatches it from him.

Mal. There stands the seducer of your wife.

Jul. Ah! [Screams.

Alb. Villain, an injured husband's hand.

Jul. Hold, hold—

[*Julia rushes between them—Madame Belcour forces Bertrand into room, R.—Albert throws off Julia to the centre—crosses to Madame Belcour, throws her from the door, and rushes off, when a shot is instantly heard—Julia shrieks and falls.*

Enter DUMONT, L.

Dum. Fly, wretched man—lose not a moment; a carriage with the swiftest horses—all—all are ready—fly.

[*Drum-roll heard.*

Alb. Yes, I fly—[*Points.*] but I'm revenged; and thou, my once-loved Julia, I—I—will not kill thee—no—no—partner of my flight—I—I—yes, she still shall share my fate.

[*He raises the senseless Julia—throws her across his shoulder—rushes off L. D., which Martin tries to fasten, as Madame Belcour does the R. D.—Soldiers now force R. D., and run to L. D.—Martin and Madame have placed themselves before it—Soldiers throw them to R.—Madame Belcour and Martin look through the window and shout.*

M. Bel. Safe!—safe!—safe!

Mar. I see them galloping! I see them galloping!
[*Curtain drops quickly.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of a German Inn on the Munich Road—Sign, Golden Lion—two Travellers discovered sitting at a table L., one smoking, the other reading a newspaper.*

Enter MRS. BAALAMB, with CARL and BABET.

Mrs. Baa. (C.) Come, quick, Babet; stir your stumps,

girl ; lay the tables in proper order, and, Carl, run to the cellar, fill the cans with the best tap—the farthest barrel—not the one we use for vinegar ; we'll give that a holy-day to-day. Babet, the grill'd fowl for the traveller in No. 4. *[Baalamb cracks his whip without.*

Baa. *[Without.]* There, put Grizzle in the stable.

Mrs. Baa. There, there's my little husband ; I must go give him welcome ; meantime, bustle, Babet, bustle.

[Exit into house.

1 Tra. Well, what news, brother traveller ?

2 Tra. Why, not much, only *[Reads.]* “ On Friday last, an alarming fire broke out in the scene-room of the Theatre François, which, with great difficulty, was got under, but not until two lives were lost, and much valuable scenery destroyed.”

1 Tra. Why, zounds, that fire happened twenty years ago.

2 Tra. Twenty years ago ! *[Turns to the date.]* So it did—the paper's twenty years old !—Well, that's droll ! but it was the only one I could find in this out-of-the-way inn, and as I always forget what I read, any news is new to me—shall I go on ? “ Escape from prison.—Albert Germaine, convicted of felony and forgery, and who escaped by aid of a confederate, some time ago, has not yet been heard of.”

1 Tra. That's not true : I heard of him at Spa, where, in addition to the loss of his own property, he contrived to lose every shilling of his wife's. Poor woman, she had then two children ; the eldest must be now in his nineteenth year, and, like his parents, penniless, unless he made money at sea, where he was sent at seven years old ; further I know not,—no, not even if this ruined gambler live.

Enter BAALAMB and MRS. BAALAMB.

Mrs. Baa. Welcome again, my little Baalamb. *[Baalamb takes papers from his pocket.]* Eh, what are those papers ?

Baal. I met the Weisback postman on the road ; here are two letters,—there. *[Gives one.*

Mrs. Baa. For me ? Why, I declare it's from my Cousin Windy, the bellows-maker to his majesty : I love to correspond with people connected with the court.

Bel. The other is for some one I don't know,—a French captain, travelling, who intends to stop at the Golden Lion.

Mrs. Baa. (c.) Let's see—

Baa. (R. c.) Curiosity, Mrs. Baalamb. Ah!

Mrs. Baa. Um—um—at Mr. Baalamb's; that's you.

Baa. Yes, I'm the only Baalamb about these parts.

Mrs. Baa. To be left at the Golden Lion, on the Munnick Road.

Baa. Many customers in my absence?

Mrs. Baa. One, a traveller, who goes this morning.

Baa. I've news for your curiosity, wife: you know that ill-looking fellow who arrived here one fine morning, about two years ago; he said he came from all manner of places; he'd a wife and a little girl, and looked so plaguy poor?

Mrs. Baa. What, the stranger of the Red Mountain? Albert, as they call him?

Baa. Well,—he's to be driven out of the hundred.

Mrs. Baa. What for?

Baa. What for! Why, because he's poor; he's never paid any rent at all,—and there's a whole year's tax due; he's to be drummed out to-morrow, as a stranger and a swindling vagabond.

Mrs. Baa. Without a home! What's to become of his poor wife and little girl?

Baa. What do I care—away with them all, it will be a good thing for the Golden Lion; for, since the vagabond has lived in the mountain, people are afraid to pass that way; and, after sunset, instead of staying here and getting drunk, as honest Germans should, they get home as fast as they can. When he comes here sometimes, to take his half-pint of small beer, perhaps, all the customers take hold of their jugs, and sneak away from the table where he sits. He's a horrid-looking fellow—seems like a man accursed, that some malediction was over him.

Mrs. Baa. Mercy on us! and I was last week at his cottage.

Baa. What, you! you couldn't be so foolhardy?

Mrs. Baa. The man wasn't there; I saw his wife and her little girl. Oh, mercy!—what misery,—it touched my heart, and I gave—I couldn't help it—I gave them—

Baa. Gave! Pray what?

Mrs. Baa. Two-pence!

Baa. Two-pence! Oh, Mrs. Baalamb, Mrs. Baalamb, you must be mad, to go about making ducks and drakes of a man's property. Well, it must be recovered—it

must be recovered; the next traveller that calls for wine, I must draw it out of the vinegar cask. Fie, Mrs. Baalamb, fie!

Mrs. Baa. They were without bread.

Enter Party of Peasant Labourers, from top.

1 *Pea.* Some drink here, Baalamb—some drink.

[They sit at the table, R. Music.]

Enter ALBERT, twenty years older, in ragged clothes—advances—takes a vacant place at a table, L., where two Peasants are conversing—they stare at him—express their uneasiness—take their mug and glass, and slink away to R. table—ALBERT absorbed in thought.

Alb. What is memory,—a blessing or a bane? What tells it? *[Shudders.]* Oh, ma belle France! Land of my birth—my beloved country; twenty years a wretched outcast and an exile from thee! Paris—scene of my former—Memory, avaunt! to some a blessing—but to me, a curse. *[Sinks in agony on the table.]*

Enter BAALAMB, from house.

Baa. (R.) What, Snooks, have you changed your place. *[They point.]* Eh!—oh, I see how it is,—that fierce-looking devil of the mountain—

Enter MRS. BAALAMB, from house.

Wife—there, *[points]* just as I told you; that's the chap to clear a table.

Mrs. Baa. Mercy on us! how miserably lean and pale he looks.

Baa. Ah, he looks half starved.

Mrs. Baa. Come, my good little Baalamb, give him some help.

Baa. Help! perhaps he'll take a fancy to help himself; so I'll begin by telling him, "his carriage stops the way." I'll just civilly beg him to put "the ten-toed machine in motion."

Mrs. Baa. Well, well—you needn't be too hard with the poor devil.

Baa. Leave that to me; I'll speak as becomes a publican. *[Strutting up to him.]* Holloa! there, you—you mister what's your name, from the Red Mountain.

[Knocks his knuckles on table—rouses Albert, who looks fiercely at him; Baalamb retreats—bows.]

Alb. What's your will?

Baa. Eh! Why—that is—my will is; that is—I

wish, as near as possible, to obtain a knowledge of what the devil you want here?

Alb. Nothing, but to rest my weary limbs upon this bench. [Sighs.]

Baa. Why, as to the bench,—as a man, I don't refuse the bench; but, as a publican, I must say that the table was occupied.

Alb. I disturb'd no one; I took a vacant place—I had a right to take it.

Baa. A right! come, I like that,—a right! [*Mrs. Baalam pulls his coat.*] Let me alone, wife; I'll prove myself a man of courage; do you think I'm afraid, now we are ten to one; no, no—I'll speak to him if he were twelve feet high, instead of six. Poh! poh! wife—a cock-sparrow will speak to a goose when his interest is concerned.—Right, indeed! what right have you, who call for nothing to drink, to displace honest men, who drink like the devil? Eh, hum!

Alb. [*Looks at him and walks aside.*] Oh, Albert! is this the scene thy boyish fancy painted,—is this the scene thy early manhood promised?

Baa. [*Following consequentially.*] Oh, oh! I see you can take a hint, if you take nothing else.

Alb. (L. c.) You hav'nt much feeling!

Baa. (R. c.) Feeling! poh—can't pay rent and taxes with it.

Alb. True: I've walked far and have no money; if you'll give me a glass of water, I shall be able to continue my journey.

[*Sits down, faint; Baalam and Wife look at each other.*]

Mrs. Baa. (R. c.) Husband!

Baa. (R.) Well, water's cheap; I hav'nt the heart to refuse him,—a man must be charitable sometimes.

Mrs. Baa. Water! poh! give him a little beer.

Baa. What?

Mrs. Baa. Small beer, and a cut of bread—

Baa. Would you ruin your husband?

Mrs. Baa. Consider, he's a man.

Baa. Yes, and a strapper. Well, there's some stale bread, and the fellow has a good set of grinders.

Mrs. Baa. Put a bit of something on the bread, by way of relish; there, go.

Baa. [*As Albert is going.*] Holloa! you sir,—[*Albert turns fiercely*—] don't make a row; I'm going to give you something to eat—wait a moment.

[*Baalam goes to house—wife attends guests.*]

Alb. I cannot return to my miserable hovel without bread for my wife and child. I cannot see them pine for food. [*Wipes his eye.*] To-morrow we shall be driven from our wretched home. [*Casts his eyes round.*] If I could meet some one alone—this arm,—I have no other chance—we—we cannot starve.

Enter BAALAMB ; MRS. B. takes refreshments from him.

Mrs. Baa. There—there's a mug of beer—

Baa. Small!

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Baa. And a bit of bacon to relish the bread.

Baa. I took the bacon out of the mouse-trap! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Baa. There, eat and drink ; providence will always protect you, if your conduct merit it.

[*At the word providence, Albert, about to drink with avidity, stops.*

Alb. Providence ! [*Sighs deeply—at last drinks—about to eat voraciously—stops suddenly—breaks a small piece for himself, and puts the remainder in his pocket.*] For my wife and child. [*With much feeling—eats with eagerness.*

Enter LINDORF, the traveller, from the house, who regards ALBERT with compassion.

Mrs. Baa. (R. C.) Ah ! there's the traveller about to depart for Munick.—Servant, sir ; hope you slept well, sir

Lin. (C.) Perfectly, my good dame ; tell me who is that poor creature ?

Baa. What, that man there ? Oh ! he's a stranger, that lives on the Red Mountain ; they say he comes from France.

Lin. Misery seems written on his visage. Spare diet, that—I am an odd fellow, landlord ; before I commence a journey, I always find out some real object of charity ; I'm silly enough to think that it insures happiness for the day :—put a bottle of wine upon yonder table, and I dare say that the poor fellow won't think it a great trouble to share it with me.

Baa. Mercy on us, sir ; would you drink with that poor devil ?

Mrs. Baa. Be quiet, you fool ! What is it to you who he drinks with, so that you sell your wine. Carl ! a bottle of the best wine, with the green seal, mind—quick !

Lin. I must be at Munick early ; let me have your bill.

Mrs. Baa. In a minute,—I've only this bottle to add.
[Goes to house, brings slate and pencil; sits, U. E. R. bench. Carl brings wine to Lindorf; who points to Albert's table—he puts it there with glasses. As Albert is about to drink his small beer, Lindorf takes it from him, throws it away, and pours out wine,—smiling.]

Lin. Taste that wine, my fine fellow; you'll find it agree with your stomach better than small beer.

[Lindorf takes the glass to drink; Albert does the same; Peasants express surprise.]

Lin. "May Heaven assist those who deserve its bounty!" *[Albert, with glass at his lips, conscience-stricken, sinks his glass.]* Come, drink, my friend, drink.

Alb. *[Recovering, drinks.]* Ah, this wine has reanimated me.

Lin. Well, my poor friend, I am glad it has done you good. Come—*[Fills again.]* Here's "better fortune to you."

Alb. "Better fortune!" *[Drinks.]* To-morrow I am houseless—the forest, or the cold rock, the pillow for my wife and child! *[Aside.]*

Baa. Wife, harkye: I am afraid of that fellow. If he should harm the good-natured stranger—

Mrs. Baa. Six and five are thirteen. You put me out, you fool. Nine—eleven and a half—carry one.

[Reckoning.]

Lin. Tell me, my friend, do you know this country well?

Alb. Every foot.

Lin. They tell me there is a short cut to Munick, much nearer than the high road.

Alb. By the Red Mountain; 'tis nearer by a third.

Lin. The deuce!—That's a great deal. Can I go on horseback?

Alb. Easily, with a guide who knows the road. *[A sudden thought strikes him.]* You are not of this country?

Lin. From Switzerland, travelling to the north.

[Albert ruminates aside, L.]

Mrs. Baa. There's your account, sir: supper, bed, breakfast for your horse and yourself, and this bottle.

[Showing him the slate.]

Lin. Very moderate.

[Takes out a large purse of gold, throws some on the table; Albert looks at the gold, then at Lindorf.]

Alb. Gold!—My almost forgotten friend! Ah! with that sum—

Lin. Tell them to saddle my horse, and strap on my portmanteau.

Mrs. Baa. All's ready, sir.

Alb. What road will he take? I'll be with him. Yes! with that gold, once more I might—[*Joyful anticipation.*] Yes, he comes to free me from these loathsome rags! Yes—[*Sudden horror.*] No, no, no! I—I “thirsted, and he gave me of his cup.”—No, no, never! Let me fly him. [Going.]

Lin. Stop, my friend; a word. [*Albert stops*] As this is a holyday, I may find it difficult to procure a guide. Humph! This poor devil might earn a trifle—[*Goes to Albert.*] I wish to arrive early at Munick. I think of taking the shortest road. Will you be my guide?

Alb. I!

Lin. Ay, you; I'll reward you for your trouble.

Alb. [*Aside.*] Why, why am I tempted? Down, fiend, down! [*Struggles.*] No, no!

Lin. No! Why not? You know the road. I shall be generous; and you look as if you needed.

Alb. I do, indeed. Well, I attend you.

Lin. That's right. Come, finish the bottle.

Alb. What means——It is impossible! I—I cannot resist my fate! [*Aside.*]

Baa. (R.) I tell you I will speak (if I could get any thing by holding my tongue, indeed!) But, wife, I won't have such a thing on my conscience. Consider. I've a publican's conscience. Beg pardon, sir, but——

Mrs. Baa. (C.) Be quiet, Baalamb; you are a fool. Would you prevent the poor man's earning an honest penny! What is there to fear? In the middle of the day! Consider; to-morrow, himself, his starving wife, and his poor little girl, are to be driven from their home. Come, come; he's a husband and a father: the little money he'll get will help him to leave the country, and we shall get rid of them all.

Baa. Eh! ah, yes!—Some reason about that.

[*During the above, Lindorf has put on his cloak, and is ready to go.*]

Enter CARL, L. U. E.

Carl. The horse is at the gate, sir.

Lin. Farewell, landlord—good bye, hostess. Come, my good fellow, let's be off.

[*Albert lost in thought, Lindorf taps him on the shoulder. They exeunt through fiat, C.*

Enter VILLAGERS, as Archers, for a Fete.

Baa. Come, wife, bustle, bustle ; don't forget to score double, as it is a holyday. Quick, Carl, Babet—the bows and arrows for “my dear friends,” to shoot for the prize. [*Distributes bows and arrows.*] Bring down your bird at the first shot, then return, and drink and dance till midnight.

[*Music. Exeunt Villagers and Mrs. Baalamb into the house, Baalamb and Carl into cellar.*

SCENE II.—A Parlour in the Inn.

Enter HENRY GERMAINE, in undress uniform, L.

Hen. “The Golden Lion.” Correct, according to my arrangement. I am here to receive a letter with information on which my future happiness depends.—Within there. [*Calls.*

Enter CARL, L.

Carl. Your pleasure, sir.

Hen. The master of the house.

Carl. I'll send him, sir. [*Exit, L.*

Hen. (C.) I am now near my journey's end, and my long-lost parents will be found. My poor mother!—so kind, so good! And my father—alas! he has been guilty; but he has expiated his crime by twenty years of exile from his native land—twenty years of the keenest suffering, of misery, and want.

Enter BAALAMB, bowing, R.

You are the master of this inn?

Baa. Yes, sir; and, if I am not deceived, you [*Takes out a letter*] are a stranger, and a military man. Humph!

Hen. I am from France.

Baa. From France! There, how odd! I saw it in a moment. You expect something at the Golden Lion. Humph!

Hen. A letter, which I now request of you.

Baa. How odd! I knew it—saw it in his face. L-e-t-t-e-r. [*Henry impatient.*] One moment. Letters are letters, especially when they are not post-paid. I am particular. Your name?

Hen. Henry Germaine.

Baa. Bless me, how odd! So it is. [*Reads.*] “Captain Henry Germaine.” Captain, receive—

Hen. Quick, sir, quick. [*Tears it open, and reads.*]

Baa. A captain! A young one. He must have had some money to push him on. He's pleased. Some love-affair, perhaps. [*Aside.*]

Hen. Are they so near? My parents—my dearest mother! My friend, assist me with some information, and I'll reward you handsomely.

Baa. Speak, sir, speak; don't talk of reward; I'm not mercenary. That's a lie; but he'll soon find it out. [*Aside.*]

Hen. You know all the inhabitants of this neighbourhood?

Baa. Every soul. Charming neighbours; not one of them but has been blind-drunk at the Golden Lion.

Hen. Have you noticed a foreigner, a man between forty and fifty, poor, and seeking obscurity?

Baa. No—no neighbour of mine. Poor, and—I wouldn't own him.

Hen. They write that he has been living here these two years.

Baa. Two years!

Hen. And exercises the calling of a wood-cutter.

Baa. Eh!—O, no!—It can't be him—that's not possible. His name, if you please.

Hen. He passes by the name of Albert.

Baa. Albert! O, yes, certainly. A strong, robust fellow; a—a—not at all like one of us. O, yes, I know the fellow; but who the devil could suppose a black-guard like that a friend of your's?

Hen. Say nothing offensive of him, sirrah. [*Checks him—he bows.*] He was married. Do you know his wife?

Baa. His wife! O, quite a different sort of creature—a good creature, but almost starving—in want of——

Hen. My poor mother!—you shall want no more. [*Aside, and wiping his eyes.*] Where do they live?

Baa. A league from the village, on the Red Mountain, in a miserable tumble-down cottage, just by the great precipice.

Hen. What! is their state so wretched?

Baa. Misery itself. If you had come five minutes sooner, you'd have seen him, for he was here.

Hen. Here!

Baa. Yes; and, out of charity, I gave him a slice of bread, just to keep the life in him. He's gone as guide

to a stranger across the mountain ; and, though he's your friend, I wish he may get safe out of his company, that's all. *[Aside.*

Hen. *[Sinks in a chair.]* My father !—with all his faults, he is my father !

Baa. Eh !—oh, la ! What's the matter ? You want something.

Hen. Yes, yes, that's it : I've walked a long time in the air.

Baa. Why, Mrs. Baalamb, where the devil are you, my angel ? Babet !

Enter MRS. BAALAMB and BABET, L.

Quick, some wine there ; some of the best ; something to eat this instant for the young officer. *[Exit Babet, L.*

Hen. *[Starts up.]* My friend, I must be gone this instant. My luggage will arrive this evening from Weisback. Prepare your best apartment for my family. *[Thunder heard at distance.]* That for your trouble.—*[Gives money.]* Now point out the road to my—to Albert's cottage.

Mrs. Baa. Albert's cottage ! For Heaven's sake, what would you do there, sir ?

Hen. Quick, my friend ; each moment is torture to my soul.

Baa. Will you go without your wine ? *[Lightning.*

Mrs. Baa. See how the lightning flashes. There's a dreadful storm brewing.

Hen. I heed it not. I am no silken fool, to shrink before the mountain blast ; therefore, point out the road.

Baa. See how all the holyday folks are running for shelter ! Hark to the thunder ! Ugh ! See how it rains. Run, run, you rogues ! By the honour of a publican, this will be a soaker !

Re-enter the VILLAGERS, fearing the storm.

Hen. No more delay, sir ; but point out the road to Albert's cottage.

Baa. Well, if you will, why you must. Go through the village ; leave the wood to the right, then to the left. *(Ad lib.)*

[Music. Henry returns, puts on his cloak, which he had thrown on his seat, and runs off. Storm increases. The Villagers, and Baalamb and Wife, exeunt. R

SCENE III.—*Albert's miserable Cottage.—Two windows without sashes ; through which are seen a sterile mountain—a disjointed door on one broken hinge, flapping in the wind—a table, made out of a bit of board, on which are a large and small lace cushion ; four broken chairs, three R., one L.—all bespeaking misery and extreme poverty.—An axe lying on the ground, L. S. E.—Wind whistling loud ; lightning, &c.*

Enter JULIA, twenty years older, dressed miserably, &c. &c. She places the table, and works and speaks between the thunder-claps.

Jul. (R.) How the wind sweeps through this miserable hovel. Albert not returned. Should he not obtain employment—should he come back without bread for my child. [*Goes to the door, R., where the child is.*] She sleeps—poor child—heaven prolong thy slumbers, and spare me the grief of hearing those dreadful sounds, “Mother, some food, or I must perish.”—[*She weeps—storm increases—she speaks in the intervals.*]—But tears—tears will not preserve my famishing child. No, no ; I must be quick, and finish this lace—it must fetch something, if but half a loaf of bread. [*Works.—Thunder and wind.*]—My Henry—my son ! He perhaps is happy. Years have passed since he was confided to my uncle's care—I should not know him again.

[*Wipes her eyes.—Storm increases—She shivers in the blast—the old door is blown down.—Julia starts up.—Rose (a child eight or nine) screams, and runs from the door, L. S. E. into the arms of her mother.*

Rose. Mother !

Jul. My child ! There's nothing to fear—the wind has blown the old door down, that's all. [*Thunder.*

Rose. Ah ! but I'm so frightened—[*Hides her head in Julia's dress, shaking with cold and fear.—She's miserably and thinly clad.*] Where's my father ? [*Looks round, alarmed.*

Jul. Not yet returned, my love.

Rose. Don't cry, mamma—don't cry—I'm not so much afraid now. I'll help you to work—[*Faintly*]—I'm not very hungry yet, mamma.

Jul. My poor child—worthy a better fate. [*Kisses her.*

Rose. We must work—musn't we work every day now ?

Jul. We must, indeed. [*Rose sits on a stool, working, R. of Julia.*] That's my brave girl—courage, courage.

Rose. Yes, mamma—courage ; but—I can't work now.
[*Shivering and languid.*]

Jul. Why, my dear ?

Rose. I'm so cold. [Shivering.]

Jul. Misery !—misery ! [*Quits work, and snatches up Rose.*] Here, my child—I'll warm you in my bosom.—
[*Alternately pressing and kissing her.—A noise heard.*]
Hark ! Some one comes—then help is near—we shall not perish. [*Puts her work down.—She runs to door in r.*]

Rose. It is my father !

Enter ALBERT, D. F., quick and agitated.—A basket, and napkin over it.

Jul. Albert !—Thank heaven you are returned !

Rose. Oh, father ! we have been so afraid.

Alb. Afraid ! [*Starts.*] Afraid of what ?

Jul. The storm.—But you have met no accident ?

Alb. Hey !—What say you ? [*Wandering.*] Oh, no—no accident—no acci—. [*Gives his hat and stick to Rose, who puts them in a corner, L. U. E.*] See you not ? hold—Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Uncovers the basket of provisions, which she takes—he throws himself in chair, L.*]

Jul. Ah ! Good heavens ! Who has thus kindly succoured our distress ?—Was it from labour ? [*Shakes his head.*] Thy prayers, perhaps ? [*He looks wildly.*] Come, Rose—come quickly ; embrace your father.

[*Rose runs to him ; he starts, and morosely puts her away.*]

Alb. Thank no one—[*Julia has laid napkin on table—Rose and Julia sit to eat.*] Come, quick—I'm fatigued—a thirst devours me—my blood boils in my veins. Haste, haste ! [*Goes to table—sits.*]

Jul. All's ready. Oh, Albert !—how pale and changed—you must have suffered—

Alb. Suffered ! It matters not.—Come—want nothing to-day—let us be happy. Some wine, Julia, some wine ? [*She gives it—he puts the glass to his lips—then suddenly drops it, and starts away from the table to L.*] When I was almost perishing—he proffered kindness, and “ I drank of his cup ;” and yet I—horrible— [*Sinks in chair, L.*]

Jul. [*Alarmed—rises, and goes to him.*] Albert !

Alb. There, there—eat. I want nothing. [*She returns.*]

Rose. It's very good indeed, papa—[*Pause*]—Isn't it, mamma ; and I am so hungry. [*Eats with avidity.*]

Alb. Eat, Rose, eat. [*Hiding his tears.*] Eat, girl, eat.

Rose. So I will, papa, as fast as I can. [Pause.]

Alb. I'm thirsty—choking—Rose. Some water, girl—water. [Rose pours out water from pitcher—takes the cup to Albert—he looks at her—kisses her.] I couldn't see her starve. [Drinks, and returns the cup.]

Rose. [Screams.] Look, look! Papa is hurt—there's blood upon his hand.

Alb. Blood! [Conceals it.]

Jul. (c.) Albert, you are wounded!

Alb. Poh!—nothing. Ascending the rock, I struck a corner—it's nothing—I'm cold; make a fire.

Jul. A fire! With what?

Alb. True, true—we have no wood. [Forced smile.] Well, we should rejoice; our fortunes are changed—we quit this miserable cabin.

Jul. What say you?

Alb. We go hence at day-break. See, the bailiff's command. [Shows paper.]

Jul. Good heaven! Driven hence—then have we no asylum. [Weeps.]

Alb. No more tears, my Julia—have I not said, “our fortune's changed.” To-morrow we depart for Vienna, Hamburgh, or Berlin.

Jul. Farther still from France—farther from my son.

Alb. Psha! he knows us not. Your uncle, doubtless, taught your son to despise,—nay, curse, his father.

Jul. Miserable wretches that we are! Oh! where are the means to travel?

Alb. [Shows her a purse.] Behold!

Jul. Gold! gold! Albert!—How did you obtain it?

[She fixes his eye—guilty, he sinks beneath her gaze.]

Alb. I—found it.

[Hesitating.]

Jul. Found it!

[Sceptical.]

Alb. Half this sum will take us to an opulent town; and, with the other half—[Joyous anticipation]—fortune cannot always be against me, I'll try her once again; and, if she'll smile on me, I'll forgive her all her former frowns—when again in opulence.

Jul. Albert—miserable man—a gambler still!

Alb. [Alarmed.] Peace, some one approaches—cover the food, and, remember, speak not of my gold.

[Julia covers food with napkin.]

Enter MALCOUR, D. F.—A poor miserable wretch, covered with rags, with stuff and wallet.

Mal. My good sir—my good dame—have pity on a

poor miserable creature. For the love of heaven, your charity. [*Holds out his hand, and advances slowly to the cabin.*]

Jul. An unfortunate !

Rose. Ah, father ! he is so very poor—

Alb. Let no one enter. [*Petulantly.*]

Jul. Remember, we have just escaped the horrors of starvation.

Rose. Yes, I was very hungry just now, papa.

Alb. Drive him hence !

Jul. Speak not so harshly, Albert ; his misery, perhaps, has been less merited than thine.

Rose. Let me give him some food—I know it's very hard to be hungry.

Alb. I forbid it.

Mal. You are very hard ; this good dame is more compassionate than you ; and heaven will reward—
[*Advances to c.*] What do I see !—Can it be ! Germaine !

Alb. } Malcour ! [*Albert seizes the axe, L. S. E.*
Jul. }

Alb. After twenty years of misery, has hell sent you hither to satisfy my vengeance.

[*Albert about to split Malcour's head—he holds up his staff to guard himself—Julia runs between.*]

Jul. Hold ! no more blood—no more blood ! behold this miserable wretch ! behold the fruits of murder !

Alb. Murder !

[*Drops the axe—Rose picks it up, and hides it.*]

Mal. (R.) [*Pause.*] What would you have gained by my death ? [*Pause.*] Albert, I have injured you ; but behold my care-worn—my attenuated form—this miserable garb—say, are you not revenged ? [*Pause—advances a step.*] Germaine, I offer you the hand of an old repentant friend—forget the past, and together let us strive to find a way to cast these rags, and force fortune to be kind.

[*Albert sits at a distance—gloomy—his wife near him, anxious to prevent a reconciliation ; he takes the child on his knee, plays with her curls, to avoid the speech of Malcour.*]

Alb. [*Starts up.*] Never ! Never ! No more of Malcour's friendship. 'Twas you that plunged me into this abyss of misery—'twas you that made me homicide.

Mal. True ; [*Sighs.*] but I have shared your punishment. Accursed like you—condemned like you—like you I fled : twenty years I've pined in want and misery, cursing the world, and crawling in despair. A

wandering beggar on my way to Munick, the storm, fatigue, hunger, and the approach of night, made me enter here. Alas! I had long wished to meet an old acquaintance, if you will—an old friend.

[*Gradually advancing, holding out his hand.*

Jul. [*Clinging to Albert.*] Friend! no, no; there can be no friendship with the wicked and the base; fly, miserable man—fly hence, far from my husband—far as the poles asunder.

Mal. Julia, heap not reproaches on my poor houseless head; [*Wind heard.*] cold and famine pinch my shattered frame. [*Storm.*] All I ask is, hospitality for the night, and, if you command it, at daybreak, I'll take my wallet and my staff, and never see you more.

Jul. Albert!

Alb. Julia, let your own heart decide.

[*A tremendous hurricane—at this moment Julia and Malcour shiver—the child clings to the father for warmth—he presses her to his side.*

Jul. [*Pauses, looks out at the storm, then at him.*] Rest here; it never shall be said that I exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm the wretch that asked the shelter of my humble roof.

[*Exit Julia and Rose, L. D.—Music.—Albert sits sullenly—Malcour advances to the table, takes off his wallet, and puts down his staff.*

Mal. (c.) You grant me shelter, and I thank you; you won't refuse me the scraps, the remnant of your meal?

Alb. [*Sullenly.*] Eat, eat.

Mal. [*Takes off napkin.*] The devil! this doesn't denote the poverty with which he seems surrounded. Humph! [*Drinks.*] The wine is good [*A second.*] 'Tis excellent!—[*Third glass.*]—Very excellent, i' faith—[*Aside, pause, cats.*] Germaine, why do you sit there?—Come, let us drink a cup, to the bright, the glorious days of our youth. [*Albert starts up wildly; Malcour, alarmed, quietly grasps his staff.*] How now! still revenge. [*Prepared for defence.*]

Alb. No, no; no more blood! [*Checks himself.*]

Mal. [*Pause, puts down staff, and eats and drinks.*] He must have resources, and strange ones, I suspect. [*Aside—pause.*] Ah, Germaine, if that day would arrive, when I could once more try my luck at "the old game,"—one opportunity, and my fortune's made.

Alb. How—[*Roused.*] How make your fortune?—
[*Anxiously.*

Mal. I've touched the chord that vibrates sweetest pleasure to his ear. [*Aside.*] I have found the secret—

Alb. The secret! how? what secret? [*Impatiently.*

Mal. (R. c.) I was long thinking of you before I entered Germany. Our old friendship, our boyish sports, the regret of having aided your ruin—all prompted me to share my secret with you, and endeavour to repair the injury I had done you.

Alb. (L. c.) What say you? how could you—so miserable—

Mal. My rags belie my words. True, I knew you'd doubt it. Well [*Sighs.*] some day you shall have proof.

Alb. [*Impatiently.*] Proof! of what?

[*Each advancing by degrees towards the other, c.*

Mal. It's no illusion.—By decided calculation, I've found the secret by which I could break every gaming bank in Italy—[*Pause.*] Poor as you see me, I'm already on my road to Piedmont.

Alb. But what is this secret? [*Quite anxious.*

Mal. I would not yield my secret for a million. As yet 'tis here—[*Points to his head.*] How eagerly the gudgeon nibbles at the bait. [*Aside.*

[*Albert walks about in wild anticipation.—Looks at Malcour, then goes to him, and offers snuff from an old tin box—Malcour taps the box to obtain the small quantity in the corner.*

Alb. Yet you intended to share it with me?

Mal. Ah! but money is necessary to begin our plan. And to meet you thus in abject poverty. [*Sighs.*

Alb. Perhaps—

Mal. Ah! money, money! [*Sighs.*

Alb. Behold! [*Shows his purse.*

Mal. Gold! [*Pause.*] Albert, friend of my youth, companion of many a gay and happy hour, what say you—shall we combine our fortunes—employ, I my secret, you, your gold? Has he more? [*Aside.*] Is that all that you possess? [*Indifferently.*

Alb. Yes, is it not enough?

Mal. [*Feeling the purse—shakes his head.*] Humph! I doubt it much. Ah! if we were able—How did you get that purse? [*Significantly.*

Alb. How! [*Starts with horror.*] I—I must not say—

[*Puts up the gold, walks away.*

Mal. [*Aside.*] Humph! 'tis as I suspected.

Alb. [*After a pause.*] Malcour, remain with me, and perhaps—

Mal. Not here—I am a stranger, without passport, a common vagrant. I have been alarmed too—[*In his ear*] just now—when I had quitted the main road for a nearer cut, there, behind the great rock [*Albert starts.*] I passed a sort of mound, it seemed of new-raised earth, loosely covered with straggling stones, collected on the mountain side; curious, with my staff I displaced the stones, and there discovered——

Alb. [*During this speech increased agitation.*] Silence!
[*Seizing his arm.*]

Mal. You knew, then?—

Alb. Yes—yes—come—[*With terror.*]—come, 'tis night—the sky is dark—come, help me to securely cover—

Mal. [*Holding back in fear.*] 'Twas you, then, that—

Alb. No, no—my wife, my child—'twas famine and despair that forc'd me—come, it must be concealed—come, come.

Enter ROSE, with lamp.

'Tis not wanted here; we are about to walk. Should your mother ask, tell her we are gone to the hermitage.

[*Music.*—*Malcour*, takes wallet and staff—exit *Albert* and *Malcour*.—*Rose*, near the door, expresses her fear.—*Henry* is seen through window, F. L.]

Enter HENRY GERMAINE.

Rose. Ah! a stranger!

Hen. Do not be alarmed, my pretty little friend. [*At the door, F.*] Permit me to enter and inquire where I am.

Rose. Oh yes; come in out of the wet, if you please, sir.

Hen. Tell me, my little dear, is not this the abode of one *Albert*?

Rose. Yes, if you please, sir. [*Henry throws off his cloak.*]

Hen. This, then, is the wretched abode of one who might have lived in splendour, had not a fatal vice—well—well—he is my father. [*Wipes his eyes.*] Pray, where's the master of this house?

Rose. He is just gone out, if you please, sir.

Hen. And my m——and his wife!

Rose. Oh, my mother, she's there. [*Pointing to R. D.*]

Hen. Your mother! are you her daughter?

Rose. Yes, if you please, sir; I am little *Rose*; and I am my father's daughter, too, sir.

Hen. My poor girl! [*Takes her on his knee, and kisses her.*]

Jul. Come, *Rose*, come. [*From within, R.*]

Rose. [*Springs from him*]. Mamma calls, and I always run directly she calls. [*Exit, R. D.*]

Hen. 'Twas my mother's voice then—[*About to follow.*] no, no—I must not discover myself yet: she has suffered enough, and I must prepare her gently for the happiness I bring her—ah! she comes!

Enter ROSE, R. D., leading JULIA.

Jul. A stranger!—Where's your father?

Rose. Gone to the hermitage, with that poor hungry beggar-man.

Jul. With Malcour! [*Rose takes her work, and exit busily.*]

Hen. We are alone—alas! I have not strength—

Jul. Sir, that a stranger of your appearance should stop at this wretched habitation—

Hen. Madam, have you lost all recollection of my features?

Jul. Sir!—really I!—where did I—

Hen. Where! far, far away—at a time when you were happy.

Jul. Happy! that I have never been.

Hen. Never? [*He is about to take her hand, she retreats, fearfully.*] It was in France.

Jul. In France? yes, there I once was happy. I had then my son, my dear, my darling boy.—Ah! the days are past—years, years have fled since then; oh my heart! the mother rises here; you are moved, sir. You are from France?

Hen. (c.) I am. [*Wiping tears.*] I bring you news of—

Jul. (r. c.) Of my son! Ah! does he live? Is he well? Have you seen him? [*Seizes him.*] Pardon an anxious mother's feelings. [*Stares in his face—Sudden thought.*] Great God!—your age!—your tears!

Hen. Mother!

Jul. Ah!—it is my son! [*Embracing.*]

Hen. I come to end all troubles: I bring fortune—happiness!

Jul. I want not wealth—I am rich in a beloved son!

Jul. Say,—how did you discover this miserable abode?

Hen. Let this suffice: you left me, an infant, to your uncle's care; he obtained a princely fortune, and, dying, I became its sole possessor; and now 'tis your's, my dearest mother.

Jul. Dead! My kind uncle dead!

Hen. His papers gave me an uncertain clue to your retreat: I swore to find you if the globe contained you; the guardian angel who watches over filial piety was my guide; my sister first received, and now I am in my long-lost mother's arms.

Jul. [*Calls.*] Rose! poor Rose; you'll love your sister, Henry?

Enter ROSE—Julia places one on each side and embraces them together.

Now, indeed, I'm happy.

Hen. All shall be happy—rich—behold! here, I've notes for five thousand pounds. [*Showing pocket-book.*]

Jul. Five thousand pounds!

Hen. But here I've a boon more precious still; my father's pardon. [*Showing papers.*]

Jul. His pardon? O, heavens, it is!

Hen. Where is he?

Jul. I fly to seek him. [*Henry gives Rose a purse of gold, which she throws on the table.*] Should Melcour hear of Henry's wealth, he'll follow in my husband's steps, and all is lost again. No; he shall never know my son! I must see Albert and apprise him; but the night,—the storm—no matter—nothing shall prevent me. [*Aside.*] Rest, and in a few moments a long-lost father's arms shall clasp his son.

[*Exit, D. F., wrapping her garment round her.*]

Hen. In your mother's absence, can you lend me pen and ink? [*Takes sheet of paper from pocket-book.*]

Rose. Yes; and a light, too, for it's dark.

[*Runs out, L. D.*]

Hen. One line to mine host of the Golden Lion—to send a carriage: I'll bribe the first passer by to take it.

Enter ROSE, L.

Rose. There, sir; there's the light, and I've put the pen and ink in my little room; it isn't so cold there, and you won't see the lightning.

Hen. And you—

Rose. Oh! I'll carry in my cushion, and work by your side.

Hen. Ah! you shall always be my dear little companion—come. [*Takes the lamp—exit, L. D.*]

Rose. There's a flash! Now it thunders, and how

black it is ; how afraid I should be if I was all alone by myself.

[*Music : going—when a grand coup de tonnère—she screams and runs under the table, and hides her face with cushion.*]

Enter MALCOUR and ALBERT, quickly, D. F. Rose runs to her father, putting her work on a chair, R.—tries to lead him to Henry—Malcour puts down wallet and staff—sees Henry's cloak, hat, and purse.

Mal. What's this ? Gold !

Rose. [*To Albert.*] Don't make a noise, or you'll disturb the traveller.

Alb. A traveller !

Rose. He's there writing ; do you see him ? Such a nice man !

Alb. A soldier !

[*Alarmed.*]

Mal. Hush ! behold ! this gold, is it your's or his ?

Rose. No, no ; it's mine ; [*Consequently.*] the stranger gave it me.

Alb. What, all ? He's very rich, then ?

Rose. Very ; he has five thousand pounds in his pocket-book—he showed it mamma, and I saw it too—bits of thin paper—he called it five thousand pounds. It's in that book on the table there.

[*Pointing.*]

Mal. Five thousand pounds in that book [*Aside to Albert—then to Rose.*] And where did this rich gentleman come from ?

Rose. I don't know.

Alb. Who asked him to stop ?

Rose. Mamma.

Alb. Where is she ?

Rose. Gone to the Hermitage to seek for you.

[*Takes her cushion, going to Henry—Malcour stops her.*]

Mal. There, leave your work—go to the side of the road, near the great rock ; your mother will soon return—run back and tell us the instant you see her coming. That's my good girl.

[*Coaxing her.*]

Rose. I'm sure you ought to fetch my mamma yourselves, and not send a poor little girl like me. [*Pouting.*]

Mal. 'Tis your father's will ; he orders you not to come back till your mother is in view. [*Malcour takes her to the door, and points off—he comes back and closes L. D.—Albert sits abstracted.*] Albert, 'tis settled, then : when we can raise gold enough to cast our rags and visit Italy, we'll

execute our plan, and soon possess riches kings might envy. The chance is come; this instant must decide.

Alb. How, how?

Mal. [*Pointing.*] There are five thousand pounds ready for our hands—'tis but a blow.

Alb. More blood! Thou art the spirit of the first-born Cain, walking the earth to tempt despair and misery to deeds of horror; already, at the sound of thy voice, my heart beats high; already, with thy words, the fires of hell penetrate my breast, Go—go—go.

Mal. Albert! psha! be calm and hear me—

Alb. Thou art "my genius of destruction." Am I not again a murderer? Saw you not the livid corps we have just secreted?—Heard you not the last groan of my heart-broken father?—Have I not filled the measure of my guilt?—Must it yet o'erflow with blood—blood—still blood.

[*Falls in his chair, L.*

Mal. Psha! Rouse from this delirium—Germaine, arouse.

[*Shaking his shoulder.*

Alb. Ah! where's my wife?

Mal. Safe, out of sight.

Alb. My daughter?

Mal. With her mother. Now you are yourself again, the point is—

Alb. That we assassinate this stranger youth—

[*Rising with a terrible air.*

Mal. With five thousand pounds—what! what may we not achieve? 'Tis night—he is alone—no one knows that he was here.

Alb. Julia saw him.

Mal. Tell her that he's gone—[*Storm.*] The storm increases. If lightning, or a thunder-bolt, should consume your cottage, why, we are not responsible.

[*Smiles significantly.*

Alb. Ah! what mean you?

Mal. These old planks, dry as touchwood, once a-light—po! 'twill spread like—Do you prepare a torch and fire the house, while with this knife I—

Alb. Blood—blood—more blood—my heart freezes.

Mal. Psha!—remain there, then—let no one approach. If I should call, come alone to my assistance. [*Looks off L. D.*] His back is towards me! One blow from this determined arm and deadly weapon—

[*Exit, L. D., quietly and determinedly.—Music—Julia rushes on, in great agitation.*

Jul. Albert, they come!—How shall I speak it?—A murder, a horrid murder, has been committed; you—you are suspected.

[*Malcour rushes on with the bloody knife.—Throws the pocket-book to Albert.*]

Mal. There's the money.—Ah! [*Starts seeing Julia.*]

Jul. [*Screams.*] Ah! where is my son

Alb. [*Sudden horror.*] Thy son!

Jul. Henry, come forth?

Alb. Thy son!

[*Paralyzed.—A thunderbolt strikes the cottage, which flames.*]

Enter HENRY, exhausted and dying.

Hen. Murderous villain! [*Attempts to seize Malcour, and falls.*] Mother! I die!

[*Julia, kneeling, embraces Henry.—Malcour, paralyzed beneath the basilisk gaze of Albert.*]

Alb. Mother!! Son!! [*Wildly.*]

[*Baalamb appears at window, as having run before the soldiers.*]

Baa. Quick—quick!—here stands the murderer!

Alb. [*Seizes Malcour by the throat.*] “Divinity of evil!”—“Hell’s prime agent!” Thus to consuming flames I devote myself and thee!

[*Forces him into the L. room, which is now in flames, from the thunderbolt.—Enter Soldiers, under an Officer, and directed by Baalamb. Two soldiers rush in after them, and bring them out. The whole building now appears in flames, rafters falling, &c. Villagers with Baalamb.*]

Alb. It is accomplished!—Shade of my sainted sire!—Thy curse is on me—I see—I see!—The gambler’s destiny is written on the gates of hell.

[*He falls on his wife and son, and dies.—Curtain falls quickly.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Villagers.

Soldiers.

BAALAMB. ROSE. JULIA. HENRY. ALBERT. MALCOUR.
R.] [L.]

THE END.



H. Grul kahauk, Del

C. W. Bonuer, Sc.

Giovanni in London.

Giovanni. Now ready, sir, stand, take your pistol in hand,
For I'm going to sing out the word of command—
Hip—one, two, three—fire away!

Act II. Scene 1.

GIOVANNI IN LONDON ;

OR, THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED :

AN OPERATIC EXTRAVAGANZA,

In Two Acts,

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

Author of The Spectre Bridegroom, and Monsieur Tonson.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Giohanni in London.

PARODY has been accounted the lowest species of wit. It has, indeed, little to recommend it except its ingenuity. When performed with whim and smartness, it is quaint and entertaining; but an indifferent parody is, of all dull things, the most intolerable. It is objected that parody has a tendency to bring the higher efforts of genius into contempt, by turning the sublime into the ridiculous. This we deny. The Splendid Shilling is a professed imitation (and an admirable one too) of Milton's style: yet the glorious muse that provoked it, is not a whit lessened in the world's esteem. Homer and Virgil have been travestied in turn.—Greeks and Romans, gods and goddesses, have been treated with the utmost freedom and irreverence. Nor has Shakspeare escaped this mad wag. Yet is Hamlet still admired in the closet, and on the stage; even though *Mathews* has personated—

“The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;”
and *Liston*, “the most beautified Ophelia.”

Parody, as applied to literature, is what imitation is on the stage. The one sets forth, in a ludicrous light, the *peculiarities* of an author—the other, of an actor. Their *beauties* are far above the reach of this monkey quality. Genius has nothing to fear—it may be its subject, and still join in the laugh. To *mediocre* talent, it has sometimes proved fatal; yet for mediocrity we make but small allowance. If a dunce—

“Some clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross,”

will print his nonsense, he has nobody to blame but himself, if the public is made merry at his expense; and if

“Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
If desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,”

they must expect to smart for their presumption. This argument, however, does not alter the position of parodists and imitators; who deserve to be placed in the lowest rank in their profession, if they prostitute their talents to caricature exhibitions of mere deformity. This remark applies more particularly to the stage:

“But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill, which every fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!”

Don Giovanni having, like his noble compeers, made the *grand tour*, and also acquired additional notoriety, by being forcibly ejected from that place where Telemachus went to look for his father, jumps into Charon's boat, re-passes the river Styx, and pays a visit to London, for the purpose, like the man when he opened the oysters, of astonishing the *natives*. In this expedition he is accompanied by his valet, pimp, and bottle-holder, Leporello; and, whether at the Magpie and Punch-Bowl, in the Borough—in St. Giles's, with Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins—at Chalk Farm, with Finikin and Popinjay—in the King's Bench, with Shirk, Sponge, and other gentlemen who pay their creditors by a bill at three months—or at Charing Cross, in company with King Charles on horseback—their adventures are equally wonderful and entertaining. This incorrigible libertine has done the drama some service; having made a successful appearance in almost every one of its departments, in the principal cities and towns in Europe. He may be fairly proud of this universal popularity; but his highest pride should be in having his name associated with that of *Mozart*.

Giovanni in London deserves some credit for its whimsicality. Of the *prose* we shall say nothing; but the lyrical part, which consists of parodies on several well-known airs, is ingenious. The author's humour sometimes runs riot; many passages had been better expunged. Indelicacy and profaneness are but poor allies to wit—

“As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by *politeness* sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.”

This piece was originally written for the Olympic Theatre, when under the direction of Mr. Elliston. The author knew his audience, and catered for them to a nicety. Little did he imagine that the two great metropolitan theatres would be running a race with this extravaganza; and that the public would cocker and spirit them up: this is another proof of the march of intellect. For ourselves, we are inclined to retrograde in dramatic affairs, and cry, “as you were!” What the stage *will come to*, we can hardly guess. Johnson's prediction has been verified over and over again:

“Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.”

We hardly know whether Madame Vestris will consider it a compliment, when we say that she was wonderfully popular in Don Giovanni—that she so completely identified herself with the character, that Miss Love's success is at present but doubtful. Momus forbid that any fastidious critic should interpose *propriety* as a bar to female ambition: the public has a right to be entertained; and if entertainment is derived from oaths and obscenities being put into the mouths of women—if the general cry is—

“Let bawdry Billingsgate, my daughter dear,
Support their front, and oaths bring up the rear”

what have the *softer sex* to do, but to suit the *action* to the *word*?

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give ;
For we, that live to please, must please to live."

To be *decent* is well enough, to be "*hey randy dandy O!*" is better, to be *popular* is best of all ! To the *public*, then, we say—

"Let shame come when it will, we do not call it,"

neither do we undertake to reform the stage of its monsters—Let the Devil wear black for us, and vomit fire and smoke, so long as *we* escape his suffocation and sulphur.

Harley's Leporello was good. His dismal ballad from the statue was ghostly and comical. Among the miscellaneous mob, earthly and unearthly, wives, citizens, dandies, and demons, some played their parts *infernally* well. The devils were particularly symphonious. Pluto has long been famed for a monopoly of music ; *Whitfield*, who in every other respect waged continual war with his Satanic majesty, sought to deprive him of this harmonious distinction. He selected some of his most profane and beautiful melodies, and wrote hymns to them, which he chaunted in his own tabernacle, declaring that the devil should not monopolize all the best tunes, if *he* could help it ! This was a proof of Whitfield's good taste—had he lived to see Giovanni in London, we should have heard "*Pray Goody*" attuned to the vocal nose, and "*Over the Water to Charley*" harmoniously pitched to *first part, long metre*.

➡ D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*.*The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

DON GIOVANNI.—*First dress:* White cloth tunic, trimmed with crimson and gold—white silk pantaloons—red or yellow morocco half-boots—sash—white Spanish hat and feathers. *Second dress.* Fashionable brown coat—white pantaloons—hat—boots—hand whip.

LEPORELLO.—*First dress:* A brown Spanish dress, trimmed with red worsted binding—small cloak—hat, with a cock's feather in front—red stockings with white clocks—russet shoes—comic ruff. *Second dress:* Brown livery coat—livery hat—white pantaloons and shoes.

DEPUTY ENGLISH.—Old-fashioned brown coat and vest—black velvet breeches—brown george wig—cocked hat—white worsted stockings—shoes and buckles.

FINIKIN.—Coat in the extreme of fashion—white waistcoat—light blue pantaloons, *à la militaire*—fashionable hat—enormous whiskers—eye-glass, suspended with a broad black ribbon.

POPINJAY.—Green coat in the extreme of fashion—white waistcoat and pantaloons—fashionable hat—enormous whiskers—eye-glass.

DRAINEMDRY.—Brown coat—red waistcoat—black velvet breeches—black and white worsted stockings—shoes and buckles—green apron—bush wig—cocked-hat.

PORUS.—Drab coat and waistcoat—black velvet breeches—worsted stockings—shoes and buckles—bush wig—cocked-hat.

SIMPKINS.—Claret-coloured coat and waistcoat—blue stockings and little hat.

NOKES.—Blue coat—red waistcoat—blue pantaloons, shoes, and hat.

PLUTO.—Flesh-coloured body and pantaloons—crimson tunic, interlaced with gold trimming—crimson cloak—embroidered crown—long hair—belt—sandals.

CHARON.—Flesh-coloured body—tunic, with red worsted binding—half the body and arms naked.

MERCURY.—White spangled shirt—flesh arms and legs—sandals—wings to his heels—cap with wings—caduceus.

LAWYER.—Black dress—green bag.

COUNSELLOR.—Black dress—gown—wig.

SHIRK.—Shabby nankeen pantaloons—little light-blue coat, buttoned up—little hat.

FIRE Drake.—Tight black dress—black petticoat shirt—long hair, and a snake twisted round his head.

DEMONS.—The same as Fire Drake.

MRS. ENGLISH.—White fashionable walking dress—white hat with ostrich feathers—scarf.

CONSTANTINE.—White muslin dress,

MRS. LEPORELLO.—*First dress:* Gray Spanish dress, trimmed with points and white tape. *Second dress:* As an old woman—antique gown—high cap, &c.

SQUALLING FAN.—Red striped gown—red petticoat—mob cap—handkerchief—cottage-hat—blue stockings—shoes and buckles.

PROSERPINE.—Crimson dress—richly embroidered crown—train cloak—flesh stockings—sandals.

SUCCUBUS AND TARTARUS.—Black dress—black arms, stockings, and sandals—long black hair.

FEMALE FURIES.—The same as above.

MRS. SIMPKINS.—White gown and bonnet, with flowers—red spencer.

MRS. DRAINEMDRY.—White gown and bonnet, with flowers—blue spencer.

MRS. PORUS.—White gown and bonnet, with flowers—black spencer.

THE SCENERY IS DISPLAYED IN THE FOLLOWING FANCIFUL
LIGHTS:

The Infernal Regions, by fire and torch-light.—The River Styx, by twi-light.—The Magpie and Punchbowl Public House, by lamp-light.—St. Giles's, by gas-light.—Masquerade at Fresco, by a variegated-light.—Chalk Farm, by day-light.—A Street, by star-light.—Westminster Hall, in a new-light.—Interior of the King's Bench, in its true-light.—Charing Cross, by a blue-light.—Grand Saloon, by a fan-light.

Cast of the Characters, as performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	<i>Drury Lane,</i> 1827.	<i>Covent Garden,</i> 1827.
<i>Don Giovanni (the Libertine reclaimed)</i>	-	-
<i>Leporello (his Valet of all work)</i>	-	Miss Love.
<i>Finikin (an amorous Huberdasher)</i>	-	Mr. Harley.
<i>Deputy English (an eminent Common Councilman)</i>	-	Mr. Webster.
<i>Pluto (King of the Infernal Regions)</i>	-	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Mercury (Turnkey and Messenger of Pluto)</i>	-	Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Charon (the Ferryman of Styx)</i>	-	Mr. Howell.
<i>Firedrake (a singing Demon)</i>	-	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Drainemdry (landlord of the Punchbowl and Maggie)</i>	-	Mr. Sheriff.
<i>Porus (a flourishing coachmaker)</i>	-	Mr. Tayleure.
<i>Simpkins (an eminent tailor)</i>	-	Mr. Fenton.
<i>Popinjay (Foreman to Finikin)</i>	-	Mr. Salter.
<i>Shirk</i>	-	Mr. Yarnold.
<i>Nokes</i>	-	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Counsellor</i>	-	Mr. G. Smith.
	-	Mr. Vining.
<i>Proserpine (Queen of the Infernal Regions)</i>	-	Miss Weston.
<i>Mrs. Leporello (wife to Leporello, late Donna Anna)</i>	-	Miss Nicoll.
<i>Miss Constantia Quixote (a young lady of fortune)</i>	-	Mrs. Bradford.
<i>Mrs. English (the Deputy's wife)</i>	-	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Mrs. Drainemdry</i>	-	Mrs. C. Jones.
<i>Mrs. Porus</i>	-	Mrs. Webster.
<i>Mrs. Simpkins</i>	-	Mrs. Wilmot.
<i>Squatting Fan (ci-devant Bride)</i>	-	Miss A. Tree.
<i>Succubus</i>	-	Miss Vallancy.
<i>Tartarus</i>	-	Mrs. Gear.
		Mrs. Daly.
		Miss Goward.
		Miss Cause.
		Miss Henry.
		Miss Wilson.
		Miss Brown.
		Miss Weston.
		Miss H. Cause.
		Miss Stokes.
		Miss Vials.

GIOVANNI IN LONDON

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Infernal Regions by fire and torch-light—*

DON GIOVANNI comes up through the floor, and lays on the ground, in the centre of the stage. FIREDRAKE standing over him, flashing his torch.

DUET and CHORUS.—*Firedrake, Giovanni, and Demons.*

AIR—"Fly not yet."

Fire. Come along, 'tis just the hour,
When Demons have the greatest power
To feed the libertine's desires,
And make him burn with real fires,
So bring your flambeaux near.

Enter DEMONS, R. and L., with torches; forming a circle from R. to L.—*Firedrake standing at the front, R.*

Gio. Oh pray! oh stay!
No log am I, your flames restrain;
Burn not yet, for oh! 'tis pain;
Then take your links away.

Enter FEMALE FURIES with wands twined with Serpents.

Dem. Nay! nay! Nay! nay!
We are like earth's gas-lights here,
We always burn when night is near,
Make light of it, we pray.

CHORUS.—*Firedrake and Demons.*

[*During this Chorus the female Furies dance round Giovanni—Demons flash their torches.*]

AIR—"Round about the Maypole."
Round about the sinner, let us trot,
Scot,
Lot,

Hissing hot !
 Turning,
 Burning
 Torching,
 Scorching,
 Perplexing, vexing, and what not.
 Round about the sinner, &c.

SONG.—*Giovanni.* [Kneeling.

AIR—" *Pray Goody.*"

Pray, Demons, please to moderate the fury of your fire,
 Nor flash those sparks of sulphur from each link ;
 Remember, I'm but flesh and blood, so kindly check
 your ire,

And, 'pon my soul, I'll treat you all to drink.

Ply me,
 Try me,
 Prove me, ere you fry me,
 Do not roast me
 Pray, but toast me,
 I'll soon find the chink !

Pray, Demons, please, &c.

Fire. Don Giovanni, the attempt is vain—that oil of flattery on thy tongue, that wheedled woman's innocence away in the other world, will increase the fires that torture you in this.—The world's wickedness gives no lack of employment here ! We leave you, Don Giovanni, and let this interval of ease be cursed by the anticipation of our return. [*Exeunt Firedrake, Demons and Furies, R.*

Gio. And was it for this I sighed at woman's feet ? Can I, for having spent my life with angels, be sent to spend eternity with devils ? Were they but she-devils, I might yet be content. By all my hopes, a female fury comes this way !—A fury !—well, no matter—many an angel in the other world has proved a fury in the end ;—so I'll try in this if I cannot prove it " vice versa."

Enter SUCCUBUS, L.; she advances towards Giovanni, who makes love to her.

SONG.—*Giovanni.*

AIR—*German Melody, by Kunzen, from " Die Weinlese."*

Gentle fury, see me languish,
 And in pity quench my flame ;

Lovely Brimstone, ease my anguish ;
 No tongue my warmth can name.
 I burn, I burn,
 Gentle fury—yes !
 Burn with a flame, I must not express.
 Pretty devil,
 Oh be civil !
 I am scorching with love !
 I'm on fire,
 With desire,
 Then a match let it prove.

Oh she's won ! the Fury's won ! [*Aside.*] Oh, Giovanni, thy power still avails thee here ! [*Attempts to kiss her.*] My gentle fury, one burning kiss I must impart upon thy brimstone lips, to seal our contract. Ah ! whom have we here ? By all the shades of my departed bliss, 'tis Tartarus—come to torment me for the pleasures she formerly bestowed. I must dissemble, and woo them both ; it is a custom that has not yet forsaken me.

Enter TARTARUS, R., sees Succubus and becomes jealous, advances toward Giovanni, and reproaches him—Succubus becoming jealous in turn, does the same ; they alternately pull him towards each other, c.

Sweet Flour of Brimstone ! [*To Succubus, L., aside.*] Charming Cream of Tartar ! [*To Tartarus, R., aside.*] Flour of the one, and, oh ! cream of the other ! [*They turn away angrily*]—Out of the frying-pan into the fire, faith ! [*Aside.*] What shall I do to quell their ire.

SONG.—*Giovanni.*

AIR—" *I've kiss'd and I've prattled.*"

I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty she-devils,
 And changed them sans ceremonie ;
 But of all the sweet Furies that e'er drove man mad,
 Flour of Brimstone's the fury for me.

[*Aside to Succubus, L.*]

Of all the sweet Furies that e'er drove man mad,
 Cream of Tartar's the Fury for me.

[*Aside to Tartarus, R.—Furies appear inclined to mollify—Gong sounds.*]

Enter PROSERPINE, enraged, L. S. E.

Pro. And can Giovanni be so base, so mean-spirited,

as to leave the infernal queen, the too-susceptible, too-trusting Proserpine, for such petty furies as these? I'll be revenged! What ho! My faithful slaves, appear! [*Calling.*—Tear these vile furies in ten thousand pieces!

Gong sounds.—*Enter all the Fiends, flashing torches at each other.*—*PLUTO descends on a fiery Dragon, and comes forward.*—*Dragon ascends.*—*Infernal uproar.*

Plu. Who dare disturb this peaceful realm, where Pluto reigns.

All the Fiends. 'Twas that base, perjured villain, Don Giovanni!

Plu. Ah Giovanni! I remember, when he first came amongst us, we were warned that he would soon make the place too hot to hold us. He has seduced my furies, enticed my queen from a loved husband's arms; but to be revenged on the world which sent him here, I'll send him back again.—Nay, nay! No pleading—away!

Devils, to the right about,

And with your pitch-forks drive the villain out.

CHORUS.—*Demons.*

AIR—"Turn Out."

From our regions infernal turn out, turn out,

From our regions infernal turn out!

Since first here you came,

You've set hell in a flame,

So now, Don Giovanni, turn out, turn out!

So now, Don Giovanni, turn out!

A match for the Devil, turn out, turn out!

A match for the Devil, turn out!

For us, Don Giovanni,

You've prov'd one too many;

So, as quick as you can, Don, turn out, turn out!

As quick as you can, Don, turn out!

[*Pluto, Demons, Furies, &c. turn Giovanni out amidst a variety of combustible matter, L.—They return.*—

Exeunt Proserpine, Pluto, Demons, Furies, &c. R.

SCENE II.—*The river Styx, by twilight. Entrance to the Infernal Regions, emitting flames, on one side. River Styx in the background.*—*MERCURY enters, R. calls CHARON, signs him to ferry over condemned souls; exit Charon, in his boat, L.—Mercury watches till the*

boat re-appears.—CHARON *re-enters in his boat, with a well-known Lawyer and a Counsellor.*

GLEE.—*Condemned Souls.*

AIR—"Canadian Boat-Song." [*Sung behind the scenes.*]

Ply the oar, Charon, and speed the boat,
While o'er Styx' dusky waves we float—
Erebus' tide! the trembling moon
Will see us in purgatory soon.

Cha. (c.) Before you land, my souls, tip me my fare, and then I'll commit you both to Mercury, who is such an obliging gentleman he'll hand you in a twinkling to the Devil. [*Lawyer and Counsellor give Charon money, and land.*] Here, my quicksilver, Mercury, here's another cargo.

Enter MERCURY, R.

Mer. The more the merrier!—Stop, sir, (*To Lawyer*) be good enough to tell me what your honest soul was sent below for? [*Crosses to Lawyer.*]

Law. I am a lawyer.

Cha. [*Aside.*] That's the ninth I've ferried over to-day.

Mer. A lawyer! I am answered! Here, sir, you shall never want a fieri facias. [*Crosses to Counsellor.*] And you, sir?

Cou. (l.c.) I, sir, am a counsellor.

Mer. (c.) And for following your own councils are condemned at last. It is but just, since so many have suffered by them in the other world, that you should feel their effects in this. But, gentlemen, your pardon for detaining you: walk in, walk in.

[*Mercury and Charon drive Lawyer and Counsellor into the cave, R. U. E.—Exit Mercury with them.*]

Cha. A good day's work; I've made a pretty penny this morning. Lawyers are used to feeling.

[*Voices of all the Demons heard without, R.*]

From our regions infernal, turn out, turn out,
From our regions infernal, turn out.

Cha. [*To Mercury, who re-enters, R. U. E.*] Hey! Merky! what means that infernal shout? [*Gong sounds.*]

Enter GIOVANNI, R. U. E., in double quick time, as if driven out by Furies.

Giovanni! yes, 'tis he, sure enough! Pray, my good friend, what's all this row about!

Gio. (c.) They've turned me out, and here I am, and my heart is so elated with joy!

Mer. And why are you so rejoiced?

Gio. Can you ask me why? Shall I not change the swarthy beauties of these nether regions for the bright blue eyes of English maids. Pray which is the nearest way to London, for I sleep there to-night; therefore I must wish you a good day. Old Chary, turn your boat and ply your oar, and wisk me over to the other side, my lad.

Cha. (l. c.) With all my heart; but pay me my fare first, if you please—your money, sir!

Gio. Money! pshaw! nonsense! every philosopher, from Pythagoras to Sir Isaac Newton, has taught us that money was made alone for the other world, and was of no use in this,—come, come.

Cha. As to Isaac Newton I have never had to do with him—however, no money, no passage.

Gio. Oh, that I should be placed in such a dilemma as this, merely from not having a penny in my pocket, and from too firm a credence in philosophers. Ah! Mercury's wings, [*Retires to back, l. u. e.*] egad, they perhaps may serve to bear me o'er this barrier between me and pleasure. [*Takes up the wings.*]

Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins, three condemned souls, call without, (l. u. e.) Cary! Cary! Cary!

Cha. Heyday! another fare, three females!

[*Charon gets into the boat, and exit at the back of the stage, R. Mercury looks out, to l. u. e.*]

Gio. [Looking to l. u. e.] Yes, females, and coming here!

Enter CHARON and the Ladies in a boat. Charon gets out.

Cha. (c.) My fare before you land.

[*They give a one pound note; Charon and Mercury come forward. The Ladies beckon Giovanni to take boat with them.*]

Cha. [Looks at the note.] A piece of paper! Mercury, what's this!

Mer. (r. c.) A one pound note, by mortals called a flimsey,—a thing, good Charon, that has supplied your boat with many a fare.

Cha. Will you change it?

Mer. Provided it be a good one.

Gio. [*At the back of stage, c.*] Ah! this one pound note gives me a golden opportunity; I'll seize on Charon's boat and bear these lovely females back again.

Mer. [*Examines the note, c.*] Yes, it will do.

Gio. [*After taking Mercury's wings, jumps into the boat, and pushes it off.*] Farewell, Cary! we're off!

Cha. Heyday! that fellow's got into my boat. Stop, stop!

[*Charon and Mercury run up the stage—Scene closes on the confusion.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street in the Borough: exterior of the Magpie and Punch-bowl public-house, by daylight.*

Enter MRS. DRAINEMDRY, MRS. POROUS, and MRS. SIMPKINS, with GIOVANNI, L. S. E.

Gio. So, here, my lovely souls, we are at last. Thanks to Merky's wings, we've travelled briskly enough: we've left the mail and steam-boat far behind us:—and this is London, dear emporium of pleasure. [*Looks about.*]

Mrs. D. (L. C.) Yes, dear Don; and this is my house, the Magpie and Punch-bowl—you see the sign—my husband's face and mine are painted on it; he's famed for drinking punch, and I for chattering; so they call him the punch-bowl, and me the magpie. Order the best, you may command everything here.

Gio. (c.) Thanks. [*Kisses her.*] I'll repay you, love: you understand.

Mrs. D. Fie!

Gio. I'faith! you've had a rare escape, you rogues! What were you condemned for? Come, confess the cape.

Mrs. G. Why, dearest Don, between you and me, I was sent down because I was a shrew.

Gio. And you? [*To Mrs. Porous.*]

Mrs. P. 'Faith, I was sent for scolding, as well as she.

Gio. And, pray, what was you sent to old Nick for, my love? [*To Mrs. Simpkins.*]

Mrs. S. If I must tell you—though, really, it makes me blush—I was sent below for a slight faux faux, Don.

Gio. A slight faux faux!

Mrs. S. And for that they were old-fashioned enough to send me to—

Gio. Where I brought you from. [*Laughing heard. inside the public-house.*] Eh! some one comes!

Mrs. D. My spouse, as I live. [*Peeping in at the door, R.*

Mrs. P. And mine. [*Peeping.*

Mrs. S. Mine, too. [*Peeping.*

Mrs. D. Let's stand aside, and watch them; they'll finely stare to see us here again; and will be rarely rejoiced, no doubt.

Gio. Don't be too sure of that.

[*Giovanni, Mrs. Drainemdry, Mrs. Porous, and Mrs. Simpkins, stand aside, L. S. E., the wives occasionally peeping at the proceedings of their husbands.*

Enter DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS, with a jug, from the public-house, R.

GLEE.—*Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.*

AIR—"Deadly Lively."

We are three jolly widowers,

That have just lost our wives;

And ne'er, since we were bachelors,

So blest have been our lives,

They lie in yonder church-yard,

And there we'll let them be;

Peace to their souls! they're now at rest,

And so, for once, are we.

Fol, dol, lol, &c.

Mrs. D. Mrs. P. and Mrs. S. [*Peeping from behind, L. S. E.*] Oh! the vile fellows! but they shall dearly pay for this. [*Leporello sings within.*

Gio. [*Peeping.*] Here comes another! who's this fellow, eh?

Enter LEPORELLO, from public-house, R.

STAVE.—*Leporello.*

AIR—"Galloping Dreary Dun."

A master I had, a wicked and sly,

Amorous, fighting Don;

He's gone to the devil, and so won't I;

No, I'll take care of number one.

Gio. [*Peeping.*] Eh! do I dream? Surely I know that face—why, zounds! it is my rascal, Leporello!

Lep. [*To Drainemdry, &c.*] I must be off—

Sim. Don't leave us; give us your company, such as it is.

Lep. I must go ; my wife is sitting up for me ; besides, she'll read me a curtain-lecture, if I don't.

Sim. Vell, and that's nat'ral, if you neglects her.

Lep. Hum ! You've no wife at home ?

Por. No, thank heaven ! mine died last week : rest her soul !

Dra. So did mine.

Sim. And mine.

Por. Well, then, let's have another pot of good brown stout to keep our spirits up. Come, here's old England and liberty !

Dra. (R. C.) Old England and liberty !

Sim. (L. C.) Old England and liberty !

Lep. (C.) Old England ! you'll excuse the liberty ; my wife's not dead, you know.

Por. (L.) Leporello, you have often, my prince of fellows, promised to tell us all about your master, Don Giovanni : give us his character.

Lep. Have I ? Well, then, as I'm in a merry humour, I'll be as good as my word for once. I'll give him a character, though he refused to give me one.

SONG.—*Leporello, R.*

AIR—" *Heigho ! says Rowley.*"

There liv'd in Spain, as stories tell, oh !

One Don Giovanni,

Among the girls a deuce of a fellow ;

And he had a servant they call'd Leporello,

With his primo, buffo, canto, basso :

Heigho ! said Don Giovanni.

He serenaded Donna Anna,

Did Don Giovanni ;

He swore she was more sweet than manna ;

Then into her window he stole to trepan her,

With his wheedle, tweedle, lango, dillo ;

Oh ! wicked Don Giovanni.

The commandant, her guardian true,

Caught Don Giovanni ;

Says he, " You're a blackguard—run, sir, do ;"

" I will," says Giovey, and run him through,

With his carte-o, tierce-o, thrust-o, pierce-o ;

When away ran Don Giovanni.

A wedding he met, and the bride 'gan to woo :

Fie ! Don Giovanni !

"I am running away, will you run away, too?"
Said he.—"Yes," says she, "I don't care if I do,
With my helter, skelter, questo, presto;"

What a devil was Don Giovanni!

To a church-yard he came, being once at a loss;
Lost Don Giovanni!

Where the commandant's statue sat on a stone horse,
Like King Charles's statue that's at Charing Cross,
With his saddle, bridle, falchion, truncheon.

"Will you give me a call?" said Giovanni.

To call on Giovanni, the statue wasn't slow:

Bold Don Giovanni!

"Will you sup, Mr. Statue?" said he:—it cry'd, "No;
For you must sup with me in the regions below,
Off my brimstone, sulphur, coke-oh, and smoke-oh!"
"I'll be d—d if I do!" cry'd Giovanni.

Yet he was condemned, in spite of all he could say; for
there is no denyiny the devil when he claims his due.

Gio. [*Comes forward, L.*] Say you so, ungrateful rascal!

[*Drainemdry, &c. retreat, R. alarmed, holding by each other's coat.*]

Dra. Giovanni! talk of the devil you see—

Lep. Eh! what! it cannot be, you are not my master!

Gio. You are drunk, rogue.

Lep. Oh! no, sir; don't say so, you hurt my tender feelings.

Gio. Then, sir, acknowledge me this instant.

Lep. [*Aside.*] To be sure it is he! no place can hold him, that's clear; but I'll not know him, or I shall pay dearly for it. [*Advancing to Giovanni.*] Acknowledge you, sir! I know you not; never saw you, sir.—

Gio. Not know me, rascal? [*Caning him.*] Do you know me now?

Lep. Oh! yes, sir; these are striking proofs. Get him away; [*To Drain. Porous, and Simp.*] he intends some mischief, dear friends, to a certainty. [*To Giovanni.*] But can you really be my worthy master?

Gio. I am; acknowledge it.

Lep. Why, sir, he went to—yes, sir—legions of fiends took him post-haste to the infernal regions, with fifty little devils for outriders and postillions.

Gio. Well, what of that, scoundrel? And I'm come post from the infernal regions back again.

Dra. Come from the infernal regions ! Oh ! it's very clear he's an impostor ; but we'll soon expose him. Here, neighbours ! watch ! [*Calling.*]

Gio. (R. c.) Stay, sir. [*To Drain.*] You had a wife ?

Dra. Yes, sir, I had ; but, (rest her !) she's departed this life, sir.

Gio. Is she ? [*Goes to L. S. E.*]

TRIO.—*Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.*

AIR—*From "Midas."*

Oh ! what pleasure does abound
Now my wife is under ground !
Green turfs cover her, I'll dance over her
Tol, lol, lol.
[*They dance round while singing.*]

Gio. I am sorry, messieurs, to disturb your mirth ; but know, your darlings are not in the world below ; as witnesses that I was really there, I've brought them with me here ; and there they are, gentlemen.

[*Points to, and turns up stage, when the wives rush forward ; each seizes her respective husband by the hair.*]

SESTETTO.—*Messrs. and Mesdames Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.*

AIR—"Deadly Lively."

Mesd. Dra. Por. and Sim., L.

You cruel perjured villains !

Mes. Dra. Por. and Sim., R.

Oh, zounds, let go our hair !

Mesd. Dra. Por. and Sim.

Disown your lawful wives, now, you scoundrels, if you dare !

Mes. Dra. Por. and Sim.

Our wives ! a pretty joke—it is some hoax, that's clear, Their bodies in the church-yard lie—

Mesd. Dra. Por. and Sim.

Yes, but our souls are here.

All. Tol, lol, lol, de rol, &c.

[*The Men dolefully, the Women with great glee.*]

Dra. Brought back our wives ! he must be the devil himself, then. [*Calling.*] Neighbours, neighbours ! Watch ! watch !

Enter Neighbours, R.

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

AIR—"Oh! dear, what can the Matter be."

Here, here, what can the matter be?

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

What's all this hubbub, we pray?

TRIO.—*Messrs. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.*

SAME AIR.

This fellow has come from the regions infernal,
And brought back our wives who were dead as a door-
nail:

Disturbing our quiet with click-clack eternal;
To the round-house pray bear him away!

Chorus of Neighbours.

SAME AIR.

Eh! what! brought back your wives to you!

Why not, may'nt he bring ours back too?

We'll not have with him aught to do;

Let those meddle with him that may.

[*Exeunt Neighbours, hastily, L.*

Mrs. D. [*To Mr. D. &c.*] Now, sirs, I hope you'll own
we are your wives; the rulers of the roast, yourselves,
and houses; you all acknowledge us to be your better
halves.

Dra. Oh! yes, ducky—[*Embrace.*] needs must when
the devil drives. [*Aside.*

Gio. [*To Leporello, who implores pardon.*] I pardon
you, sir; and as a proof of it, take you into my service
once more.

Mrs. D. To drink our hero's health, we'll tap a barrel,
and have a jig and stave—hang fighting and quarrelling.

GLEE.—*Omnes.*

AIR—"Away with Melancholy."

Away with fight and quarrel,

Black eyes, crack'd heads that bring;

Let us attack the barrel,

And jollily, jollily sing.—Tol, lol

Let's drink like hearty fellows,

Our country and our king;

Burn old King Rose's bellows,

And jollily dance and sing.—Tol, lol.

[*Exeunt.—The ladies marching Giovanni off in triumph.*

SCENE IV.—*St. Giles's, by gas-light.—Watchman crosses stage, crying "Past ten o'clock and a cloudy morning."*

Enter MRS. LEPORELLO, with infant, from a house.

Mrs. L. Past ten! In vain the sleepy watchman snores the hour—no—Leporello comes not to ease my pain! immured in beer, the sot is getting drunk. Oh, false Giovanni, to desert me thus, and leave none but Leporello as the husband of your Anna, and the father of your baby.

SONG.—*Mrs. Leporello.*

AIR—"O rest thee, Babe."

Oh! hush thee, my darling, the hour will soon come,
When thy sire from the ale-house, half drunk, will reel home.

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may,

For, when he comes, there'll be the devil to pay.

[*Goes into the house in flat, R*

Enter GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO.

Gio. Now that you're sober, tell me, Leporello, when last I disappeared, what became of all my wives and ladies? did they die in despair?

Lep. Why, when you went, sir, to—I beg pardon—Well, sir; when you went—down stairs, their pretty eyes, of course, were filled with tears: and so I brought them all to England with me.

Gio. To England! Ah! then perhaps the charming bride I snatched from her husband's arms and made mine, the very moment he had the right to call her his, is in England! Tell me, where is my love?

Lep. Where is your Love? Why, your love is—but stop: whenever you mention love, poetry always come; into my head, because rhyme is of more use than reasons so allow me to tell you poor Fanny's fate.

TRIO.—*Leporello, Giovanni, and Squalling Fanny.*

AIR—"Young Love."

Lep. Your love she lives in yon humble shed,
Where turnips selling,
And "greens, oh!" yelling,
She gets a daily bit of bread,

And wild and sweet is the life she has led ;
 Her stall has flourish'd,
 Her barrow's nourished
 The natives with savoy's and beans :
 For working folks must still be fed ;
 And pickled pork eats best with greens.

[Fetches Squalling Fanny from her stall, in the centre of flat.]

Gio. Zounds ! what poor wretch is this I spy,
 Who has come hither
 Her sweets to wither ;
 Her beauty now is all my eye ;
 Plague on't ! don't let the witch come nigh.

Fan. (L. c.) Dear Don Giovanni,
 Don't scorn poor Fanny :
 All day my greens for you'll I cry.

Gio. My once-lov'd Fanny, cry away,
 But not for me—no, faith—good b'ye !

Fan. [To Giovanni.] And do you leave me, after all
 my truth ?

DUETTO.—*Squalling Fanny and Leporello.*

AIR—"Wapping Old Stairs."

Fan. Your Fanny has never been false, she declares,
 Since the man on the horse came and took you—

Lep. Down stairs. [Stopping her.]

Fan. When you vow'd that you still would continue
 the same,
 And gave me the reticule work'd with your name.
 Then be constant and true, nor your Fanny for-
 sake ;
 Still your cossacks I'll wash, and your negus I'll
 make.

Fan. (L. c.) Nay, though I do cry my greens through
 Covent Garden, don't steel your heart against poor
 Squalling Fanny ; but let's live o'er those charming days,
 my love, that once I passed with you in native Spain.

DUETTO.—*Fanny and Giovanni.*

AIR—"Guaracha."

Fan. Oh ! remember the time in La Mancha's plains,
 I had just been to church to be wed,
 When you swore that my bridegroom wasn't bur-
 den'd with brains ;
 And clapp'd two huge horns on his head.

Gio. O! yes, then you were sweet as the breath of the south,

And I thought you were truly a prize:

But now, crying greens, Fan, has widen'd your mouth,

Crack'd your voice—aye, and dimm'd your bright eyes.

[*Leporello waltzes Fanny off, L. S. E., and returns.*

Lep. (L.) I have waltzed her off, sir!

Gio. But, where are the wives of the fishermen I shot?

Lep. They're here, and still in the fish line, sir; one lives at Billingsgate, and t'other in Lumber Court.

[*Gio. and Lep. listen at R. D. F.—Mrs. L. sings within.*
Oh! rest thee, my baby, the hour will soon come,
When thy sire from the ale-house, blind drunk, will reel home.

Lep. That's Mrs. L.'s voice; she's nursing my little one; instilling into his infant mind the virtues of his father.

Gio. [*Comes down, c.*] Well, well, to leave your virtues out of the question—

Lep. [*Comes down, L. c.*] Oh! my virtues are not to be questioned.

Gio. But what place is there in the city, where we can amuse ourselves an hour or two?

Lep. What place? why plenty. Since business has been stopped, amusement has been the order of the day: to-night, for instance, Sir John English gives a grand masquerade.

Gio. A masquerade! I'll go, but then what character must I assume?

Lep. Any but your own, and you will be admitted, but if you would be a beau, take a lesson from me.

SONG.—*Leporello.*

AIR, "Quite Politely."

If in London town you'd live,

Quite politely, quite politely,

Let me, sir, this lesson give,

And be, complete, a beau, sir.

Cossacks you like sacks must wear,

In a brutus cock your hair,

And wear of wellingtons a pair,

To shine from top to toe, sir!

Tol de rol, &c.

You must get a pair of stays,
 Like the ladies, like the ladies ;
 Through an eyeglass still must gaze,
 And stare at all you meet, sir !
 With sham collar hide your nose,
 Wear false calves like other beaux,
 And still a brazen front disclose,
 With brass heels on your feet, sir.
 Tol de rol, &c.

To the Opera you must go,
 Don Giovanni, Don Giovanni,
 And talk as fashionables do,
 Most loudly while they're singing ;
 You must go to ball and play,
 Drink, game, swear, and lie all day,
 Protect some graceless chere amie,
 Yourself to ruin bringing.
 Tol de rol, &c.

You must visit, race, and fight,
 Betting on, two to one, sir ;
 Four-in-hand to drive delight,
 Like groom and jockey clever
 With your tailor debts contract,
 In the Bench for three months pack'd,
 Get out by the white-washing act,
 And be as clean as ever. Tol de rol, &c.
[Exeunt Giovanni and Leporello, dancing, L.]

SCENE V.—*Grand Saloon.*

*Enter Masquerade Characters, R. and L.—CONSTANTIA
 and FINIKIN come forward, C.*

Con. 'Tis no use teasing, Mr. Finikin.

Fin. Why, miss, are you not shortly to be mine?

Con. Never.

Fin. Your pa, miss, vows and swears you shall.

Con. I vow and swear I won't—Pa's own girl, to a T.

Fin. But, my dear creature, I love—

Con. I know,—my thirty thousand pounds you love ;
 but neither I nor my thirty thousand pounds love you.

DUET.—*Constantia and Finikin.*

AIR, " Oh ! thou wert born to please me."

Con. Oh, thou wert born to tease me!

Fin. Nay, don't say so, my love!

Con. I'm sure you'll never please me.

Fin. I'll sure your pleasure prove.

Con. Oh! never, never!

Fin. Fie, miss.

Con. You cannot!

Fin. Pr'ythee, try, miss!

Con. 'Twould be to little purpose, you namby, panby, thing!

Fin. Oh, cruel! from my tester I very soon shall swing.

[*Constantia and Finikin retire up the stage.—Pantomime business—at end of which, Leporello comes forward.*

Lep. [Brings forward Giovanni, and points to Constantia.] Thirty thousand pounds! I never heard of such a sum! she's an heiress! I wonder who she is, but that's no matter, since she's rich; cash is a plaster for every evil. I'll patch up a reputaton for her; it can give a woman a thousand charms! Oh! I must introduce my master to her.

Enter GIOVANNI, L.

SONG.—*Leporello to Giovanni.*

AIR, "See that pretty Creature there."

See that pretty creature there,
Oh, how charming! oh how fair!
Hug her, kiss her, sir, for zounds,
She's got thirty thousand pounds.

[*Leporello, as by accident, treads on Deputy English's gouty toes, who, just at that moment, enters with Mrs. English in search of his ward Constantia; Leporello is beaten off by Deputy English, followed by Finikin and Mrs. English; Giovanni advances towards Constantia, makes love to her, and takes her up the stage.—Giovanni and Constantia come forward.*

DUET.—*Giovanni and Constantia.*

AIR,—"*Voulez vous dansez.*"

Gio. (L. C.) Will you dance with me, dear ma'am'selle,
Cheer my heart, nor
Slight your partner?
I can quadrille and waltz as well
La poule et la finale.

In the waltz our forms we'll twine,
Thine to mine, and mine to thine ;
And all as sweet
Our hearts shall meet,
Should we in love's circle join.

Con. (R.C.) Willingly, sir, with you I'll dance,
Cheer your heart, nor
Slight my partner,
For, ah ! who could refuse to prance,
Requested so genteelly ?

[*Finikin advances to interrupt Giovanni, and begins setting to Constantia ; Leporello seizes the tail of his coat, and dances him off, R.*

Con. But may I believe you, sir ?

Gio. Believe me !

AIR.—*Giovanni.*

AIR—"Grammachree Molly."

Had I a heart for falsehood giv'n,
To you I should be true ;
I sooner could be false to heav'n
Than to those eyes of blue.

[*Giovanni and Constantia going, Leporello calls him aside.*

Lep. [Coming from the crowd.] Oh ! master, I beg your pardon, but—

Gio. But what ?

Lep. The lady, sir.

Gio. Is pretty ?

Lep. Yes, sir ; that is true enough, but sir, she is a ward in chancery, and if you run away with her, it will be a contempt of court and the law.

Gio. Where love is paramount, away with law. Constantia shall be mine, were she a ward of a thousand chanceries.

Lep. Well, sir, follow your own courses, [*Sees Mrs. L.*] while I follow that little Spanish girl, and see if she will follow me.

Enter MRS. LEPORELLO, in a Spanish dress, from amongst the Dancers.

Mrs. L. There is my husband at his tricks, as usual. Now to entrap the rogue.

[*Follows him, and mixes with crowd. Leporello brings her from the crowd, makes love, falls on his knees ; she takes off her mask, slaps his face ; all the characters laugh.*

Enter FINIKIN, R.

DUET.—*Leporello and Finikin.*

AIR—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

Fin. Oh! where, and oh! where, is my own dear maiden gone?

Lep. She's gone with Don Giovanni, and wont a maid return.

Fin. Then it's heigho! my heart for she's left me all forlorn.

Torn from me! torn from me! Which way did they take her?

Lep. They've gone to Long Acre, along with a baker.

[*Exit with Finikin, R. Giovanni and Constantia advance from crowd, and are going off, but are met by Deputy and Mrs. English, with Watchman, L. Giovanni and Constantia try to escape on opposite side, but are met by Finikin and Watchman; Giovanni and Constantia are parted; great bustle, and great noise; all the Masks in motion. Curtain falls on the confusion.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE. I.—*Chalk Farm, Primrose Hill, &c. by daylight; a clump of trees at the back of the stage.*

Enter GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO, L. in modern dresses, the one as a dashing young Man of Fashion, of the present day; the other, a genteel Servant. Leporello carries a pair of pistols with him.

Gio. First on the ground, however!—Egad, a pretty scrape I have involved myself in, for though I have lost the lady, I must fight for her.

Lep. True! having affronted the gentleman you can lose no less than blow out his brains to give him satisfaction: but will you not leave poor Leporello a legacy?

Gio. I have nothing left to leave but the body of Giovanni.

Enter FINIKIN and POPINJAY.

Fin. [*Aside to Popinjay.*] You're sure that you sent for the officers?

Pop. Oh, yes! I went to Bow Street myself after them.

Gio. [*To Finikin.*] Your servant, sir; you're late!

Fin. [*Aside.*] Late! I think, too soon. Dear, dear! I wish I were in Pinlico; any where but here.

Gio. I've waited, sir—but we'll to business at once, and make up for lost time.

Fin. Oh, sir! I can wait; I'm in no sort of hurry, I can assure you. Where are these officers? [*Aside.*

Gio. Here, Leporello, measure the ground, eight paces. D'ye hear, sir?

Lep. Only eight paces

Gio. No, sir; they're plenty.

Lep. (L.) If I was going to fight, I'd have eleven-and-forty. [*Aside.*] Then, sir, you've quite made up your mind to have a pop at him?

Gio. Ay, sir; and at you, too, if you don't bestir yourself.

Lep. Oh, lord!

Gio. (R.) [*To Finikin.*] Your second, sir, will help to measure the ground.

Fin. Oh! sir, assuredly; with a deal of pleasure Where are these runners? Are there no means of escaping? [*Aside.*

Pop. Measure the ground! I'd rather be measuring tape, a good deal. [*Aside.*] Young man, [*To Leporello.*] as you appear to have a good understanding, pray step out as much as you possibly can.

Lep. Don't young man me. One, two, three, four—jump; [*Jumps.*] five, six, seven, eight—jump.

[*Measuring ground.*

Pop. [*To Leporello, L.*] I beg your pardon, but really you've miscounted!

Lep. Upon my honour, no; I've given full measure, you may depend on't.

Pop. Eh, your honour, I'm satisfied.

Gio. [*To Finikin.*] Now, sir, we wait for you.

Fin. You sha'n't wait long, sir; I'll attend you instantly.

Pop. This is a very awful moment!

Gio. [*To Finikin.*] Take your ground, sir.

Pop. Dear me! I'm terribly afraid that I'm about to swoound! Sir Fin, have you any hartshorn about you?

Fin. I have no hartshorn, but here's a little rose-water.
[*Giving him a large bottle out of his pocket.*

Pop. That will do quite as well. You like perfumes ; which are you most partial to ?

Fin. Just now I think I should prefer—Lavender.

[*Calling aloud.*]

Gio. [*To Finikin.*] Here are pistols, sir.

Fin. I'm extremely obliged to you ; but if it makes no difference, we'll use mine. They're loaded with blank cartridge.

[*Aside.*]

Gio. As you please, sir.

Pop. [*To Giovanni.*] You couldn't allow me go home for a few minutes, or so, could you, sir ?

Gio. Go home ! when you're a second !

Pop. Oh, true ! I'd forgot that.

Gio. [*To Finikin, who has got behind a tree, at the back of the stage, L. U. E.*] You have taken the wrong ground, sir.

Fin. Have I ?

[*Comes forward.*]

Lep. [*Crosses to L. S. E.*] This is your place. [*To Fin.* You can hit him here, sir, can't you ? [*To Giovanni.*]

Gio. [*To Leporello.*] To a nicety. Throw the dead body into the Regent's Canal. I have ordered coffee for the survivor !

Pop. [*Goes up to Giovanni, R.*] I beg your pardon, sir ; but will you have the goodness to wait till I get behind this bush : balls are apt to fly, you know.

[*Crosses to the back of the stage, and hides behind a bush.*]

Gio. [*To Finikin.*] Now, sir, it seems we're all prepared ; therefore, I'll just try if I can give you satisfaction.

SONG.—*Giovanni.*

AIR—"The Black Joke."

Our ground we have taken, our pistols we have ;
We have nothing to do but the signal to give
Of one, two, three—fire away !
So, dear sir, your best I'd advise you to do,
For if you don't wing me, faith, I shall wing you.
Now ready, sir, stand, take your pistol in hand,
For I'm going to sing out the word of command—
Hip—one, two, three—fire away !

[*Giovanni and Finikin exchange shots. Finikin, Leporello, and Popinjay, all fall as if wounded.*]

Gio. I'm safe ! my rival has it, though, I think. Three

at one shot! Eh! what the plague is this? Zounds! what has killed you, sir—a ball, or fear? [*To Leporello, R.*]

Lep. A ball, I fear, sir; it passed through you, and, as I stood behind you, entered me. You're winged, sir, a'n't you?

Gio. Winged! Not I, faith.

Fin. I wish that I were winged, that I might fly!

[*Aside.*] You're not hurt, Poppy! [*To Popinjay.*]

Pop. No, but I'm excruciatingly alarmed!

Fin. Then help me up.

Pop. [*Helping Finikin up.*] Why, you're as heavy as if you had a bullet in you.

Gio. Now, sir, we'll try with my pops.

Fin. With a deal of pleasure, sir; but I—

Pop. And I—

Lep. And I—

Fin. We're satisfied!

Gio. If you are satisfied, sir, I can't say I am; but challenge you to have another shot.

Fin. Won't an apology do, instead?

Gio. No, sir; apologies won't do, sir; you, in writing, must give miss up.

Fin. With pleasure.

Pop. [*To Finikin.*] Can you write, sir?

Fin. A running hand.

Gio. Then it will be all right. Here, Leporello, bring the pen and ink.

Lep. [*Aside.*] Yes, and I'll get a drop of something to drink, at the same time.

Gio. Stay: now I think of it, our coffee must be ready by this time; so you can give up the lady over that. This way—

Fin. Sir, I attend you. After you, sir.

[*Exeunt Giovanni and Finikin into Chalk Farm.*]

Lep. [*To Popinjay.*] This way—

Pop. No, this is mine. [*Running off the opposite side.*]

Lep. Stop, that won't do, my fine fellow.

[*Runs after him, pulls him back by the tail of his coat; Popinjay falls; Leporello cocks a pistol at him; he hides his face under his neckcloth, and is led into the house.*]

Enter DEPUTY ENGLISH and MRS. ENGLISH, L.

Dep. (C.) Ah! here, indeed, we breathe the country air; a very rural spot, upon my life! Here's every thing one can desire. So, here I'll enjoy myself.

SONG.—*Mr. Deputy English.*

AIR—"Oh! the Roust Beef of Old England."

I'll get me a pipe, and I'll get me a pot,
And in that rural box there, I'll sit and I'll sot,
And I'll not budge a foot till my dinner I've got
Off the roast beef of Old England,
Off the Old English roast beef.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*

Enter GIOVANNI, from the house, R.

Gio. Charming woman!

Mrs. E. Sir!

Gio. Nay, you must not be offended; your husband's old—I am young—Love and pleasure were made for youth; let us enjoy it.

Mrs. E. Ah, Giovanni! your inconstancy is too well known, to permit me to trust you.

Gio. You shall teach me to be constant, and by this kiss I swear—

[*Attempts to kiss her.*

Mrs. E. (L. C.) Hold, sir!

Enter the DEPUTY, who perceives Giovanni.

Gio. [*Aside.*] Her husband here! the devil! I beg your pardon, sir, [*To the Deputy.*] I was only pointing out the pleasant prospects to Mrs. English.

Dep. Why, wife! Do you know this is the famous Giovanni? and, from what I have heard, a foreigner and a singer.—So sir, like a true John Bull, I am glad to see you; and, though I may not understand you, sir, I like you; and any service I can render you, you may freely command.

DUETTO & CHORUS.—*Giovanni and Mrs. English.*

AIR—"The Tyrolese to Liberty."

Gio. (c.) Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Now Giovanni's freedom soundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Here the pistol's balls fly more fleetly,
Here the syllabubs eat more sweetly,
Every joy Chalk Farm surroundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Cho. Merrily, merrily, oh! &c.

Mrs. E. (L.) Cheerily now from Hampstead s valley,
 Cheerily oh ! cheerily oh !
 Over Primrose Hill we'll sally,
 Cheerily oh ! cheerily oh !
 If a charming girl, won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than one kept by knavery,
 Round Giovanni's pistol rally,
 Cheerily oh ! cheerily oh !

Cho. Cheerily, cheerily oh ! &c.
 [*Exeunt Dep. E. and Mrs. E., L. and Gio., R*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of Deputy English's House. It is getting dark.*

Enter CONSTANTIA, R.

Con. (c.) So, Don Giovanni's fought for me, I hear ; that is a sign he bears me still in mind ; and though he is flirting with Mrs. English, that he is fond of me, I think I'm sure. I've heard an old proverb, which says, a reformed rake always makes a good husband ; and to reform him, I've a scheme with Mrs. E. of which he'll little dream. But he is here ; I'll stand aside and watch him. We've laid our snares so well, we must succeed.

[*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Enter GIOVANNI, L.

Gio. Yes, here's the house ; I've found it, though it is in the dark. He certainly may be called a spark who lights himself. Old English has gone out to spend the evening, left his wife for his club, so that's all right. Hist, hist ! [*Calling at the Deputy's door.*] But then, Constantia, what a pang thrills through my heart. Could I but gain her hand ! She's young and rich ! She shall, she must be mine ! But what am I about ? I'll think of lovely Con some other time Now for the signal.

[*Knocks.*]

Mrs. ENGLISH appears at the door of the house.

Mrs. E. Giovanni !

Gio. Yes.

Mrs. E. Come in, and make no noise.

Gio. I will, my love ! Now, for ten thousand raptures.

[*Enters the house with Mrs. E.*]

Enter LEPORELLO, L., with lanthorn and ladder.

SONG.—*Leporello.*

AIR—"Hey randy dandy, O !"

Giovanni is leading his usual life :

Hey randy dandy, O !
 He's come here to make love to another man's wife,
 With his galloping randy dandy, O !
 Three bottles he drank at a tavern to-day,
 Hey randy dandy, O !
 So it's odds, but there'll soon be the devil to pay,
 With his galloping randy dandy, O !
 I've brought him a ladder, and brought him a lamp,
 Hey randy dandy, O !
 For a notion I have, when he means to decamp,
 That he'll find them devilish handy, O
 I don't know how it is, but I feel to-night
 Hey randy dandy, O !
 So I'll go to the whiskey shop down by the right,
 And get a few quarters of brandy, O !
 [*Knocks loudly at Mrs. E.'s door, and calls "Giovanni, Giovanni!" then exits hastily, R. Gio. opens the door and comes forward.—Mrs. Eng. shuts the door on him unperceived.*]

Gio. Who's there? no one: it was Con's voice, I'm sure. It came, 'faith! devilish *mal-a-propos*. Well, I'll go back. [*Finds the door shut.*] Zounds! why the door is fast. Holloa! hist, hist! plague on't, shut out at such a moment! Eh! where's the lanthorn! where's Leporello? and where's the ladder? Devil take the scoundrel! I've drank too much; but, 'faith! could not refuse the glass offered by such a hand. The charming wench! she'll bless my love, no question. 'Twas cruel of her, though, to shut me out. Oh! here my rascal comes without his light.

Enter DEPUTY ENGLISH, L.

Come here, you dog! I've had such luck this evening!
 [*Mistaking him for Leporello.*]

Dep. [*Aside.*] Eh! who's this, the Don? the funny rogue! he takes me for his servant, Leporello. I'll listen to him; he seems very fresh.

Gio. (c.) I've been with such a charmer, and so kind.

Dep. (L.) Who?

Gio. English's wife

Dep. My wife! Death and the devil!

DUETT.—*Giovanni and Mr. Deputy English.*

AIR—"Chanson d'Amour."

Gio. I gave her kisses one,
 Half afraid;

I gave her kisses one,
 She frown'd, and cried, "Have done!"
 But, "Go on," her pretty blue eyes plainly said.
 I gave her kisses two
 Bolder grown;
 I gave her kisses four—

[*Deputy throws off his cloak.*]

Dep. Oh, zounds? I'll hear no more;

I've heard too much already, Mr. Don

[*Exeunt Deputy into the house, greatly enraged, Giovanni laughing, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Westminster Hall, in a new light.*

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA, L. in counsellors' gowns and bands: Leporello with a wig and green bag.

Lep. But tell me, miss, why are we disguised thus?

Con. Oh! 'tis a little bit of roguery.

Lep. Of course; or else we need not be lawyers.

Con. This cause, English *versus* Giovanni, we have told him, stands for to-day; we are his counsel. We meet him here to consult him for the defendant—but our consultation must be how much we can make him pay, that his creditors may bring him to his senses.

Lep. Ay, like true lawyers; I'm quite of your opinion. But stop, my learned sister, where's my fee?

Con. That we must get from him—he comes.

Enter GIOVANNI, L.

Gio. In love, in law, I'm in a pretty hobble! My awkward trial, too, comes on to-day: there'll be the devil to pay! [*Sees Leporello and Constantia.*] My lawyers!

Lep. [*Aside to Constantia.*] He means us! [*Coming forward.*] Your servant, Don! With your leave, as cause comes on to-day, we've come for fees.

TRIO.—*Constantia, Leporello, and Giovanni.*

AIR—"Soldier gave me one Pound."

Lep. (R. C.) Giovanni, give me one pound,

Con. (L. C.) Giovanni, give me two.

Lep. Trial it comes on to-day;

Con. And nothing we can do—

Lep. Unless you give a fee
Both to me—

Con. And me.

Both. For, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will
never go.

Lep. Giovanni, give me one pound,

Con. Giovanni, give me two.

Both. For, oh! a brief without a fee will never, never do.

Con. Don't you know, the law—

Lep. Has clapp'd on you its claw?

Both. And, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will
never go.

Gio. Lawyer, there is one pound, [*Gives Lep. money.*

Lawyer, there are two, [*Gives Con. money.*

And now I am without a pound,

Thanks to the law and you!

For, oh! I feel the law

Has clapp'd on me its claw;

And, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will
never go.

Lep. Now, then, my learned brother, to the hall.
English against Giovanni; it comes on first. I a rare
philippic shall speak, sir. We lawyers like to talk
about crim con. We've bled him nicely! [*Aside.*] Come,
my learned brother, Coke upon Littleton—Budge *versus*
Fudge. [*Exit, with Constantia, as if going to the court, R.*

SONG.—Giovanni.

AIR—"The Woodpecker."

I knew by the wigs, that so greasefully curl'd,
Adown their lank chops, that they wanted a fee;
And I said, if I had but a pound in the world,
These devils of lawyers would take it from me.
All was still in the court, not a sound did I fear,
But the bailiff quick tapping my shoulder, oh, dear!

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA, as from court, R

Gio. Have you a verdict?

Lep. Yes, sir.

Gio. Name it; quick.

Lep. Guilty: the damages, ten thousand pounds.

Gio. Ten thousand pounds for nothing but a kiss!

Lep. 'Twould have been twice as much but for my

skill. It was in vain, their counsel I overhauled—they went so far, Don, as to prove the fact.

Gio. 'Tis false!

Lep. We'll leave our bill of costs for the defence, and call for the amount when next we're at the hall. Good day! My learned brother, shall we trudge it? As I said in that cause of Fudge and Budge: "Botherum, gatherem, client Simpletoni, distressem pluckem ex-contini, &c." [Exit with *Constantia*, L.]

Gio. Ten thousand pounds, and I'm not worth a shilling! In debt, in love, in law! undone Giovanni! I've only now to get in wine to be completely ruined.

Enter NOKES and STYLES, R., watching Giovanni.

Nok. This is our man, let me make the caption.

Sty. I will; but mind you take care of the fee.

Gio. A ruin'd wretch! ah! whither shall I wander? Who will provide Giovanni now with a home?

Nok. I will.

Gio. Kind friend!

Nok. A snug one, in the Bench; where you may still enjoy your glass and girl. I'm glad I've found you.

Nok. So am I.

Gio. You know, of course, that you're my prisoner; so hand us out our fee.

Gio. Your prisoner, fellow!

Nok. Ay, Don, unless you pay ten thousand pounds.

Gio. Ten thousand pounds, dog! I can't pay one farthing.

Nok. Oh! oh! then you must go over the water, Mr. Giovanni.

DUETT.—*Nokes and Styles.*

AIR—"Over the Water to Charley."

Nok. Over the water and over the bridge,
And into the King's Bench, Giovanni;
And over the water we now must trudge,
Or get in a coach, Giovanni.

Giovanni, you love ale and wine;
Giovanni, you love brandy;
Giovanni, you love a pretty girl,
Gio. As sweet as sugar-candy.

Nok. Then sure, to pay you will not grudge :

You kiss'd the wench, Giovanni ;

So over the water and over the bridge

And into the Bench, Giovanni.

[*Exit Giovanni, with Nokes and Styles.*]

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the King's Bench, in its true light. SHIRK, SPUNGE, and other Debtors discovered ; some walking about, others playing at rackets, &c.*

CHORUS OF DEBTORS.

AIR—" *Peggy of Derby, oh !*"

Oh ! laugh at the hour,

When, in John Doe's power,

We debtors to the Surrey College came.

Let's hasten to our play ;

Three months soon will pass away.

What is life, after all, but a racket-game ?

Then, debtors, get your jackets,

And let us go to rackets :

Like a ball, we're up and down at fortune's smile—the wench !

Like our balls, we here remain,

But, one day, to ease our pain,

Like a bat, the Act will soundly knock us out of the Bench.

Shi. (c.) Ay, ay, my boys ; let's hasten to our play, and leave work to our creditors.

All. Bravo ! (*Loud cries outside, " Giovanni, Giovanni !"*)

Enter GIOVANNI, conducted in by NOKES and STYLES.

Spu. Giovanni, welcome to this sacred spot, where lawyers, bailiffs, duns, daren't show their faces ! What, downcast ! psha ! my dear Don, pour a glass of spirits down to keep your spirits up.

Gio. Spirits ! why they're forbidden.

Spu. Well, then, tape. We find a way to evade the law, Don : rum Charley helps us : every morning a gallon of rum walks in within his wooden leg. You'll pay your entrance, of course 'tis usual, sir.

Gio. This place is well called college, since it supplies so much and various learning. But, zounds ! I've not a note to treat these brothers.

Enter Turnkey, with a Letter, L.

Turn. Here's a note for you, sir. [Exit, L.]

Gio. Psha! I want some of Henry Hase. What's this? Constantia's hand! (*Reads.*) "*Though you forsook me, I can't forsake you in the hour of want.*" Ah! a friend, indeed! "*I have enclosed you a retaining fee; with this brief counsel, remember me.*" Dear girl! ten pounds! this I never can forget: now, now I feel I am indeed a debtor. Here, you rogues! here, here is my entrance-money.

[Gives money to debtors, who shout.]

Spu. You'll find here, Don, the best of company: all the great wits and authors are here. We have some players, too, of no mean note; and as for gentlemen, we're full of them. We're not confined in living, neither; though prisoners, we feed like princes here.

Gio. Well, for poor debtors that is very odd.

Spu. But I say, Don as you're a stranger, I must talk to you about your chum.

Gio. My chum!

Spu. Your bedfellow, that is to be: but stop, you'd better leave it to my care.

Gio. Nay, if you please, I'll see to that myself. I have a little damsel in my eye, will come and—

Spu. Oh! my dear Don, for shame! An easy blade this, I must try and bubble him: he's got some money, 'twill be little trouble. [*Aside.*] My dear Don, let me put you on your guard while you are here; I speak quite disinterestedly: some of our brothers, I am sorry to say, are very apt to borrow and not return. I give you just a hint: it's not my way; I like to do as I'd be done by. You couldn't lend me a pound-note, could you?

Gio. With pleasure. [Gives money.]

Spu. Zounds! I wish I'd asked for two. [*Aside.*] Depend on't, it shall be punctually repaid. Some day or other I may assist you: just now I happen to be rather short. You couldn't lend me a few shillings more?

Gio. Oh! yes. [Gives money.]

Spu. I'm very much obliged; I am, indeed. Perhaps you'd like to read the newspaper? I'll go and fetch it. I must bleed him again. [*Aside.*] It must have come down from the upper rooms by this time; so you can see what's going on in town. [Exit, L.]

Gio. Alas! what is the town or world to me? In love, in limbo! when shall I get released? Constant a, love, now do I think upon thy charms!

AIR.—*Giovanni.*

AIR—"Robin Adair."

What's the gay town to me,
In the King's Bench?
Oh! when shall I get free
From the King's Bench?
Ah! still to joy and mirth,
Freedom it is gives birth:
Confinement's hell on earth,
In the King's Bench.

[*Exit, R.*

Enter SHIRK, SPUNGE, and Debtors, L.

Shirk. Pull up, pull up! a lawyer's at the gate: the fool's not aware, I dare say, how we serve gentlemen of his calling. We'll give it to the dog. but mind, be steady, lads; go some of you and get the pump and blanket ready.

[*Exeunt Debtors, L.*

Enter LEPORELLO, in a counsellor's dress, with a blue bag.

Lep. I come from twelve and thirteen, Clement's Inn: I'm a lawyer! Is Giovanni, pray, within. But there's no fear of his being at home here; you gentlemen are not much given to ramble.

Shi. Yes, he's at home; but before you can see him, we must bestow the lawyer's fee on you.

Lep. Oh, certainly! give me my fee; I'll take anything.

Shi. By rights, you should have six-and-eightpence; but two half-crowns are all the fee we give.

Lep. Well, two half-crowns. What a pack of fools!

Shi. Now your crown must be crack'd, ere you've two halves! So, ere we cool your courage with the pump, we'll try how high your ambition will carry you:—send you on a visit to the man in the moon. Bring the blanket, boys!

Lep. A blanket! zounds! they mean to murder me! Help! help here! I'll indict you all for assault and battery!

[*Running away, L.*

[*Shirk, Spunge, and Debtors, bring back Leporello, and toss him in a blanket, at the back of the stage, he exclaiming all the time—"I'm no lawyer!" &c. They then hurry him off, crying—"To the pump!"*

Enter GIOVANNI, R.

Gio. No one arrived ; not even Leporello to get me bail ! ungrateful villain ! If my dear Constantia would but visit me—but can I hope it—

Enter POROUS, DRAINEMDRY, SIMPKINS, &c. creditors of Giovanni, L.

Bless me ! who are these ? Zounds, all my creditors. Whither shall I fly ?

Dra. We've called to know, Don, what you mean to propose, and when you think it's likely you can pay ?

Gio. Pay !

Sim. Yes, you've surely something to say.

Por. Let us have a part, Don, if you can't pay us all, and give us security for the remainder.

Gio. Zounds, how shall I get rid of these fiends ? Ah, my Constantia !

Enter CONSTANTIA, L., who crosses to Giovanni, R.

This makes amends for everything.

BRAVURA.—*Constantia to Creditors.*

AIR—" *Cease your Funning.*"

Cease your dunning,
Serjeant Running-
—ton shall set Giovanni free !
Then how soothing,
Owing nothing,
What a happy man he'll be !
Leaving roving,
True to loving,
True he'll to Constantia be.

[*Shirk, Spunge, and Debtors, rush in, and hustle off Drainemdry, Porous, Simpkins, and Creditors, L.*

SCENE V.—*Exterior of the Insolvent Court.*

Enter DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, SIMPKINS, COBBLER, and other Creditors of GIOVANNI, L.

Dra. What, take the act, and cheat me of my money ! a pretty swindler this Don Giovanni, upon my word !

Cob. He'll be my ruin ! nothing can redeem me, upon my soul, unless he pays my bill.

Por. Why, how much is it ?

Cob. Fourteen and seven-pence, welting boots and mending—

Sim. Psha! that's a trifle! he owes me fifty pounds.

Dra. Pooh! he owes me fourscore—Oh! here he is.
[*Enter Giovanni, Constantia, and Bailiffs, R.*] You rogue!

Por. You swindler!

Sim. You cheat!

Dra. But you sha'n't escape us,—we will all oppose you

Gio. Be patient, I am willing to pay you all, but I am now reduced to my last shilling.

GIOVANNI'S ADDRESS TO HIS OPPOSING CREDITORS.

AIR—“*Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace Bled.*”

Duns that give Giovanni trust,

Duns, doubt not I shall be just,

But take the benefit I must.

For 'tis for liberty!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,

See the bailiff grimly lour,

See approach the sheriff's power,

Writs and slavery.

Who would be a debtor, eh?

Who in the King's Bench would stay?

Who would be confin'd all day?

Let him prisoner be!

Who for the Insolvent Laws,

Freedom's schedule freely draws,

Freeman stand in freedom's cause,

On to court with me.

[*Exit with Bailiffs into court, L.*]

Drain. Come, friends, we'll all oppose him.

Simp. Ay, every man of us.

Cob. Oh, my poor bill!

[*Exeunt Draincndry, Porous, Simpkins, and Creditors, into court, L.*]

Enter LEPORELLO, R.

Lep. I'll not oppose him, though he is in my debt; no doubt I shall get my wages some time or another; that's if the plot don't fail, which now we're trying. His long confinement must have tamed his roving by this time, and made him steady, or the devil's in it! If

so, all will be well; if not, poor Miss Constantia!—I wonder if they'll grant him his discharge—

[*Noise without, and cries of Giovanni's free! huzza! and shame, shame!*]

Odsflesh! what means that clamour? Zounds, they've cleared him! Oh, my dear master!

Enter GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and Creditors, L.—Giovanni crosses to back of stage, R. U. E.

Dra. [*To Giovanni as he passes him.*] Shame, shame! you swindler! You think you've cheated me, but you ar'n't, for I always charged double! [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Por. [*To Giovanni as he passes him.*] You are a nice young fellow, I don't think! [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Sim. [*Goes up to Giovanni.*] Ar'n't you a pretty fellow, you have swindled me nicely, and—

[*Leporello pushes him off, R. U. E.*]

[*The Cobbler, overcome by the immensity and utter hopelessness of his loss, makes several ineffectual attempts to express his feelings; but finding himself unequal to the task, retires, plunged in grief.*]

Gio. [*Comes forward, C.*] I'll now make up for my temperance in the Bench; I'll revel, dance, sing, drink, game, swear, everything— [*Excunt, L., laughing.*]

SCENE VI.—*Charing-cross by a blue light—Equestrian statue of King Charles.*

Enter LEPORELLO, L.

Lep. Giovanni free, proves he is still Giovanni; he's ranging everywhere in search of petticoats. Oh! if we could but reclaim this libertine, it would immortalize us—but how? ah! there's the rub. He is to meet me in Cockspur Street soon, by appointment; he must pass by this statue, so, like the commandant upon his horse—I have it—in this blue light 'twill answer certainly: just so he looked who asked the Don to sup where he was supped on. I'll try it—there can be no harm in trying—the coast is clear—no one has observed me, so up I go. A footstep—some one comes—it is Giovanni, mum!

[*Climbs up the Statue.*]

A Female crosses the stage hastily, from L., and exit, R.,

Enter GIOVANNI, L. in pursuit.

Gio. That was a lovely girl I met just now; she's

set me all on fire. Confound the wench ! she went this way ! I'll after her at once. [Going, R.

BALLAD.—*Leporello.* [*Very ghostily.*]

AIR.—“*Barney, leave the girls alone.*”

Giovanni, leave the girls alone ;
Giovanni, leave the girls alone ;
For oh ! your tricks move stock and stone ;
Then quiet let them be.

Pluto put the kettle on ;
Pluto put the kettle on ;
To supper once I asked the Don,
I ask him now to tea.

Gio. Odsblood ! what's this ? the commandant here !
How the devil has the fellow found his way from Spain ?
Instead of raking, I'd best go to praying, or he may
alight and take me—

Lep. [*In a hollow voice.*] From whence you came !

Gio. Who has spoken ? Oh, lord ! good Mr. Statue,
I'll amend. Thoughts of old times have made me
devilish warm. Should I go down below again, I fear
it would be long enough ere I got back again. Yes, I'll
reform, for dear Constantia's sake. Good bye, old Stoney !
Morning will soon beam, so you had better take yourself
and your horse off. [Exit, R.

Lep. [*Descenas from the statue.*] Ha, ha, ha !

Pluto put the kettle on, Pluto put the kettle on ;
Prossy, take it off again, Giovanni's run away.

I've frightened him a bit, I think. Why, hang it ! he
must have been in liquor : yet this blue moonlight, shin-
ing on the horse, I must say, is monstrous striking. Eh !
here again !

Re enter GIOVANNI, R.

Gio. (C.) It must have been delusion, but that I'll soon
find out: no, here's the man and horse. [*Sees Leporello.*]
Ah ! Leporello, speak, what are you alarmed at, sirrah !

Lep. [*Pretending to be dreadfully frightened.*] Oh, sir !
he has spoken.

Gio. Who has spoken ?

Lep. Oh, sir ! the man from that stone horse has spoken. It has, upon my word, spoken to me, and said. that he was sent up stairs to fetch you—down again, if you didn't immediately reform. Look, sir, how firm he sits : be warned in time, sir, and list to reason.

Gio. I will, I will.

Lep. You know you're very poor ; now, sir, hard by lives an old maid who rolls in riches, and who wants a husband ; what do you say, sir, to a good estate ? you will not have a chicken for your bride, but what of that, sir, you'll be rich for life.

Gio. It shall be so—lead on—my mind's made up. I'll marry the rich old maid and repent at once.

[*Exeunt*, L.]

SCENE VII.—*Grand Saloon by a fanlight.*

Enter MRS. LEPORELLO, *disguised as an old maid*, L. S. E.

Mrs. L. (c.) I think this dress will do ; this air and manner will serve, at least, somebody to entrap. Should the Don come, I'll try if I can't win him ; if he resists me now, the duce is in it.

SONG.—*Mrs. Leporello.*

AIR—" *Nobody coming to marry me.*"

A maid at sixty-six,
Must not refuse a man ;
But ah ! not a soul can I fix,
Though, I'm sure, I do all that I can.
Oh, dear ! what will become of me ?
Dear, dear ! what shall I do ?
Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.

Enter LEPORELLO, L. *conducting* GIOVANNI.

Lep. (L. C.) There she is, sir ; see what a valuable concern ! Why, there's a thousand pound in every feature. Her nose is worth five hundred, and her eyes—why, they are Jew's eyes, sir. Attack her, then, at once.

Gio. I will. Charming woman!

[*Music. Giovanni makes love to Mrs. Leporello in dumb show; she coyly yields to him;—he falls on one knee, &c. She sits upon it.*

Mrs. L. Oh, Don! you're too polite, you are, indeed: and then you plead in such a tender way, I can't refuse you! no, dear Don, I can't. There is my hand; make me at once your wife.

Lep. Take her at once: our fortune's made. Why, sounds! sir, how you stand! [*Aside to Giovanni.*

Gio. Shall I, then, for the withered arms of age, leave the blooming charms of my young, my kind Constantia, because at fortune's frown, like me, she's poor? Perish the thought! No; if Giovanni must a husband be, still, as of old, it shall be "All for love."

Enter CONSTANTIA, DEPUTY ENGLISH, and MRS. ENGLISH, L. U. E., who stand in the background, watching.

I'll seek Constantia out; reform, repent; and make that charming, faithful girl, my wife.

Con. [*Coming forward.*] My own, my tried Giovanni! Know, to reward your love and constancy, Constantia still is rich and worthy of you. This lady, with her formal dress and air, was once your favourite.

Gio. Eh! Donna Anna?

[*Mrs. L. throws off her old maid's dress and appears as herself; Giovanni salutes her.*]

Lep. She's not Donna Anna now, but Mrs. Leporello.

Dep. Welcome, Giovanni!

Gio. The deputy!

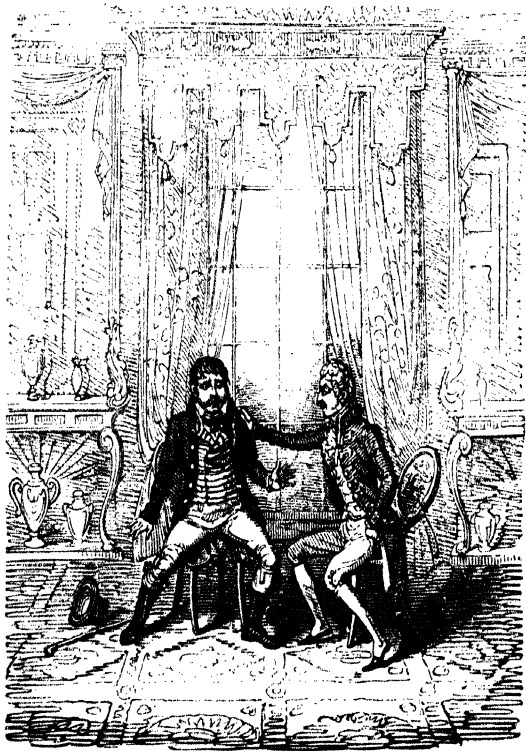
Dep. Yes.

Gio. The trial—

Dep. Was a hoax, played to try you; you must pardon all our tricks, now that they're over. Constantia was my ward; so take her hand, with my consent; and may you try to deserve her.

Gio. (c.) Then here I swear eternal constancy and love. A milder path to find reform you've given Than others did, since your's will lead to heaven.

[*Scene draws off at the back, and exhibits a splendid fancy pavilion. Ladies and gentlemen enter from all sides, in rich dresses. A grand display of fireworks takes place. During the singing of the finale, Giovanni's name appears in illuminated characters.*



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. H. Bonner, Sc.

The School of Reform.

Ferment. I apprehend you.

Tyke. [*Alarmed.*] You apprehend me, do you

Act I. Scene 1.

THE SCHOOL OF REFORM;

OR, HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND :

A COMEDY,

In *five Acts*,

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

*Author of Secrets worth Knowing, Speed the Plough, Education, Zorinski,
The Way to get Married, A Cure for the Heart-Ache,
The Children in the Wood, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—

ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE

PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF

THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by

MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,

CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

The School of Reform.

VIOLENT transitions, whatever effect they may produce, are *un* natural. Sentimental housebreakers, and contrite pickpockets, as they seldom occur in real life, must be regarded as curiosities, and are only valuable *as such*. The author of *The Beggar's Opera* might have transformed Macheath into a virtuous hero, but wisely considering that it was safer to *reprieve* than to *reform* him; he spared the audience a world of sermonising, that these sudden transitions from vice to virtue are sure to produce. Mr. Morton has judged more favourably of human nature—he has exhibited a striking, and perhaps useful example, that it is never too late to pause in the career of guilt, and that the felon, however degraded in the eyes of mankind, and lost to himself, may, by dint of strong and virtuous resolution, regain that rank in society which his crimes had forfeited.

Such a character is not a fit hero for *comedy*. Guilt and remorse are no incentives to merriment; and *The School of Reform* exhibits little else but violent conflicts between these terrible passions. Though the interest excited is great, it is nevertheless of so painful a nature, that, but for the moral inculcated, it would be almost insupportable.

Let us, however, do justice to the excellent intentions of the author. With the absolute power of raising our mirth, he has, in this instance, generously preferred exciting our sympathy in the behalf of a race on whom the *Pharisees* of this world look down with pride and contempt. He has singled out, for the especial admiration of his fellow countrymen, one of the many glorious institutions which philanthropy has raised for the protection and support of suffering humanity. One of his chief characters is an orphan, who, but for *such an asylum*, must have perished; or, what is infinitely worse, have fallen an early prey to ignorance and vice. His *hero* he has taken from humble life—he has given him all the low cunning that belongs to his station, mingled with feelings that, under better guidance, might have risen to virtue. The attempt is sufficiently open to ridicule—it was one of Mr. Puff's favourite devices to *dramatise the penal code*, and make people fall in love with housebreaking. The German school has certainly exhibited many singular examples in this way; and to Sheridan, who was always alive to the ridiculous, it was fair game. With many prejudices to contend Mr. Morton has come off victorious—he has adopted the maxim of the poet—

“How empty learning, and how vain is art,
Save when it guides the life, or mends the heart!”

and success the most brilliant and unequivocal was the reward of his labours.

Certain parts of this comedy bear a strong resemblance to *Speed the Plough*—Henry and Frederick are both foundlings, both miraculously find protectors, and both have the singular good fortune to inspire young ladies with tender sentiments at first sight. To create surprise, *sometimes* at the expense of probability, is a favourite resource with modern dramatists, and nine times out of ten, after the first scene or two, we may single out the characters who are to marry one another. It requires no conjurer to tell us who are to father the deserted children in the *School of Reform* and *Speed the Plough*.

Mr. Ferment, with his *plans*, is a scion of the *Handy* family. It is not often that a husband has to complain of his wife's *silence*; the difficulty generally lies the *other way* :

" 'Tis strange to find in women, old and young,
Such wond'rous volubility of tongue."

But Mr. Morton was determined to be original, and exhibit a man in the singular predicament of running mad, because his wife *won't talk*. The scenes in which this odd couple appear, are seasoned with an agreeable portion of whim. General Tartagan is the counterpart of all old generals that have gone before him.—He is warm-hearted and irascible—with the usual complement of "*dammes*" that appear absolutely essential to constitute a military man. One sentiment, as regards *duelling*, has our entire approbation—it is in truth "*but poor shabby work*," running into Hyde Park—loading pistols—firing in the air—and shaking hands! "The best part of valour," says Falstaff, "is discretion," and *this* is the sort of discretion that a large majority of our fighting gentry are quite adepts at practising.

This drama abounds in striking situations, but not of the *comic* cast. We may except the scene between Ferment and Tyke, where the latter is mistaken for a peer. The *equivoque* is kept up with great ingenuity and spirit. We remember *Lewis* and *Emery* in this particular scene—nothing could be finer than Emery's start of conscious guilt, when Ferment familiarly claps him on the shoulder with the words, "*I apprehend you*." The subsequent interview between Lord Avondale and Tyke, where the culprit is reminded of his *father*, and the scene where he recognises the old man to be his long-lost parent, can only find a parallel in the happiest conceptions of our elder dramatists. The gothic chapel, the accompanying music, and Mrs. St. Clair appearing before her lord, are borrowed from the *Winter's Tale*; but we quarrel not with this, since the idea of Shakespeare has been turned to such good account.

The language, in the humorous parts, is lively, and in the serious impassioned. But it is occasionally disfigured with certain political *clap-traps*, which, though they may make the unskilful applaud, cannot but make the judicious grieve. It was the fashion, some years since, to bring down the galleries with "*Glorious Britain! Generous Britain! Old England for ever!*" and down with the *parley vous!*" *Colman* has much to answer for in this respect, so has *Reynolds*—John Bull is a sad egotist, he loves to be the herald of his own fame—whenever John performs a good action, he is sure to proclaim it from the house-top:

"To John I ow'd great obligations;

But John unhappily thought fit

To *publish* it to all the nation.

Sure John and I are more than quit."

The characters in this *ma*, with the exception of *Tyke*, are not

very strongly marked; there was, consequently, less scope for the display of the peculiar powers of the actors. Lewis and Munden lost no opportunity of keeping the audience in good humour, in Ferment and General Tarragan: Charles Kemble played Frederick very elegantly, and Cooke added *his* talents to the cast, by performing Lord Avondale. But the masterpiece of the author and of the actor was *Tyke*. The former had drawn a character perfectly *original* in the annals of the modern drama; and the latter conceived and executed his intentions with a fidelity and power that have never been surpassed. Garrick (we speak from the authority of those who *well knew* that matchless artist) never blended tragedy and comedy with happier effect than did Emery in this wonderful performance. His early scenes were distinguished by a roguish cunning that bespoke the rustic who had learnt his lesson from jockey lords and swindlers. Nor were the audience in the least prepared for the display of those astonishing powers that in the subsequent scenes were to harrow up their bosoms, and raise the actor to the very summit of his art. Imagination could hardly conceive a more appalling picture than Emery calling for "*brandy*," or his convulsive laugh when he utters, "*Sleep! under the sod I may.*"

To perform the character of *Tyke tolerably* is no difficult achievement. It abounds in point and contrast, of which to give even an *outline*, will always prove effective. Mr. Rayner has gone thus far, and no farther. This is unfortunately one of the many excellent comedies that are necessarily *shelved* in the present state of the drama. The School of Reform must be confined to the closet, until an actor shall arise with the genius, the judgment, and the capabilities of Emery.

➡ D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*, L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

LORD AVONDALE.—Brown coat and waistcoat, with gold buttons—black silk breeches and stockings—shoes and buckles.

GENERAL.—Old-fashioned blue regimental coat embroidered with gold—white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches—white stockings—boots—three-cornered hat—cane.

FERMENT.—A short green frock coat with silk tassels—white waistcoat and buff breeches.

FREDERICK.—Blue coat—white waistcoat and trousers.

OLD TYKE.—Short drab coat and breeches—scarlet waistcoat—worsted stockings—round countryman's hat.

ROBERT TYKE.—*First dress:* Mixed countryman's frock coat—old striped waistcoat—leather breeches—worsted stockings—top boots—coloured neckerchief—an old torn hat. *Second dress:* Blue coat and waistcoat with gold buttons—white cravat. *Third dress:* white coat—scarlet waistcoat—shoes with buckles.

TIMOTHY.—Green comic livery—yellow lace.

PETER.—Brown coat—buff waistcoat and breeches.

BAILIFF.—Brown frock coat—striped waistcoat and breeches—gaiters and shoes.

GAOLER.—Mixed coat—red waistcoat—cord breeches—worsted stockings, shoes and buckles.

SERVANTS.—Brown and yellow laced liveries.

TWO BLACK SERVANTS.—White liveries, with scarlet cuffs and collars.

MRS. ST. CLAIR.—Gray silk dress, trimmed with black velvet—white veil. *Second dress:* Yellow muslin dress, with drapery, &c. to match the picture.

JULIA.—Neat white muslin dress with flounces—white hat and feathers—scarf.

MRS. FERMENT.—Handsome fancy dress of the day.

MRS. NICELY.—Brocaded silk gown—a flounced apron—ruffles—cap and mittens.

SHELAH.—Coloured cotton gown—handkerchief.

Cast of the Characters, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1824.

<i>Lord Avondale</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Egerton.
<i>General Tarragan</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Mr. Ferment</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Jones.
<i>Frederick</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Tyke</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Rayner.
<i>Old Man</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Timothy</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Parsloe.
<i>Peter</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Evans.
<i>Bailiff</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Gaoler</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Henry.
<i>Thomas</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Heath.

<i>Mrs. St. Clair</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Fancit.
<i>Julia</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Henry.
<i>Mrs. Ferment</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Mrs. Nicely</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Shelah</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pearce.

THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of a Pavilion attached to the Castle of Lord Avondale. PETER and two Servants employed in nailing up a large cabinet.—MRS. NICELY seated, giving directions.—Table in centre, two chairs.*

Mrs. N. (L.) Come, that will do ; but don't make more litter than you can help. [*Rises.*] Be it what it may, I am glad it is safely put up, however.

Peter. (R.) I say, Mrs. Nicely, should not you like to know what's in the inside ?

Mrs. N. Should not you, Peter ?

Peter. Oh fie ! no. Curiosity don't become a servant.

Mrs. N. Umph ! can't it be opened, think you ?

Peter. Opened !—no, no.—I've been trying these two hours.

Mrs. N. Indeed ! you have no curiosity, and yet you try to pick your master's locks : now I own I have the greatest curiosity in the world, but for the world I would not so gratify it.—Well, now every thing is in its place.

Pet. Yes, Mrs. Nicely, you have fagged us prettily, and for what ? Do you think his lordship thanks you for keeping every thing in its place ?

Mrs. N. Why, I fear there is one thing he will have no reason to thank me for, and that is for keeping you in your place, coxcomb ! [*A knockig at the door, R.*] Go and attend the door—whoever he be, he is scraping his shoes, and that's always a good sign.

Fre. [Without.] Let the carriage proceed. I have business here, and will walk to the castle. [*Enter, R., and places on the table a portfolio.*] Ay, this is the pavilion his lordship mentioned ; his lordship shall know your prompt attention.

[*Sits on the R. of table, and takes a letter from the portfolio.*]

Mrs. N. (c.) Who is he, I wonder?

Pet. I'll tell you who he is:—His father was a thief

Mrs. N. A thief!

Pet. A convicted felon.

Mrs. N. Poor youth!

Pet. (L.) And you know, what's bred in the bone—that's all.

Mrs. N. (c.) Why, there may be something in that; for I remember, Peter, your father was an informer, and you can't help following the trade.

Fred. (R.) [*To the Servants.*] Be good enough to take that portfolio, and accom any me to the castle. [*Servants smile, whisper, and point at him, L.*] So, so! even here, the busy tongue of fame has proclaimed my disgraceful origin—heigh-ho! Madam, I presume I address the housekeeper of Lord Avondale [*Looking at the letter and presenting it.*] Mrs. Nicely?

Mrs. N. [*Putting on spectacles.*] 'Tis in his lordship's hand; and you have kept it very nice and tidy, young man. [*Apart.*] I don't know what may be in the bone, but the flesh is handsome and comely, however. [*Reads.*] "*My good old lady,*" Ah! if I was as sure that I am good, as that I am old—well—well, "*on the receipt of this you will prepare for my immediate arrival at the Castle.*" All is prepared. "*It will be delivered to you by my private secretary: he is a youth of singular worth—to his courage I owe my life.*" [*To Servants.*] Do you hear that? "*I need not desire you to pay him respect, as his virtues will better command it; those of my establishment who wish to gain my regard, will best secure it by endeavouring to obtain his.*"

AVONDALE."

[*The Servants officiously take up the portfolio and bow to Frederick.*]

Fre. Let it rest: I will carry it myself. I have no occasion for your attendance.

Mrs. N. Don't stand scraping there, dirtying the floor, but go along, all of you, as you are bid. [*Exeunt Servants, R.*] And shall I see his lordship in good health, sir?

Fred. (R.) Perfectly so.

Mrs. N. (L.) I am glad to hear it; for he has plague enough in that Parliament House.—Why, I read the other day in the news, that he was on his legs three hours, poor man! and yet, good-natured soul! he said he was content.

Fre. The situation of the pavilion does credit to his lordship's taste—the prospect is enchanting.

Mrs. N. Yes, but I believe it has a recommendation more enchanting in his eyes—for here stood the cottage of a lady he loved : I was her nurse—poor Emily !

Fre. Was she unfortunate ?

Mrs. N. Ay ; and, though he is my master, shame on him for making her so, good dear soul !—Why, she would live a month in a room without so much as rumpling a chair-cover ; and then the tears she shed ! Ah, sir, had you seen the quantity of pocket-handkerchiefs I had to wash, it would have melted your heart.—My memory fails me now, or I could tell you all about her.—It will be twenty years, come the first Wednesday in January, since he took her away—it was a fine clear frosty morning—he came about seven o'clock—

Fre. Your memory does not seem so very bad, Mrs. Nicely.

Mrs. N. Yes, 'tis gone. He was not a lord then ; it was before he went abroad.

Fre. But these follies of his youth are now no more.

Mrs. N. Follies !—I think they used to be called vices, young man.

Fre. His lordship is about to be married.

Mrs. N. I think I can remember his father's marriage ; it will be nine-and-forty years come next Lammas—they were rather too late at the church, and—

Fre. Shall we not be too late at the castle ?—you forget.

Mrs. N. Ay, I do indeed !—the bride wore a white and silver negligee. [*Crosses, and looks out, R.*] Hey-day ! what is that ? Have they got a man in custody ?

Fre. (L.) Yes, last night General Tarragan and his daughter were attacked by a robber : they are now taking him to the castle, till his lordship arrives.

Mrs. N. (R.) Let us follow, or there will be sad dirty doings.

Gen. [*Without, R.*] Away with him, a rascal !

Fre. That is General Tarragan, who, in the Indies, has won by his sword wealth enough to offer his daughter in marriage to Lord Avondale.

Gen. [*Without, R.*] His lordship not here ! then I'll see who is here.

[*Mrs. Nicely retires up.*]

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN, R., crosses, L.

Why, what a gew-gaw place is this !—'Sblood, a four-

teen-pounder would blow it to atoms in—[Turns, R.
—Eh, who goes there?

Fre. (R.) I am——

Gen. Five feet eleven, an't you?

Fre. I believe so.

Gen. Well, what regiment

Fre. I am not in the army?

Gen. Not in the army?

Fre. No, sir—I am——

Gen. Don't trouble yourself—'tis no matter what you are.

Fre. I am a dependant on Lord Avondale.

Gen. A dependant, and five feet eleven!—hope no offence—if there be, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

Fre. Quarrelling with Lord Avondale's friend would ill repay the obligations I owe——

Gen. Sir, I hope you don't pretend to have more obligations to Lord Avondale than I have? 'Sdeath, sir, but for Lord Avondale, I should not have been worth a scar. But for Lord Avondale, I might, at this moment, have been a sound, healthy, peaceable man; fit for nothing but to kill time, wound feelings, and cut up reputations [*Mrs. Nicely advances, L.*] with old tabbies at a tea-table. Madam, I did not see you—hope no offence—if there be, you doubtless have relations; and, in that case, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

Fre. (R.) I hope your daughter has recovered from the alarm——

Gen. (C.) What, you heard of it?—Yes, we had a pleasant sort of a skirmish—a fellow clapt a pistol to my head—my daughter screamed confoundedly, and jumped out of the carriage; but she got protection from some clodhopper——

Fre. Which was your humble servant.

Gen. The devil! Well, sir, I've said it; I conclude an apology won't be accepted, and so——

Fre. I do not even wish you, sir, to make one.

Gen. Don't you! then, sir, I ask your pardon with all my heart.—Yes, I slapped off a couple of barrels at the rascal, but I missed him: the fact is, I have not lately had the practice I could wish.—But, zounds! my Julia will get to the castle before us. I say, how do you like her?

Fre. [*Embarrassed.*] Miss Tarragan is—such charms—[—

Gen. You don't like her: well, it can't be helped.

Fre. Indeed, general, your daughter is only in danger of exciting too warm an interest.

Gen. Poor wench! she's new to England;—born in India; none of your routing, flouting, highflyers—all strut and streamers, like a young ensign. No, I have only to say, open arms! first rank, kneel! down she goes, supple as a whanyee:—that's old Tarragan's manual, my old girl.

Mrs. N. Tarragan; ah, my poor head! Why, sure you can't be the son of old Tarragan, the haberdasher, of Beverley?

Gen. Why, yes, I believe I am—I can't deny it.

Mrs. N. Deny it! why should you? he was an honest man.

Gen. Yes, I believe he was—come along. [*Crosses, R.*

Mrs. N. (L.) Why, then, you must be little Joey, that went to the Indies?

Gen. (R.) Yes: I'm Joey—Come along, I say.

Fre. (C.) General, can I assist you?

Gen. Assist me! damn your assistance! though you are five feet eleven. Take care of the old girl.

Mrs. N. What a memory have I! Now, I can't, for my life, recollect whether or no there was not a little bill left unsettled at your father's.

Gen. Oh, confound your memory! I say [*To Frederick.*] walk fast—breathe her—that's our only chance.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Saloon in Avondale Castle.—Shouts without.*

Enter PETER and SERVANTS, R.

Pet. Now, you stand there—and you, there. I think I hear the carriage—Zounds! where's Mrs. Nicely?

Enter MRS. NICELY, L.

Mrs. N. Bless me! bless me! I hope I am not too late. There—hold up your heads, and pull out your frills—I'm in such a pucker!

Enter FREDERICK, L.

Is his lordship coming?

Fre. Heard you not those applauding shouts?

Enter LORD AVONDALE and SERVANTS, R.

My benefactor! Oh, how sweetly must those sounds of joy vibrate on a patriot heart!

Ld. A. Guard against its fascination, by remembering how many, to gain a nation's approbation, have parted with their own. Believe me, Frederick, unless conscience echoes back the approving plaudit, the world presents not an object more pitiable than the victim of ambition. Let those memorials I mentioned be copied.

Fre. It is already done.

Ld. A. [*Taking his hand.*] Good boy! thy active zeal still anticipates my wishes.

Mrs. N. [*After having fidgetted about Lord Avondale.*] Hem! hem!

Ld. A. Mrs. Nicely, I heartily rejoice to see you bear your years more as an ornament than a burden.

Mrs. N. I am pretty well, thank your honour, excepting that my memory is gone.

Ld. A. I am not very sorry to hear that. [*Apart.*

Mrs. N. Your lordship came through the hall?

Ld. A. Yes, and marked your diligence.

Mrs. N. The old rusty armour and shields now look like a row of nice pewter dishes. It is a pretty sight.

Ld. A. [*To Frederick.*] Enough to drive an antiquary mad.

Mrs. N. And the colours that came from abroad, all torn to rags with bullets, I've had them so neatly darned and scoured, that nobody would suppose they had ever been out of the parish. And, my lord, I have placed the cabinet in the pavilion, just where the window used to be where poor Emily sat when——

Ld. A. Silence! I thought your memory was gone. Is it not enough that I never can forget?

Mrs. N. It will break my heart if I've offended you. Bad as my poor head is, I must, to the grave, remember your lordship's kindness.

Ld. A. Nay, nay, I meant no anger;—do not kneel, I insist.

Mrs. N. Well, dear master! I won't. As there is no carpet, it might dirty my apron, to be sure.

Ld. A. You will now see my bride.

Mrs. N. Well, she won't be handsomer than Emily was.

Ld. A. Again!—fie! fie!

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN and JULIA, L.

General Tarragan, a thousand welcomes!

Gen. There, my lord: my girl and my fortune are all I possess;—they are yours. [*Taking his Daughter's hand, and presenting her to Lord Avondale.*]

Ld. A. To intrude on you, at this moment, professions of regard, would insult feelings, that even now seem wounded; but there are professions which may be made with delicacy, and heard with pleasure—those of friendship, lady; in the character of friend alone, honour me with your consideration, till you may be pleased to change it for one more endearing.

Jul. (L.) My lord, I am highly sensible of your goodness—attribute my agitation to the alarm I last night suffered. My father's will to me is——

Gen. Martial law.

Ld. A. [To Frederick.] Is she not beautiful?

Fre. [Sighs.] She is, indeed.

Gen. [Crosses to Lord Avondale.] But, my lord, my people have got the rascal that wanted to blow me to the devil: you had better commit him, and put him out of his misery.

Ld. A. Well remembered: Frederick, prepare for his examination: [*Frederick crosses to Julia.*] but hold, I ought to make you acquainted with this worthy youth.

Gen. Oh, we have met: and the young dog had a mind to pick a quarrel with me.

Fre. My lord, on my honour——

Jul. I last night benefited by this gentleman's protection;—his delicate attentions I must ever remember with gratitude.

Gen. And I'll return the obligation:—I will, sir, for all your proud menacing looks: I guess what you would be at. So, my lord, tell me his family.

Ld. A. At present we will waive that subject—there is a difficulty.

Fre. [Advancing.] My lord, pardon me; my soul abhors mystery and concealment—My story is soon told. I—[*Is overcome by his feelings, then, collecting himself, proceeds.*—] In me you behold the son of a criminal!

Jul. A criminal!

Fre. Even so: my father's name is not known to me: for, in my earliest infancy, he was, for his crimes, banished his native land.

Jul. O Heaven! and were you left to meet the desertion of an unfeeling world?

Fre. No, lady. I was left to meet the special protection of Heaven; for by those generous men—those guardians of infant virtue—I was snatched from infamy, and placed at the Philanthropic School; there, soon as the dawn of reason chased away the dreams of childhood, I endeavoured to repay the blessings bestowed on me by diligence, emulation, and gratitude.

Gen. Bravo!—Why they made you a philosopher.

Fre. Sir, I am indebted to them for a nobler title; for they made me a Christian. Some time since, Providence blessed me by making me its instrument in preserving the life of Lord Avondale; and how has he rewarded me? He has placed me near his person—he has asked me to call him friend.—Oh! if the devotion of this life——

Ld. A. Dear Frederick! no more.

Fre. One moment. 'Tis true, I think of my birth with grief, but, till vice can be proved hereditary, I will not think of it with shame: if virtue be an inmate in this breast, shall I basely scorn the fostering hands that placed it there?—No, rather let me proclaim that my protectors were the noblest spirits of the land. O, generous imperial Britain! look proudly round; and, while other nations boast their Pantheons of gods, do thou display thy princely endowments for calamity—thy palaces for poverty. [*Crosses, L.*] I've talked too long—pray pardon me; but, oh! this heart—this grateful heart—was bursting!

[*Erit, L.*

Gen. Damn that fellow, to make an old woman of a general! [*Wiping his eyes.*] Oh, if they had but made him a drummer, by this he might have been a hero—and as dead as Alexander the Great.

Jul. Dear father, what a horrid thought!—how fortunate he is in so noble a patron!

Ld. A. His merit steps before his fortune; for if, proudly blossoming on the tree of hereditary honour, so many produce only the fruit of vice, how greatly should he be esteemed in whose breast (spite of the uncultivated soul, the nipping blasts of adversity, and the foul and poisonous weeds that envelope it) virtue takes firm

root; and, warmed by the divine ray of our religion, gives produce grateful to heaven—a blessing to mankind! [Noise without, L.

Jul. Here comes the criminal!—allow me to retire.

Ld. A. Honour me with your hand. This good lady will attend you. [Exeunt Lord Arondale, Julia, Mrs. Nicely, and Attendants, R.

Gen. So here comes Scapegrace!

Enter FREDERICK, with TYKE, in custody of Black Servants.

Fre. You may now unbind him.

[Takes out a pocket-book.

Tyke. Ah, do; for ease, you know, is every thing. [They unbind him.] Ay, now we're all alike—and that makes company pleasant. Give me my hat, though;—for I wish to be mannerly; and a hat helps a body a bit. [Moving his hat about.

Fre. Well, fellow!—behold the vile situation to which you have brought yourself.

Tyke. No, sur, don't say that; because I did not bring myself—they brought me: bless you! I did not wish to come. I just mention it, 'cause right's right.

Fre. From whence do you come?

Tyke. Fra t'other side of watter—I come fra abroad.

Fre. You don't pretend to be a foreigner?

Tyke. Extracted from a foreignish family like.

Fre. Your name?

Tyke. Why, my name's Bobby.

Fre. Your surname?

Tyke. Oh! I understand, mun—Tyke.

Fre. Robert Tyke.

Tyke. Yes.

Fre. You have occasionally changed your name?

Tyke. Nay, never: sister changed hurs when she were married—but then I never was married. This is a very pretty room—don't you think so?

Fre. Insolent!

Tyke. Oh no, sur; I civilly thought you might like to change conversation: too much of one thing, you know—

Fre. Silence!

Gen. Well, scoundrel!

[Crossing to c.

Tyke. Sur, I ax pardon; but consider I am no' but a stranger; and saying scoundrel is rather macking free at first sight, I think.

Gen. But at first sight you clapped a pistol to my head, and be damned to you! I'll trounce you, you black rascal!

Tyke. [*To black Servant, L.*] You hear what your master says to you?

Fre. (R.) And you shall hear what Lord Avondale will say to you.

Tyke. (L.) But now, why should we trouble his lordship? I'm sure, if you will propose any thing at all in reason, you'll not find me fractious.

Gen. (c.) Go to the devil!

Tyke. [*Looking at servants.*] Ecod, I seem to have got there already.

Gen. Here comes my lord.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, R.

Ld. A. Where is the prisoner?

Tyke. (L.) Ay, where's prisoner? My lord wants to know where prisoner is—

[*Lord Avondale, on seeing Tyke, starts; Tyke looks at him with an eye of recognition.*]

Ld. A. It is impossible—Yet those features—

Tyke. If it should—but, no, it can't be—

Ld. A. [*Recovering.*] What is the prisoner's name?

Fre. (R. c.) Robert Tyke.

Ld. A. [*Apart.*] It is the man!—How shall I proceed?

Tyke. I'm dommed, but it's him! Oh, then all's just as nice as ninepence. [*Apart, and snapping his fingers.*]

Ld. A. This man a robber?—Impossible!

Tyke. Quite foolish to suppose it.

Ld. A. I know him well. He is my tenant.

Tyke. Yes; and, if I had been a rogue, 'tis very likely you would have trusted me, as you did, with—

Ld. A. [*Interrupting him.*] Very large sums of money.—General, can you swear that this man presented a pistol to your breast?

Gen. Oh no, my lord! I can't see very well by day, and it was as dark as the devil.

Ld. A. What evidence, then, have you of his guilt?

Tyke. We have not got ony at all, sur.

Fre. Silence!

Gen. Why, when I fired, the robber fled into a wood; and my servant found this fellow perched on a tree.

Tyke. Yes, that's right enough—that's no lie.

Gen. Lie! Oh that you were a gentleman!

Tyke. Thank you, sur ; perhaps you could help me to someit in that line ?

Ld. A. How came you, fellow, on that tree ?

Tyke. Sur—my lord, I mean—you was not a lord though when——

Ld. A. [*Interrupting him.*] When you were my tenant ? —no : go on.

Tyke. Why, I was taking alone by myself a salutary walk, thinking of what not—about the moon, and cheeses, and politics, and pigs, and things I'm acquainted with like—quite natural, you know—when I heard a shooting off o' gunpowder ; so, says I to myself, without speaking though, as sure as my name's Bob, here's a parcel of rogues or smugglers, gammering and fighting, and, ecod, an honest man may get himsel shot among 'em ; so I clavvered up a tree—quit natural you know—

Ld. A. This is far from improbable.

Tyke. Very far. 'Tis highly improbable, I assure you.

Ld. A. [*To General.*] A word—you have certainly mistaken the man. A victorious general becoming the prosecutor of a felon would not, perhaps, be very agreeable ?

Gen. No ;—I should not like it. I say, send him about his business.

Ld. A. There are suspicions : but——

Gen. Suspicions don't become a gentleman.

Ld. A. Perhaps he might again attack you.

Gen. Do you think he would ? [*Apart.*] That's just what I should like. Let him go ; I won't prosecute : only let him go, that's all.

Lord A. Frederick, the evidence adduced being too slight to place the life of this man in danger, or injure his character by unfounded accusation, he is discharged.

Fre. Discharged !

Ld. A. Yes, sir, discharged ! [*With severity.*] Unless your superior judgment and authority change the determination.

Fre. 'Tis very strange ;—discharge the prisoner !

Tyke. That's me—I'm prisoner, I know.

Fre. You may depart.

Tyke. Thank you, sir. I'm sorry to break up company, like—

Ld. A. Hold ! [*To Tyke, apart.*] This time you have escaped, but if again——

Tyke. Oh ! why should I ? I shall want for nothing

now, you know. He! he! I was vary glad to see you, sur—my lord; for I don't suppose among strangers my innocence would have stood me in much stead—I don't indeed.

Ld. A. Be prudent. Frederick, at more leisure I mean to admonish this man respecting his future conduct;—convey him to a secure apartment, and let him not converse with my people. Come, general; your lenity does credit to your feelings.

Gen. My lord, I'll not contradict you, because it might lead to unpleasant consequences.

[*Exeunt Lord Avondale and General Tarragan, followed by black Servants, R.*]

Fre. What should this mean?—I am ready to attend you.

Tyke Sir, 'tis too much—really too much—

Fre. Go before—

Tyke. Upon my honour, I'm quite shocked like—Ha! ha! ha! But if I must—why—

[*Puts on his hat.—Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The House, R. U. E.—A Pleasure-Ground of Mrs. Ferment's—Mrs. Ferment discovered at the top of the stage, adjusting some flowers—Two garden-chairs, C.*

Enter TIMOTHY from the house, R. U. E.

Tim. Dear, dear, where can mistress be!—My master is in such a combustion and a passion—[*Mrs. Ferment advances.*—]Madam, my master wants to see you directly; he says he has a plan—

Mrs. F. A plan—you mean a hundred—Very well, I'll come. [*Moves the other way.*]

Tim. That's a queer way of coming.—

Mrs. F. Did you not hear me, sir? [*Exit Timothy, into house.*] A plan, indeed! heigho! unless I take care, this good man of mine, by his profound penetration and superior foresight, will absolutely run blindfold into ruin.

Re-enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. (R.) My master, madam, is quite angry with me,

because you won't come—now, madam, that's not my fault, you know, because—

Mrs. F. (L.) Silence!—Has Miss Tarragan returned from Avondale Castle? Oh, I see her carriage. [*She kisses her hand.*] Tell your master I'll come presently.

Tim. I have told him that, but—

Mrs. F. Don't you hear, sir?

[*Exit Timothy into house.*]

Enter JULIA, L.

My dear girl, welcome back!—Well, all quiet there? [*Pointing to Julia's heart.*] Eh! were you not dazzled with the splendid emanation of his lordship's diplomatic fame? Well, my love, and is the happy day fixed

Jul. [*Bursting into tears.*] O madam!

Mrs. F. My sweet girl! pardon me; I am shocked at my levity.—But, tell me, does this projected alliance render you miserable?

Jul. Oh! truly so.

Mrs. F. I have not the honour of his lordship's acquaintance, but am convinced he never will press the fulfilment of an engagement which would entail misery on one so lovely and amiable.

Jul. [*With vivacity.*] Do you think so?—Ah! but then my father is determined.

Mrs. F. And are you determined to obey?

Jul. You know, madam, I must obey my father, as much as if he were my husband.

Mrs. F. Umph! Why, as much as that, perhaps, you may; but there are instances, my love, where even husbands are not always obeyed.

Enter TIMOTHY from house.

Tim. My master, madam, insists on it you come to him.

Mrs. F. I cannot come—I'm engaged—say so. [*Exit Timothy into house.*] Ha! ha! rather an apt illustration.—

Jul. Govern a husband!

Mrs. F. Yes.

Jul. But how is it done?

Mrs. F. What a question!—Of course by the tongue.

Jul. Ha! ha! I have heard, indeed, that its voluble exertion will achieve—

Mrs. F. Nothing, positively nothing;—on the contrary, I maintain that its flexibility is the grand cause

of female subjugation.—Words, my love, give animation to the contest: there's blow for blow, and, the weapon not being fatal, victory is seldom obtained—but, to sullen inveterate silence what can be opposed? My motto is, be dumb and conquer.

Jul. I wonder, then, silence is not more practised.

Mrs. F. Oh! my dear child, 'tis very difficult—even I, anxious, of course, for the honour of my system, can hardly keep my tongue quiet—I do so long to prattle, that, upon my honour, I am forced sometimes to give it a bite.

Jul. Ha! ha!

Mrs. F. My dear young friend! I don't mean to make a rebel of you; but, if you honour us with your company a few days, I think, you will be convinced that a woman may sometimes govern with propriety.

Tim [*Speaks in the house.*] Yes, sir—My mistress is in the garden.

Mr. F. [*Within house.*] Oh, very well! then I'll go to her.

Mrs. F. Ah! here he comes! Fly, my love, fly—for it would be cruel in me to allow you to anticipate the joys of matrimony. Pursue this walk, and I'll come to you presently—look here—this way. [*Exeunt, L. S. E.*]

Mr. F. [*Within house.*] You are sure she's here?

Tim [*Within house.*] Yes, sir.

MR. FERMENT enters from house—Papers in his hand—others sticking out of his pocket—Timothy follows.

Mr. F. (L.) So, madam, I must come to you—must I?—Why did you say my wife was here?

Tim. (R.) Why, sir, I am sure she was—if you'll allow me, sir, only to—

Mr. F. Don't be tedious.

Tim. Sir, I only—

Mr. F. Blockhead! don't you know you address a man of penetration and talents?

Tim. I'm sure I ought to know, for you have told me so a hundred times.—There's a man in the hall waiting for you—'tis—

Mr. F. I know who it is—'tis the churchwarden.

Tim. No, sir, it is not;—'tis—

Mr. F. I know, it is Mr. Visto, the author of the Picturesque and Beautiful.

Tim. No, sir, it is not the picturesque and beautiful gentleman—'tis Dr. Oxygen, the man that cures folks by giving them airs to drink—

Mr. F. True, Timothy; and I mean to be his patient.

Tim. Don't, sir.—Lord, I'm sure you can give yourself airs plenty.

Mr. F. Silence!—Give the doctor this certificate of cures.

Tim. Yes, sir—[*Reading and going, R.*]—"Mortality bill for the year."

Mr. F. You stupid rascal! you have got the wrong paper.

Tim. Yes, sir—I ax pardon for your giving it me—[*Mrs. Ferment appears again, L. S. E.*]—Sir, here is—

Mr. F. I know—'tis my wife. [*Timothy smacks his hands together.*] What did you mean by that?

Tim. I'll be shot if for once you have not guessed right—

Mr. F. For once guessed right!—begone!—[*Exit Timothy, into house.*] What a misfortune to possess talents, penetration, foreknowledge, and be surrounded by a parcel of ignorant—

Mrs. F. Hem!

Mr. F. (R.) I think, madam, you might have attended my summons a little sooner.—[*She shakes her head.*] Ay, that means no! [*She nods.*] Ah, that means yes!—but why not say so?—Damn it, there can't be much trouble in saying—yes—[*She smiles.*] Ah, my dear wife! never shall I forget what you said last July was a twelve-month.—You said, and I thought it the music of the spheres, that nothing was so delicious as a congenial interchange of sentiment.

Mrs. F. (L.) I think so still.

Mr. F. She speaks—now for a charming prattle—you think so still?

Mrs. F. Yes, my dear; and provided you talk reasonably—

Mr. F. Certainly.

Mrs. F. And don't contradict—

Mr. F. I never do; there I must contradict you. Now tell me, when did I ever contradict my dear wife? This is delightful, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Well, how go on the improvements? Now, here, for instance, [*Looking towards the audience.*]—the hot-house—charming, is it not?—The choicest gems of

nature nurtured by the refined hand of art, lovely to behold, but difficult to collect them—the beauties seem rather crowded, though—

Mrs. F. I should be very sorry to part with one of them.

Mr. F. I don't wonder at it.—That approach to the left is infernal—we must plant laurels by thousands.

Mrs. F. Why, indeed, the planting of laurels becomes rather a necessary duty, when so many of our gallant countrymen are determined to gather them.

Mr. F. Oh! pretty! pretty!

Mrs. F. But, instead of laurel-trees, bay-trees, or pedegree-trees, I could mention a tree that I fear, husband, you will never cultivate—and yet it is the parent stock from which these scions proudly flourish.

Mr. F. Indeed!

Mrs. F. It is called, my dear, the tree of industry;—its soil is liberty—its root is integrity—its blossoms are honours—and its fruit—a plum.

Mr. F. How she talks! But you like this plan of pulling down the house—putting a hundred acres under water?

Mrs. F. No.

Mr. F. Why, my love? Explain in full—be ample, my darling.

Mrs. F. Because we cannot afford the expense—indeed, my dear George, if you would turn your attention to the means of increasing our fortune instead of diminishing it—consider our children.

Mr. F. Oh, bless you, my very thoughts—that's sympathy—what I call the nuptials of the soul.—[*Brings down chairs, and sits n., Mrs. F. l.*] Sit down, my darling Fanny! I've such a plan! You know, my love, that my relative, Miss Tarragan, is about to be married to Lord Avondale. [*She nods.*] Nay, hang it, don't do that!—[*Imitating.*] As the man says in the play, "If thou canst nod, speak too."

Mrs. F. Very well.

Mr. F. Then I shall be introduced.

Mrs. F. Very well.

Mr. F. You know I'm a devilish clever fellow.

Mrs. F. No, I don't.

Mr. F. Yes, you do—and Lord Avondale is a first-rate—a monstrous great gun.—Now his interest, backed by a few thousands, for which we could mortgage our es-

tate, [*She shows symptoms of discontent,*] would obtain me a seat in a certain assembly, which, with my talents, would lead to—[*Pause.*—Eh!—now what do you say it would lead to?—[*Pause.*—Dumb again!—[*She turns her chair from him, and looks at an ornament suspended at her breast.*—That's my hair in the locket, is not it?—[*Loud.*] Don't you hear? [*Pause, greatly irritated.*] Allow me, madam, to ask you one question, which is—What the devil's the use, when I can't get an answer?—You are a scandal to your sex, do you hear that? I'll be divorced—'tis a new case.—I'll be divorced, I tell you. Now, what have you say to that, eh? [*Pause.*] Blockhead! to explain my grand designs to such a niddy—I've done with you.

Enter TIMOTHY, *from house, crosses behind to L., and whispers Mrs. Ferment.*

Mrs. F. Very well—I'll come—

Mr. F. Eh?—very—what did you say, my dear?—[*Turns a little to the R., and speaks to Timothy as he is going.*] What do you want, sir?

Tim. My mistress will inform you, sir.

[*Exit into house.*

Mr. F. Will she: well, if she will, I shall be much obliged—[*Exit Mrs. Ferment into the house.*]—Gone! Oh, I shall go mad!—I wish I could hate her.—Now must I abandon all my delicious plans, or I shall never get another word from her—[*Listens.*]—She's coming back: oh no! she relents—now I must manage this in my best manner—I won't condescend to look at her.

[*Takes chair, and sits L.*

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN, *from house.*

So, you've thought proper to return—pretty time to quarrel, indeed, as if I should not have plague enough with that old absurd general! Sit down, I must let you into his character; you don't know him—I do—[*General seats himself, R.*] He talks devilishly about fighting, but I have my doubts—a word in your ear.

[*Turning round, sees General Tarragan.*

Gen. [*Rises.*] And a word in yours—you may satisfy your doubts directly.

Mr. F. [*Rises, stammering, and affecting to laugh.*] Devilish comical, was not it? I thought it was my wife; and it is very hard that a man can't say what he pleases

Tyke. Yes ; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

Ld. A. Did you not return to honest labour ?

Tyke. Oh, no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger :—no, I could not tak to work.

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it ? the horse that beat mine somehow coaxed and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod, galloped off wi' me a matter of an hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself—

Ld. A. But they did ?

Tyke. Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed ; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at 'sizes.

Ld. A. What could you say to avert your fate ?

Tyke. Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle—exchange is no robbery, mistakes of this kind will happen, but, I assure you, I've kept the best of company with the jockey lords, and such like as yourself—So they all smiled, as much as to say, he's one of us like—and I thought all was right enough ; but the judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or any thing, orders me to be hanged !

Ld. A. Poor wretch !

Tyke. Don't you be frightened ! they did not hang me, mun—don't believe that ; no, bless you, they sent ma' to Botany Bay, for fourteen years.

Ld. A. Where, I hope, you remained resigned to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned, for I could not get away—I dare say I tried a hundred times.

Ld. A. Why did not I know it—had you sent to my house—

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Ld. A. Well !

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house—but then I did not know where that was—and that you was sent abroad by government : I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like, not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

Ld. A. Pshaw! Come hither; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush! we are interrupted—retire into that room.

Tyke. Certainly: you'll find me quite an agreeable companion, like. There seems some varry pratty clothes of yours in that room—I should not wonder at all if one of them coats would fit me, for we're a good deal alike as to person and manner, I think.

Ld. A. Well, well,—go in, go in. [*Exit Tyke, L. D.*]

Enter FREDERICK, L. S. E.

Frederick, welcome; you must execute a commission for me. Look here, this is my portrait, painted many years since; present it to my lovely bride—why do you start?

Fre. (L.) My lord, I am ill suited to the task.

Ld. A. (R.) By no means. This marriage, Frederick, is of the highest import to my happiness and honour. The claims made on the purse of him who boasts the people's favour, few fortunes can uphold—mine has sunk beneath them; and, but for this wealthy alliance, obloquy might foully spot the proud name of Avondale: therefor, good Frederick, you must be my advocate.

Fre. What! I plead another's passion. [*Apart.*] Indeed, my lord, I shall disgrace your cause.

Ld. A. Is it, then, much to praise a friend, who, perhaps, has merited your praise?

Fre. Oh, no! [*Taking the picture.*] On that theme doubt not my zeal. I fly to know my duty. [*Going, L. returns.*] I had forgot—General Tarragan begs a few minutes' conversation. It seems, as well as I can collect from his discourse, that he has conducted to England a Mrs. St. Clair, in whose cause he wishes to interest your lordship.

Ld. A. She may command my services; how are they to be directed?

Fre. She wishes, as I understand, to institute an inquiry respecting the child of a deceased friend, a Mrs. Radnor.

Ld. A. [*Starting.*] Radnor!

Fre. It is your lordship's family name.

Ld. A. [*Embarrassed.*] Yes; that occasioned my surprise.—Where did the general meet this lady?

Fre. On the confines of Spain; she resided many years in the convent where Mrs. Radnor died.

Ld. A. Died!

[*Seems in thought.*]

Fre. Shall he attend you here?

Ld. A. Yes; no—

Fre. He means to publish the particulars, and offer a large reward.

Ld. A. [*With energy.*] Not for the world! [*Recovering.*] That is, I would not advise it. Bring me to him—hold—is he alone?

Fre. He is attended by Mr. Ferment, your neighbour.

Ld. A. Ferment, I know him not! I must see him alone—tell him so, good Frederick.

Fre. He will be rejoiced to hear how much your lordship is interested in the cause of his fair friend.

Ld. A. I am interested—[*Exit Frederick, L.*] oh, deeply interested. Should it be so, what follows? Ruin, shame, dishonour,—Oh, guilt! guilt!

MR. FERMENT peeps through the c. door, looks about, then enters.

Mr. F. While his lordship is engaged with the general, no harm in taking a peep. Charming rooms! fit for expanded genius like mine: here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths, till I reach the closet—the sanctum sanctorum—the—eh! somebody in that room: it would be cursed mal-a-propos to stumble on the peer before I'm introduced—but he's safe with the general, so never mind.

Enter TYKE, in a different coat, L. D.

Sir, your most devoted servant

Tyke. Same to you, sir; same to you. [*Crosses to R.*]

Mr. F. Odd figure! Oh, I see at once who he is—great county man, in the commission—get well with him—may be useful. Sorry, sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

Tyke. Are you? Now there we differ.

[*Takes chair and sits, R.*]

Mr. F. Indeed! [*Sits, L.*] You, who are used to the sessions, must know these things better than I. Your friend, Lord Avondale, is a great character, extremely popular:—Did you hear his last speech?

Tyke. (*R.*) No; I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

Mr. F. (*L.*) In the country, perhaps?

Tyke. No ; I was out of the country.

Mr. F. Abroad ?

Tyke. Yes.

Mr. F. What, run out a little. eh—rather out at the elbows ?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You'll excuse me ; but I see things in a moment—What—cards, hazard—ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

Tyke. You think so ? Why I could have got that done fast enough.

Mr. F. But I suppose you were determined to take your swing ?

Tyke. Not exactly ; but I did not go abroad on that account.

Mr. F. Oh, I know it in a moment—ill health ?

Tyke. Why, I certainly should have died if I had stayed.

Mr. F. Indeed !—Oh, my dear sir, in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

Tyke. I have.

Mr. F. Suffer much confinement ?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You of course were properly attended ; you had good judges of your case ?

Tyke. They were reckoned so ; I did not much fancy them myself.

Mr. F. And they said a voyage would save you ?

Tyke. To a certainty.

Mr. F. You must have been transported at the news.

Tyke. I was.

Mr. F. What was your disorder ?

Tyke. A galloping consumption !

Mr. F. Has it cured you ? [*Offering a pinch of snuff.*]

Tyke. I don't know ; I think I feel some of my old symptoms—[*Takes the box.*—This is a very pratty box—I've lost mine.

Mr. F. Do me the honour to use that—till—[*Apart.*]
—If he would but keep it !—[*Tyke puts it in his pocket.*]
—he has—My dear sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale.

Tyke. Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.

Mr. F. Lucky fellow ! [*Apart.*] My name, sir, is Ferment ; by and by I shall be introduced to the peer

You know business—a word thrown in by you would prevent my being thrown into the wrong box—eh? [*Tyke winks and nods.*] I apprehend you.

Tyke. You apprehend me, do you? [*Alarmed.*]

Mr. F. That is, I conceive—I understand—ah, sir, you don't know me.

Tyke. No, I don't; and you don't know me.

Mr. F. Yes, I do; you are a generous, disinterested gentleman—I can see what others can't.

Tyke. Yes, you can.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, unobserved by FERMENT, L.

Ld. A. Ah! whom have we here? [*Apart*]

Mr. F. As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm into his secrets. I say, which is the weak side—where is he ticklish?

Tyke. Ticklish!—I'm sure I never tried.

Mr. F. Never mind; I know—between ourselves—see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me.

[*Lord Avondale has placed himself close to Ferment's chair.*]

Tyke. Why, for that matter, so do I.

Mr. F. I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.

[*Turns round, sees Lord Arondale at his elbow, who eyes him with severity—Ferment attempts to speak, but cannot—Lord Arondale advances—Ferment escapes at the door where he entered, c.*]

Ld. A. Worm into my secrets!—What does he mean? Who is he?

Tyke. (R.) He calls himself Ferment.

Ld. A. I shall remember him.

Tyke. He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like—he seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

Ld. A. (L.) At present he is not worth a thought, for I have received information that alarms—distracts me. Come near—that boy, (what a question for a parent)! does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Ld. A. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why—come, come, talk of something else. [*Seems disturbed*]

Ld. A. Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Then my secret's safe.

Tyke. I've said so

Ld. A. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who!

[*Starts.*

Ld. A. What agitates you? You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! be quiet, be quiet.

[*Walks about, greatly agitated.*

Ld. A. By the name of him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

Tyke. [*Striking his forehead.*] Say no more about that, and you shall hear all.—Yes, I had a father; and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked, wi' heavy heart, I warrant, all the way tid' gaol to see me: and he prayed up to heaven for me [*Pointing, but not daring to look up.*] just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart.

[*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*

Ld. A. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Ld. A. Did you entrust the child to his care?

Tyke. I did.

Ld. A. Do not pause—you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end on't.—I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms.—

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said—[*Collecting his fortitude.*]—When the signal-gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and somebody took up child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth—I saw no more.—

[*Sinks exhausted into chair, L.*

Ld. A. Horrible!—What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for, can cry?—No, no, I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry.

[*A vacant stare of horror.*

Ld. A. And is this desolation my work!—O, repent! repent!

Tyke. [*Starting up.*] For what? is not father dead?—an't I a thief—cursed—hated—hunted?—Why should I be afraid of the Devil?—don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched—

Ld. A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy! brandy!

Ld. A. Compose yourself—follow me—[*Crosses, L.*]—you want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep! ha! ha! under the sod I may.

[*Points down, and groans heavily.*—*Exit, following Lord Avondale, L. D.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The House and Garden belonging to Mr. Ferment.—Same as Act II. Scene I.*

Enter MRS. FERMENT and JULIA, L.

Mrs. F. Look, my dear, the windows of Mrs. St. Clair's apartment are open—probably we may see her.

Jul. Here comes her attendant—an Irish girl.

Enter SHELAH, from house.

Well, good Shelah, how is my friend?

She. Oh! mighty weak, madam.

Mrs. F. I fear her indisposition increases.

She. Then heaven keep her as she is, poor lady, for fear she grows worse.—She wishes to take a walk out, so I'm going to carry a coach to her.

Mrs. F. I'll take care of that.—Did you reside in the same convent with your lady?

She. I did, madam, till the soldiers came with their bayonets and turned us all out into the wide wicked world, as merry as grigs, madam. [*Courtesies.*]

Mrs. F. You doubtless are acquainted with Mrs. St. Clair's story?

She. I am, madam.

Mrs. F. Then pray tell me

She. I won't, madam.

[*Courtesying.*]

Mrs. F. My faithful girl, believe me my question would not have tended to abuse the confidence placed in you.

She. I hope not, madam ; for my fidelity is all in this world I can call my own—and that's my lady's.

Mrs. F. Accept this as a reward for that fidelity.
[Offering money.]

She. Ah, madam, and would you be after paying me for what is no trouble at all, and what I can't help ?—Had I, indeed, betrayed my dear lady, that would have been a mighty trouble to me, and I should have deserved every thing you could offer me. Excuse my boldness in refusing—my mistress wants me.

[Courtesies, and exit into house.]

Jul. Here comes my friend.

Enter from house MRS. ST. CLAIR, leaning on SHELAH.

Mrs. F. Dear madam !

Jul. (L.) My charming friend.

Mrs. St. C. (C.) Pardon me ; but when the mind is care-worn, kindness oppresses, and, but that the grateful heart can return the tribute of a tear, benevolence would oft destroy what it so nobly aims to cherish.

Mrs. F. (R.) I hope to tempt you abroad ; the surrounding scenery is esteemed beautiful.

Mrs. St. C. Too well I know its charms. [Apart.] Surely the hand of Providence has guided me to the place where first I saw a lov'd, but cruel husband,—Oh, Heaven ! should he yet live, and thy unerring finger point to his devoted head—first grant me thy justice—then let the dispensations of thy mercy pardon his offences !

Enter FREDERICK, L.

Jul. Good morning, sir !—*Mrs. St. Clair—*

[Presenting him.]

Fre. [Crosses to Mrs. St. Clair.] Lord Avondale, madam, warmly solicitous that his services may contribute to your happiness, asks when he may be permitted the honour of attending you ?

Mrs. St. C. Express my humble gratitude to his lordship.—All times must equally suit her who has in this world but one business—one care.

Fre. (L. C.) I shall say so.—My noble friend begs leave to lay at the feet of his fair bride this offering of his devotion—of his love.

He tremblingly presents a portrait to Julia—she receives it—both remain silent.

Mrs. F. (R. C.) Upon my honour, this offering seems a talisman—it has absolutely chained both your tongues. Why, sir, if an antiquary present to his society an old saucer, he makes a bit of a speech about it.—Let me see—Why, my love, is Lord Avondale so young and so handsome?—

Jul. (L.) I don't know [*Pettishly.*]

Mrs. F. Well, well; I asked a civil question—ha! ha!

Fre. It was painted many years since.

Mrs. St. C. The portrait of the nobleman who has so kindly interested himself in my behalf?

Mrs. F. Yes: really a charming man, is he not?

[*Presenting the picture to Mrs. St. Clair.*]

Mrs. St. C. Heaven! Oh, support me!

[*Rests on Shelah, who is on her R. hand—Faints.*]

Mrs. F. She recovers.

Mrs. St. C. A sudden oppression—where is that youth! [*Frederick goes to her, she grasps his hand, and speaks with difficulty*] Are—you—his—son?

Fre. Alas! Madam, a poor orphan—the creature of his bounty.

Mrs. St. C. Has he no son.

Fre. None, madam; his lordship was never married.

Mrs. St. C. I'm sick at heart; lead me in;—forgive me for ungratefully repelling your kindness—I must be alone.

Fre. May I convey to Lord Avondale the papers? [*She waves her hand refusingly.*] Shall his lordship attend?

Mrs. St. C. Never! [*To Shelah.*] 'Tis he!

She. Ah!

Mrs. St. C. Hush!

[*Exeunt Mrs. St. Clair and Shelah into house, R.*]

Jul. (L.) Dear, dear! I wish I could divert her from her solitude; I wish—I'll tell you—I wish I could purchase for her a pretty low phaeton and two little quiet ponies, that I could drive. Sir, here is a purse; and when I consider that its contents might have lightened the heart of misery, I blush that it has so long remained here, a useless burden. Will you execute this commission for me?

Fre. With my best skill! [*Crosses, L.*]

Jul. I am sure your sympathising heart will convert this trouble to a pleasure.

Fre. Ah, lady! of the cup of flattery we all wish to

taste ; but when it is presented by the hand of a Hebe, what fortitude can resist the sweet intoxication ? [*Apart.*] Ah ! perfidious wretch ! is this pleading my noble patron's cause ?—I humbly take my leave.

[*Bows and exit—Julia looks after him, L.*

Mrs. F. (R.) So, so !—my love, that's a gate.

Jul. (L.) Yes, I know 'tis a gate ! but at that moment my thoughts were—

Mrs. F. On the other side of it.—Here comes your father, and with him my dear wise husband.

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN and FERMENT, R.

Mrs. F. (C.) My dear general, I have something very important to tell you. I don't like your daughter's intended husband—and she don't like him ; and you ought to consult her happiness.

Gen. (R.) Why, don't I consult it ? Zounds, madam, won't her house be besieged by all the fashion of London ?—Won't she be hated by all her female friends ?—Will she have a moment's peace or comfort ?—What the devil would a woman have ?

Jul. (L.) You don't love your daughter.

Gen. Better than any thing in the world, except my regiment. [*Crosses, C.*

Mrs. F. Then don't transfer her duty, where she can't serve with pleasure—unless the heart be a volunteer, mutiny and desertion will follow.—Consider a woman like a soldier

Gen. (C.) I hope, madam, you won't compare a woman to—

Mrs. F. Yes, sir, to the best grenadier in your van : for, like him, she is pretty sure to conquer.

Gen. Indeed ! Now I think a woman is more like a soldier left in the rear.

Mrs. F. Ay ; why ?

Gen. Because he generally has a devilish deal of the baggage about him.—Let them take that. [*To Ferment.*

Mr. F. I say—she seems in a rare humour : suppose you speak to her now about her silence to me.

Gen. I will.

Mr. F. You promised, you know, to put an end to it for ever.

Gen. I'll do it in a minute for you, and make her own she's wrong.

Mr. F. D., my dear cousin ; now's the time.

Gen. To be sure—Madam, I am going to ask a favour.

Mrs. F. Then, in other words, general, you are going to procure me a gratification.

Gen. [*To Ferment.*] You hear.—Madam, we have all our little foibles.

Mrs. F. If you allude to mine, pray call them faults—Come! what are they? and how may I correct them?

Gen. [*To Ferment.*] I told you how easy it was.

Mr. F. Thank you!—thank you!—Now for it!

Gen. Why, then, madam, my cousin complains of a certain reserve—you understand—a glum kind of a silence; and when I consider that man is—a man, why I own I am at a loss for your reasons, and wait to hear them.—Now mind her answer. [*To Ferment.*] And, as I said before, wait to hear them—[*Pause—he confused.*] You know we can argue the matter pleasantly.—[*Pause—he more confounded.*] Because want of temper in such a case is—Eh!—[*Pause—he becomes irritated.*]—Upon my soul, madam, I must say—[*She holds up her hands to stop him.*]—Well, madam—very well—I've done; and now let's hear.

[*She takes Julia's hand and courtesies.—They exeunt, l.*

Mr. F. (R.) Well, you've settled it.

Gen. (L.) Eh?

[*Abashed.*

Mr. F. You've done it!

Gen. Yes, yes; you see she had not a word to say for herself.

Mr. F. No; but you forgot to make her own she was wrong.

Gen. But silence gives consent, you know.

Mr. F. [*Sighing.*] 'Tis very pleasant!—Is not it?

Gen. Oh, 'tis the devil!—Curse it!—'tis as bad as fighting without a drum.

Mr. F. I'll forget her.

Gen. That's right!—And now we'll go to Lord Avondale's, and I'll introduce you.

Mr. F. And forget her!—But, my dear cousin, every thing depends on the manner.—Now, will you do it in my way?—I have a plan.—I'll instruct you as we go along—and never think of her.

[*Crosses, l.*

Gen. (R.) No, never.

Mr. F. (L.) I tell you what, poor creature!—I pity her about you!

Gen. Yes—and what's more, I pity you.

Mr. F. No, no!

Gen. Yes, I do pity you, upon my soul!

Mr. F. No, no!

Gen. But I do, though.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Avondale Castle ; two chairs.*

Enter MRS. NICELY, followed by an OLD MAN, R.

Mrs. N. Walk in, walk in.—Are you ill?

O. Man. Feeble!—very feeble!

Mrs. N. And unhappy?

O. Man. Ah, madam!

Mrs. N. Come, come; tell me who you are, and all about it.

O. Man. I was a tenant of Lord Avondale's father, and had a son.

Mrs. N. Well, that was a comfort!

O. Man. Ah, no! a profligate son, who put thorns into my pillow, and wore furrows in my cheeks! I neither expected nor hoped to survive his shame—but heaven willed it otherwise. I employed a gentleman of the law, who always flattered me he would obtain a remission of the sentence my boy was condemned to suffer. The expenses I have, for years, vainly endeavoured to pay, and now a prison opens to receive these aged limbs—But it matters not much where they lie!

Mrs. N. But it does matter a great deal, though.—To shelter age and infirmity is a sacred duty, and woe be to them who neglect it!

O. Man. Having heard that Lord Avondale has returned to this country, I have walked here, in the hope he will pity an old man's sorrows.—Here is a paper, which will explain.

Mrs. N. He shall have it.—Come into my room, and take something to refresh you, and come again to-morrow.

O. Man. I'm very troublesome.

Mrs. N. Nonsense!—Troublesome, indeed!—Come very often, I shall always be very glad to see you, when it is not dirty. Troublesome, indeed!

[*Exeunt Old Man and Mrs. Nicely, L.*

Enter LORD AVONDALE and PETER, R.

Ld. A. Find Frederick, and send him to me.

Pet. Yes, my lord.—General Tarragan waits.

Ld. A. Introduce him.

Pet. And Mr. Ferment.

Ld. A. Who?

Pet. The general is accompanied by Mr. Ferment, your lordship's neighbour.

Ld. A. Ferment!—Ah, I recollect that gentleman's honourable intentions, and shall of course, reward them. Well, show them in here. [*Erit, L.*]

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN and MR. FERMENT, R.

Pet. Gentlemen, his lordship will wait on you immediately.

Mr. F. You mentioned my name?

Pet. Mr. Ferment.

Mr. F. That's right; you're a fine fellow! [*Erit Peter, L.*] Now, my dear general, are you perfect?

Gen. Yes, yes!

Mr. F. But consider, 'tis the most important event! an epoch!—a crisis!—the very acme—

Gen. Well, I'll introduce you in your own words.

Mr. F. But do say them again—"My lord, give me leave"—now do indulge me—I'm his lordship—now begin—"My lord, give—"

Gen. Well, well, be quiet—"My lord, give me leave to present you this—"

Mr. F. Bravo!

Gen. Bravo!—I thought it was gentleman!

Mr. F. To be sure!

Gen. Then don't put me out—"this gentleman, whose wishes, hopes, and ambition, centre in a zeal for your lordship's service."

Mr. F. Vastly well!—Now—"I doubt not, general, but his talents and virtues will command my esteem." That he'll say, of course

Gen. You think so?

Mr. F. Think so!—Don't I know?—You only mind what you have to say yourself—"Command my esteem."—Now—

Gen. Be quiet!—"To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life."

Mr. F. Very well!—"Then I receive him as my friend."

Gen. "In doing that, my lord, you will confer on me an everlasting obligation."

Mr. F. Oh, thank you, my dear cousin ! [*Embracing.*] Then I pour forth such a torrent of eloquence—the awful moment's at hand !—He comes !—I'm all agitation ! hope—

Enter LORD AVONDALE, L.

Mr. F. [*Prompting General.*] My lord, give me leave—

Gen. Damn it, be quiet !—My lord, give me leave to present this—

Mr. F. Beautiful !

Gen. Beautiful gentleman !—no—this gentleman—don't put me out—whose wishes, hopes, and ambition, centre only in a zeal for your lordship's service.

[*The General only attending to what he is to say next.*

Ld. A. I already know the object of his zeal ; it is to insinuate himself into my confidence, most honourably to worm into my secrets.

Gen. To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life.

Ld. A. Indeed ! Then, general, with your permission, I shall order a servant to show him the door.

Gen. In doing that, my lord, you will confer on me an everlasting obligation. [*Exit Lord Arondale, L.*

[*Ferment in agonics.*] Perfect to a letter !—There, I've done for you !

Mr. F. Yes, you've done for me !

Gen. Well, I seldom praise myself ; but if that was not what it ought to be—What ! is his lordship gone ?

Mr. F. Gone !—Zounds ! did you not hear what he said ?

Gen. No, not I ; you told me not to mind. What, wrong again ? eh, Ferment !

Mr. F. Blockhead ! to trust to such an old—If you know as little about war—

[*Crosses, L., walks about irritated.*

Gen. What's that you say ? [*Following him.*

Mr. F. Sir, I'll say what I please.—I'm roused, and would advise you to be careful.

Gen. Oh, I can take a hint !

Mr. F. What ! do you talk to me of hints ?—Any thing to say to me—speak out like a man.

Gen. Will you fight ?

Mr. F. No, sir, I won't !—Damn it, I'll show a proper spirit here.

Gen. Do you see this cane?

Mr. F. That for your cane. [*Snapping his fingers.*]
Don't think you have one of those to deal with, who,
because they have not manly fortitude enough to bear a
few knocks, run into Hyde Park—load pistols—fire in
the air—shake hands—Pretty courage!—No, no!

[*Crosses, R.*]

Gen. [*Indignantly.*] Sir, I ask your pardon.

Mr. F. Sir, I'm satisfied. [*Grasping his hand.*]

Gen. But, zounds!

Mr. F. Sir, I won't hear another word!—You have
asked my pardon—pity nobody hears—you have asked
my pardon, and there's an end.—Do you suppose I want
you to go on your knees?

Enter PETER, who whispers General, L.

Gen. Immediately!—Oh, very well!

Mr. F. Duelling, indeed!—Pshaw!

Gen. Why, true; 'tis but poor shabby work—a mere
snack: but in glorious war—damme! there's cut and
come again!—Good-bye, Ferment.—I say, “My lord,
give me leave”—Oh, you're a beautiful gentleman!—
Ha! ha!

[*Exit General, L.*]

Mr. F. Oh, I could cry! [*Sits down.*] Pretty figure I
shall make when I go home! [*Peter bows.*] What's the
matter with you?—What are you bobbing your head at
me for—eh?

Pet. I wait your commands, sir.

Mr. F. I've no commands for you, my honest
fellow!

Pet. Yes, sir, you certainly have.

[*Bows, and points to the door.*]

Mr. F. Have I? [*Rises.*] Your name's Thomas?

Pet. No, sir, Peter. [*Points to door, R.*]

Mr. F. Ah, Peter! you never come to see my Timothy,
Peter?

Pet. No, sir, I never intrude. [*Pointing to the door, R.*]

Mr. F. Don't you, Peter?

Pet. A pleasant walk to you! [*Pointing.*]

Mr. F. Thank you, Peter.—Lived long here?

Pet. Yes, sir, and hope to live here much longer.

Mr. F. I don't wonder at it, Peter.

Pet. A good morning, sir.

Mr. F. A last look!—Oh!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Chamber.*

Enter LORD AVONDALE and GENERAL TARRAGAN.

Ld. A. Not see me?

Gen. No, my lord.

Ld. A. Not trust the papers and evidences in my possession?

Gen. No.—I don't understand it.

Ld. A. What do they contain?

Gen. Why, as she tells me, certificates of marriage and baptisms, letters, jewels; in short, as complete a chain of evidence as justice could desire.

Ld. A. I rejoice to hear it.—Distraction!—Where are these papers?

Gen. I can't say. I suppose in Ferment's custody

Ld. A. Ah!—Within there!

Enter PETER, R.

Run, directly, and tell that gentleman to return. [*Exit Peter, R.*] General, I'll follow you. I fear I was rather harsh to your friend.

Gen. Why, he's harmless; and, if he did not pretend to see twice as far as other folks, he might have credit for seeing half as far. Ha! ha! A mere blank cartridge, my lord; makes a bit of a bounce and a splutter, and ends in smoke. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter MR. FERMENT *abashed*, *Peter* showing him in, R.

Ld. A. Sir, I ask pardon for giving you the trouble of returning. [*Exit Peter, R.*]

Mr. F. Oh! no trouble, my lord; I had only got to the other side of the door.

Ld. A. Give me your hand, sir.

Mr. F. [*Running up to him.*] Oh, my lord!

Ld. A. Grant me your pardon, and allow me a place in your esteem.

Mr. F. My lord, you—you overpower me.

Ld. A. The fatigue of business, the many cares that press on me, tease and—

Mr. F. To be sure—I know—papers to read—all those drawers full, I dare say.

Ld. A. I understand, sir, Mrs. St. Clair has entrusted to you certain documents.

Mr. F. In my house, my lord, but not in my custody. And leave me alone to expose to the whole world the villain who has basely deserted his wife and child.

Ld. A. Rascal! [*Apart.*]

Mr. F. Oh, I'm getting on here surprisingly! [*Apart.*]

Ld. A. [*Apart*] I must know where they are concealed—I never had the pleasure of seeing your villa; if a visit would not be deemed impertinent—

Mr. F. Impertinent!—My dear lord, the honour would be such an honour that—I'll go and prepare.

[*Going, l.*]

Ld. A. No, no, we must not part so. You must dine with me.

Mr. F. Dine!—My boy, you have done it.

[*Exultingly.*]

Ld. A. [*To Servant.*] Go to Mr. Ferment's—say he dines with me.

Mr. F. [*Affectedly.*] Yes, say I dine with his lordship; and they must do without me as well as they can. And tell my wife, if she has any thing to say—why, she must wait till I come home.

Ld. A. Come, sir.

[*Offering his hand.*]

Mr. F. Oh, my lord!—Peter, you see how it is.

[*Exeunt, l.*]

SCENE IV.—*Inside of Cottage.—Table and a candle burning on it.—Old Man seated, his handkerchief to his eyes.—Two Bailiffs standing near him, R.—A book in the table-drawer.*

Bai. Come, come, sir, we shall be late.

O. Man. [*Rising.*] I am ready. But your employer might have given me a little more time. I had presented a petition to a nobleman, and, perhaps, in a day or two—Well, well, now to a prison.—'Tis hard!

Bai. Why, master, our business, at best, is not a very pleasant one; but if we had to answer for those we deal with, none but a devil would be a bailiff.

O. Man. Reach me my hat, and let me take something to comfort me. [*Opens a drawer and takes out a book.*]

Bai. Ay, we'll take a drop with you—What! a book?

O. Man. Yes, of devotion! and had your employer tasted of its spirit, he would have turned the cup of bitterness from the lips of the afflicted.

Bai. Why, that may be; but remember, old gentle-

man, that for one unfeeling creditor, we get hold of a hundred hard-hearted debtors, who, to have twenty dishes on their own table, will prevent twenty honest men from having one upon theirs.

O. Man. Ah, that's true!—that's very true!—It grows late—I cannot walk very fast.

Bai. Then the sooner we set out the better.

O. Man. I'll do my best.

Bai. Come, we'll help you.

Fre. [*Without, R.*] Hollo!

Bai. Come in.

Enter FREDERICK, R.

Fre. Good people, I have mistaken my way. Pray inform me which road leads to the castle?

Bai. Why, if you mean York Castle, we can show you, for we are going there.

Fre. To a prison;—are you, sir, in the custody of these men? [*Crosses to Old Man.*]

O. Man. Alas!

Fre. Good heaven!

Bai. Why, is it so very singular that an old man, past work, should be behind-hand in the world?

Fre. No, but I hope 'tis singular that he should suffer for it.—To prison, but not to-night. [*Bailiff shakes his head.*] Defer his fate but till the morning—on my word, I'll return.

Bai. Young gentleman, we must do our duty, and words won't do.—If you choose to pay fifty pounds, indeed.

Fre. Alas! I have not—ah, this purse!—for what was it intended?—to allow a lady to breathe the air more commodiously—if applied here it may prevent age and infirmity from perishing in a dungeon's noxious vapour:—'tis not mine; but will not Julia thank me? and will not my industry soon supply it?—How have you incurred this debt?

O. Man. In endeavouring to restore a lost son to his fond father's arms.

Fre. Ah, in the sacred cause of paternal love!—Here, take the money! and with it take the thanks of him whose cheek was never bedewed by a father's precious tear. [*Weeps.*] Come, your demand?

Bai. Nay, your honour! we do but obey orders; but

if the gentleman can pay, why, Lawyer Claw desired us to be quite civil; and so, as there's plenty of money—why, another time—[*Frederick gives money.*] Thank you, sir.—Good night, old gentleman; and I hope, for your sake, that we may never meet again.

[*Exit Bailiff, R.*]

O. Man. Surely this was sent by an angel!

Fre. It was, indeed!—An angel who will smile on her minister, when, to her pitying ear, he tells thy story.

Tyke. [*Without.*] Ay, a comely kind of lad.

Bai. [*Without.*] Why, there's such a one in that cottage.

Enter TYKE, R., running.

Tyke. Ay, there he is, sure enough!—I say, young fellow, run off 'tid castle as fast as you can.—His lordship's quite in a taking—all the servants after you.

Fre. Which road?

Tyke. To the right.—Come, be sharp!—be sharp!

Fre. Farewell! [*Taking Old Man's hand.*] and doubt not but heaven has in store a blessing to reward thy virtues!—Come, come, be of good cheer.—I'll see you soon again.

[*Exit, R.*]

O. Man. Pray, sir, who is that generous youth?

Tyke. Why, he's a kind of a foreman like, to Lord Avondale—my friend.

O. Man. Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?

Tyke. Yes; between ourselves—I have him under my thumb; but I say that out of confidence—you understand. That's a smartish purse you've got there; but, I tell you what, I don't think it's very safe, just now.

O. Man. Indeed, sir!—You alarm me!

Tyke. I tell you what—I'll take care of this for you.

[*Takes the purse.*]

O. Man. Well, sir, you are very kind.—You live at the castle?

Tyke. Yes, yes!

O. Man. Then, perhaps, you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship—my name is—

Tyke. Well, well, let's hear your name.

O. Man. Robert Tyke.

Tyke. Eh!—what!—speak!—no, don't!

O. Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke [Trembling violently, rushes to the table, brings down the candle, looks at the Old Man, dashes candle and purse on the ground, and tears his hair in agony.] Oh, villain!—villain!

O. Man. What's the matter?

Tyke. Don't you know me?

O. Man. No, sir.

Tyke. I'm glad on't!—I'm glad on't!—Ruin my own father!

O. Man. Ah! did I hear rightly?—Father!—What! Oh! let me see—let me see! *[Tyke, with a countenance strongly impressed with shame and horror, turns round.]* Ah! it's my son!—my long-lost, dear, prodigate boy! Heaven be thanked!—Heaven be thanked!

Tyke. *[Groaning, strikes his breast]* Oh! burst, burst, and ease me!—Eh!—but he's alive—father's alive! ha! ha! *[Laughs hysterically.]*

O. Man. You terrify me. Robert, Robert, hear me!—Take my forgiveness—take my blessing!

Tyke. What!—forgive—bless—such a rogue as—
[Bursts into a flood of tears.]

O. Man. Be composed.

Tyke. Let me cry; it does me good, father—it does me good.

O. Man. Oh! if there be holy water, it surely is the sinner's tears.

Tyke. But he's alive! *[Rushes into his arms.]*

O. Man. Ay! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal—and Heaven will pardon thee!

Tyke. No, don't say that, father, because it can't.

O. Man. It is all-merciful.

Tyke. Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could—but not me!—No, no!

O. Man. Kneel down, and ask its mercy.

Tyke. I dare not—father—I dare not!—Oh, if I durst but just thank it for thy life!

O. Man. Angels will sing for joy.

Tyke. What, may I, think you?—May I—may I?

[By degrees, he tremblingly falls on his knees, and clasps his hands in energetic devotion.—The curtain falls.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mr. Ferment's House—
Two chairs.**Enter MR. FERMENT, followed by TIMOTHY, R.***Mr. F.** What does your mistress say?**Tim.** Why, I suppose she'll obey your commands, sir.**Mr. F.** Yes, I know—she said she would come directly.**Tim.** No, not quite, sir.**Mr. F.** What did she say?**Tim.** Why, she said plump she would not.**Mr. F.** Confusion!**Tim.** [*Apart.*] Yes, there's plenty of that in this house.**Mr. F.** But, yet, I'll condescend to introduce her to Avondale Castle. Yes, yes, I'll take her under my wing, poor woman!—Timothy, go and prepare the sociable.**Tim.** The sociable!—For whom, sir?**Mr. F.** For my wife and myself.**Tim.** What! together in a sociable! Why, that's so comfortable! Ecod! it shall be ready in a minute.[*Exit, R.*]**Mr. F.** But 'tis devilish hard to come home in triumph, overflowing with exultation, and no one to partake in my joy—not a word of congratulation—*Enter SHELAH, L.*

How do you do? how do you do?

She. Oh! thank you, sir—I hope your honour is well.**Mr. F.** Now, she'll talk to me!—What, you've been pulling a posy—**She.** For my dear mistress, sir. But, oh! she's unhappy; and, in that case, as I have read in an Irish poetry-book,—the perfume of flowers will not please the eye—the peaceful silence of evening does not charm the ear—nor heavenly dreams refresh the mind, which cannot take repose.**Mr. F.** Pray, my dear, did you meet my wife?**She.** (L.) No, sir.—Oh, what a happy man you are!**Mr. F.** (R.) Am I?**She.** To have a wife so handsome, and such a sweet-spoken lady.**Mr. F.** Is she?

She. Oh! to hear her talk is delightful!

Mr. F. Delightful, is it?—Indeed!—Now, would not this drive a man mad? [*Throws himself into a chair.*]

She. Any thing the matter? Are you ill, sir? Can I offer any consolation?

Mr. F. Eh! what? Can you offer consolation? [*Jumps up.*—Egad, I've hit it!—Suppose I try to make my wife jealous?—'Tis a brilliant thought, and here's a very pretty subject!—If that won't untie her tongue, the devil's in't.—'Tis a monstrous fine thought!—What shall I say, though?—I—I— you—you—we—we—eh!

She. What's the matter? Are you dying?

Mr. F. I am—with love for you, my darling!

She. [*Alarmed.*] Sir!

Mr. F. You are a divine creature, and I am a man of honour and secresy. Don't be terrified, my little trembler!

She. And is it yourself would take advantage of a poor weak girl? [*She pushes him from her with great force; he falls into a chair.*] Oh! oh!

[*She weeps and crosses, R.*]

Mr. F. Zounds! [*Recovering.*] Don't weep, my angel: behold me at your feet!

She. (R.) And is it that you want your throat cut by my little brother Sampson, that you dare insult? Rise, sir!

[*Jerks him up violently.*]

Mr. F. (L.) Zounds! no!—[*Rubbing his shoulder.*]—*Hus's!*—Damn it, 'tis all a fetch. 'Tis only to make my wife jealous!—Don't howl so.—I'll explain—I wish to take advantage of your weakness! [*Rubbing his shoulder.*] Oh Lord! not I.—Here comes my wife—Now, do humour the thought, that's a good soul! and, if I should offer to kiss you, now don't knock me down, that's a dear little girl!

[*He gullants in dumb show.*]

Enter MRS. FERMENT, L.

Mrs. F. Heavens! what do I see?—Sir!

Mr. F. Madam!

Mrs. F. Am I thus insulted?

Mr. F. Silence!

Mrs. F. Sir, I shall not be silent; and I say—

Mr. F. I know what you would say—you would say your love is wounded—but I say I don't care that for your love.

Mrs. F. This usage—

Mr. F. Is not to be borne, you say ; but I say you must bear much more.

Mrs. F. What ! won't you hear me ?

Mr. F. No, ma'am. You are always chattering ; and you know I despise the paltry prattle of the sex, so let me have mute obedience.

Mrs. F. Inhuman ! was ever woman so insulted !

Mr. F. [*Apart.*] Charming !

Mrs. F. I, that have made your real happiness the study of my life—

Mr. F. Delightful !

[*Shelah goes behind to L. of Mrs. Ferment.*]

Mrs. F. I, that have had that confidence in your love, that nothing but the evidence of my senses—Cruel man ! have I deserved this ? oh !

[*Weeps.*]

Mr. F. It will do, it will do !

Mrs. F. [*Overhears him ; turns to Shelah, who explains in dumb show, and exit, L.*] Is it so ?

Mr. F. Well, I hope you have done with your silly idle complainings ? [*Pause.*] Hold your tongue, madam ! [*Pause.*] Why don't you hold your tongue ? [*Pause.*] Not but what I would condescend to hear what you complain of—justice demands that—but don't be tedious. [*Pause.*] Damme, but she's dumb again ! Dry your tears, my darling Fanny, and I'll convince you that my love is still—

Mrs. F. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Mr. F. What do you laugh at, madam ? I'll give you a hundred pounds to tell me what you laugh at. I'll—I've done with you : and if ever I open these lips to you again, may all the—

Mrs. F. George !

Mr. F. Oh ! that voice—how it soothes ! my love !

Mrs. F. Go !

Mr. F. Go ! go where ? what do you mean by go ! [*Pause.*] Yes, I will go to the world's end. [*Going, returns.*] No, I won't go. [*Sits down.*] And now I should like to hear what you can say. [*She retires.*] What, then, you'll go ? Very well, madam ! good-bye to you ! won't you say good-bye ? [*Exit Mrs. Ferment, L.*] Won't you say—you won't say good-bye ? [*Bawling after her.*] Furies ! Devils ! Let discord reign for ever ! oh !

Enter TIMOTHY, R.

Tim. The sociable's ready, sir.

Mr. F. Stand out of my way, you rascal, or I'll—

[*Exit, driving off Timothy, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Pavilion ; a table.*

Enter SHELIAH with caution : she looks about R. U. E.

She. Madam, you may approach ; there is no one here.

Enter MRS. ST. CLAIR, R. U. E.

Mrs. St. C. Ah! do I again behold the place which gave me birth; where I fondly gamboled round my parents' knees?—Oh! could their kind hearts have known the sorrows their child was doomed to suffer! Alas! how changed! For the lowly cottage I see the gaudy palace! 'Steal of the modest woodbine, tangling its ligaments in the humble thatch, and giving sweetness to the breath of nature—behold the proud exotic, in sullen majesty shedding its feverish perfume!—just emblem of its imperious master!

She. Imperious! Give him his true title—a villain.

Mrs. St. C. No, no.

She. What! is he not going to be married again?

Mrs. St. C. Oh, memory! thou torturer of the wretched! why dost thou whisper to this aching heart, —that I was once a happy mother and a wife? But then my little cherub—my darling boy—torn from my breast—abandoned—lost!—can a mother pardon that?—no, never, never. Yet I'll save him from a further crime!—but how?—Ah, that dress!—it shall be so! Yes: at an awful moment he shall again behold an injured wife—shall hear a mother's moans—then see me leave him, and the world, for ever.

She. Oh, then, dear lady, take me with you!

Mrs. St. C. Ah! we're surprised!—I hear footsteps.

She. Don't be alarmed. This way, this way.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter LORD AVONDALE, followed by MRS. NICELY, R., bearing a small box, which he places on the table.

Ld. A. Set it down. I hope the weight has not fatigued you?

Mrs. N. (R.) No, no, 'tis not heavy; and when the heart's light, the body's nimble, be it ever so old—ha! ha!

Ld. A. (L.) I am glad to see you so merry.

Mrs. N. Ah! a clean house and a clean conscience will make any one merry.

Ld. A. Heigho! I have not forgot the petition.

Mrs. N. Oh, my lord, 'tis all settled.—Mr. Frederick, heaven bless him! saved the old man! he has gained the love of every body.

Ld. A. I rejoice to hear it.

Mrs. N. Indeed! but I fancy you won't be glad to hear that he has gained the love of one who—

Ld. A. What mean you?

Mrs. N. Why, if I know what eyes say, Miss Julia and he—

Ld. A. Ah!

Mrs. N. They just look as you and poor Emily used to do.

Ld. A. Oh, spare me! spare me! [*A knocking at the door, R.*]—See who is there.

[*Mrs. Nicely goes out, and returns, R.*

Mrs. N. 'Tis the young man who comes here by your appointment.

Ld. A. Show him in. [*Exit Mrs Nicely, R.*] 'Tis plain I am suspected!—And shall the name of Avondale become the sport of foes—the jest of fools!—No, no!—It is determined!—These evidences of my shame must—shall be mine?—Now to my purpose! [*He unlocks the box, and takes out a cloak, a mask, and pistol. On hearing some one approach, he covers the pistol with the cloak.*]—This fellow will be a fit instrument to effect it.

Enter TYKE, R.

[*Betokens Tyke to approach—turning round, is surprised at his appearance, which is changed to a plain, but very neat dress.*] Astonishing! can this be the man?

Tyke. (R.) No, it is not; I be quite another man to-day—ha! ha!

Ld. A. Why do you laugh?

Tyke. Why, I laugh, my lord, because I've been crying, ha! ha! I say, I've found old man—father's alive—he! he! and, do you know, he says positive sure heaven will forgive me: and I declare, I somehow feel so warm and comfortable, that, between you and me, I should not at all wonder if it had already.

Ld. A. You thought your father dead?

Tyke. Yes, and he thought so himself, poor man! but it was really what you gentry call a fine—a finenomenoun—You understand, that the ironmonger who made the tackle for our legs, picked father up, got life into him

again, and took him up to Lunnon, and just advertised in news the antidote about his case; and, would you believe it? next morning, fine ladies, in their own coaches, came tid' old man, wi' tears in their pratty eyes, and bank-notes in their pratty hands, to a matter of forty pound—Now, I've just one commentation to mak on this matter:—I've seen your player show folks, and such like, wiggeling and waggeling, and chattering about London pride, and London profligation, and what not—Now I think, if one of them was just to set about talking a little of London kind-heartedness, and London charity, it would be rather more truerer, and quite as becoming.

Ld. A. Tell me, knows he aught of that boy?

Tyke. What! your son?—No, never could hear a word about him—Ah! could we but make him out now, then, mayhap, your lordship would try your hand at a bit of a laugh:—let me only once see him—I'll find him out directly.

Ld. A. Ah!

Tyke. That is, if I know 'tis him—you understand.

Ld. A. Pshaw!

Tyke. Because I put a mark upon him.

Ld. A. Indeed!

Tyke. Oh yes, I managed it right enough.

Ld. A. Explain.

Tyke. Why, you know, before you were a lord, your name was Mr. Philip; so I got some gunpowder, and marked an F on his neck, because F stands for Philip—yes, yes,—it struck me as proper.

Ld. A. Come hither, Robert—I sent for you to—*[Looks at the cloak.]* to tell you that—that you—possess my regard—

Tyke. Thank you, my lord.

Ld. A. And may command my patronage and protection.

Tyke. And you mine—quite mutual, I assure you.

Ld. A. You can confer on me happiness.

Tyke. Why no, sure.

Ld. A. By putting me in possession of certain evidences, you can save me from ruin.

Tyke. What!—can I, though?—I'll go through water or fire, or anything—Come, let's begin—How—where?

Ld. A. Look under that cloak—it will explain the means.

Tyke. I will—he! he! I declare I'm as happy as—
[Lifts up the cloak, sees pistol and mask, then trembling,
drops the cloak.]

Ld. A. [Catching his hand.] You know the use of those?

Tyke. I do.

Ld. A. You must employ them.

Tyke. Hush!

[Still trembling.]

Ld. A. What alarms you?

Tyke. Hush!

Ld. A. No one hears.

Tyke. Yes, there does

Ld. A. Impossible!

Tyke. There does, I tell you—there does.

Ld. A. Ah! how? where?—[Tyke, shuddering, points up to heaven.]—Damnation!—baffled—trod on by this wretch!—and must I stoop to dissemble? [Crosses, R.] Robert, I am satisfied.

Tyke. (L.) I wish I was.

Ld. A. (R.) 'Twas but to try your virtue.

Tyke. Was not it, though?—Well, I hope that's true; but it fluster'd me sadly—I declare, I'm all of a pother now.

Ld. A. But swear to me—

Tyke. No, I'll never swear no more.

Ld. A. True, 'tis unnecessary—Here, take this purse, good fellow.

Tyke. Eh! no, no.

Ld. A. For the friendship I bear you.

Tyke. Yes, I understand; only, you see—you'll excuse me.

Ld. A. Do you scorn my bounty?

Tyke. By no means, only it won't do—no more purses.

Ld. A. For your father's sake—

Tyke. Yes, yes, I'm sensible about all that—but as to father, you see, I happen to have a couple of hands at his service—I'm much obliged—only I've grown a little cute and knowing lately.

Ld. A. And would I again plunge his soul in guilt?—Oh, villain! villain!

Tyke. Did you speak to me!—Oh—talking of yourself—yes, yes—Why, I'll tell you a bit of a secret, my lord: I've found out that the honestest are the cunningest chaps—Why, there is father now—he's a deep one—do

you know he can lay his head on his pillow, and think of dying wi' a smile—I say, he mun have kept a pretty sharp look-out as to what's right like—must not he!

Ld. A. Leave me

Tyke. [*Crosses, R.*] I will—I say, my lord, he! he! I is going tid' plough this afternoon, to earn a supper for old man, ha! ha!—[*Snapping his fingers.*]—Do your lordship's heart good to come and see I work.

[*Rubbing his hands exultingly.*]

Ld. A. (L.) Leave me, I say!

Tyke. (R.) Wi' pleasure—Ah! I see how it is—Excuse the liberty I take wi' your poor soul; but if you would but be persuaded to fall a-crying, and be comfortable——

Ld. A. Instantly begone

Tyke. I will—Shall I send old man to you? Oh, he's a capital hand at your deplorable case. [*Exit, R.*]

Tyke. [*Without, R.*] Yes, yes; you'll find his lordship in that room.

Enter FREDERICK, R.

Ld. A. (L.) Ah, Frederick, speak—ease this agonized breast; this tortured brain!—What hast thou heard?

Fre. (R.) All access to the lady, or the evidence she possesses, is impossible.

Ld. A. Be it so. Frederick, I love—I envy—I fear thee.

Fre. My dear lord, fear him who would sacrifice his life?

Ld. A. Thy life?—wouldst thou?

Fre. Put my firmness to the proof.

Ld. A. I shall do so.—Mark me—In early life—blest years of innocence!—I loved a sweet and virtuous girl, but lowly born—come and behold her. [*Opens the cabinet.*] Ill-fated Emily? Oh, could I recall that guilty hour——

Fre. With what melancholy sweetness she points to the pledge of virtuous love?

Ld. A. To avoid a parent's anger, we were privately married: I went abroad in the suit of an ambassador, and she imprudently followed me: She lived in profound retirement—I could seldom see her; but her regret at my absence was softened by the endearments of our infant son.

Fre. Have you a son?

Ld. A. I had—oh, do not torture, but hear me! Shortly after, the ambassador died, and I was thought worthy of the splendid appointment. From that moment ambition took full possession of my soul, and my buoyant fancy twined round my brow the proudest honours a subject can enjoy; but this secret, this degrading marriage, crushed each aspiring thought.

Fre. But surely the affections of a virtuous woman would compensate——

Ld. A. That was prevented: for my wife was secretly, but falsely, accused of practices against the religion of the country.

Fre. “How I envy you the proud joy of asserting her innocence, and affording her the protecting arm of the husband she loved!”

Ld. A. “True, but——”

Fre. “Did you not so?”

Ld. A. “No;—It might have injured my fortunes a home.”

Fre. “What! a virtuous wife injure the fortunes of a British statesman!—You know, my lord, it is not so; “you know you libel your august patron.”—Did you discover the secret villain who accused her?”

Ld. A. Villain!

Fre. Was he not a damned one?

Ld. A. He was.—Oh, Frederick! avert that face, lest the indignant lightning of thy eye blast me! I was that villain!

Fre. You freeze my blood!—The man that I have worshipped—that my very soul is bound to——

Ld. A. My innocent wife was secretly immured in a convent, and the news shortly reached me—that she was no more.

Fre. It cannot be! Oh, tell me so! My noble patron is the nurse of merit, the scourge of baseness; the good man's hope, the villain's fear; the great man's envy, and the poor man's friend.

Ld. A. Thou tortur'st me, for such I might have been:—but now view me in all my horrors—behold the selfish patriot, the abject hypocrite, the savage father, and the murdering husband.

[Crosses, R.

Fre. (L.) Oh, ambition!

Ld. A. (R.) Ay, it was my god: for that I suffered

this lovely flower to wither in a cloister's gloom; for damned ambition, I tore my infant from its mother's panting breast, and he is lost—lost for ever! But mark! Heaven, who is as watchful to lay bare the villain's breast as it is to shelter that of innocence, has, as from the grave, raised up evidence of my shame; I know where they are concealed—they must instantly be mine.

Fre. But how?

Ld. A. By theft.

Fre. Forbid it, heaven.

Ld. A. "Think'st thou I would live to hear my name coupled with dishonour, or behold myself (as inquisitors treat their victims) dressed out in hellish shapes, and thus exposed to public mockery and scorn?—No, no—" [Seizes the pistol and mask.

Fre. "Ah!"

Ld. A. Frederick, didst thou not say thou wouldst sacrifice thy life?

Fre. Ay, my life, but not my honour; to save you, pluck out this heart—but its last pulse shall throb with virtue.

Ld. A. Thou dost refuse?

Fre. It is impossible—no wretch can be found—

Ld. A. Yes, there is one I am sure of.

Fre. Ah! who?

Ld. A. Avondale!—Tell me, is he not a villain fitted to my purpose? [*Snatches up the cloak.*] Farewell! should we meet no more—and if my aim fail, it will be so—thou wilt find that in my death I have not forgot thee. [*Is strongly affected.*] Pardon, good, dear youth, the trial to which I put thy virtue: on my soul, I am glad that it sustained it. [Weeps.

Fre. Ah, tears! obey their sacred impulse. Plunge not your soul in horrors. Thus I'll cling to you—thus save you from a damning deed. [Kneels.

Ld. A. Frederick, beware! [*Presents the pistol to him.*] Thou art the only soul on earth I love; but thee, even thee, would I roll at my feet a corpse, didst thou check my purpose. Do not pull more murders on my head. 'Tis in vain—farewell!

[Breaks from him, and rushes out, R.

Fre. Father of mercies, pity and pardon!

[Follows him, R.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An inclosed Apartment with two doors, and a flight of steps, as leading to a Turret.*—FREDERICK discovered.

Fre. Not returned! I've watched from the turret which commands the road, till my strained eyeballs refuse their office. This agony of doubt is dreadful! Hark! sure I heard a confused noise—again! [*A pistol is fired, R.*] Oh, heaven! he is no more—

[*A noise is made at the door, it opens, Lord Avondale rushes in, R. S. E., and takes off the mask.*]

Fre. Ah, he lives!

Ld. A. Behold, they're mine.

[*Showing casket and papers.*]

Fre. I heard the report of a pistol.

Ld. A. It was levelled at one who pursued me. Let me but plunge these in eternal night, then fate I defy. [*Ferment without, D. R. S. E.*] Follow, follow; this way!

Ld. A. Ah! I'm pursued.

Fre. Hush! here we may avoid—ah! this door beset?

Ld. A. Then escape is impossible—and bereft of the means of death! O Frederick! if thou lovest me, take this faithless weapon, nerve thy young arm, and in mercy dash out this maddening brain.

Gen. [*Without, D. R. S. E.*] We have him, sure enough.

Ld. A. Dost thou hear? Wilt thou behold me dragged forth a criminal?

Fre. Distracting thought! how—where? Oh, that my life could save you! My life—Ah! it shall be so.

Ld. A. What dost thou mean?

Fre. Give me this weapon—this mask.

Ld. A. Frederick, what wouldst thou?

Fre. [*Rushing into his arms.*] Save my benefactor. I cannot sin, but I can suffer for you.

Gen. [*Without, R. S. E.*] Force the door.

Ld. A. Think me not so damned.

Fre. There is no time for words—fly to the turret. I being found, all search will cease.

Ld. A. Thou shalt not suffer, by heaven!

Fre. No, no, fear not; I will escape—a moment more, and all is lost: they force the door—away, away!

[*Lord Avondale retreats to the turret.—Frederick puts on cloak and mask.—The door is forced.*]

GENERAL TARRAGAN, FERMENT, TIMOTHY, and black *Servants* rush in, D. R. S. E.—At the same time enter two *Countrymen*, L. S. E.

Gen. Ah, there he stands! unmask the villain.

Mr. F. I'll do that.

[*Going up to Frederick, he shows the pistol—Ferment retreats.—Frederick then takes off the mask.*]

All. Frederick!

Gen. What!—no!—it can't be!—let me see him, only let me see him! [*Wiping his eyes.*] Villain! viper! hypocrite!—'Sdeath! what am I about? I, that have lighted the mine that was to blow into the air hundreds of innocent souls, and now to snivel at a—but they are red-hot drops of fury, damme! I shall be choaked instead of him. Seize him! Where's his lordship?

[*Servants seize him.*]

Mr. F. I'll find him directly. I know I shall succeed to the situation he has dishonoured; that's all the comfort I can afford; and if he wants more, let him look for it in his own breast—but where's my wife? Where's my wife? O, I must find her! [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Tim. Ay, where's my missus? where's my missus?

[*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Gen. You have disgraced the charity that fostered you; your example may palsy the warm hand of benevolence, and many an innocent may suffer for your crime!

Fre. Oh!

Jul. [*Without, R. S. E.*] What do I hear! I'll not believe it.

Fre. Julia's voice! Oh, save me from this pang—lead me to my prison.

Gen. Hold!

Enter JULIA, D. R. S. E.

Jul. O, Frederick! then it is so—father, support me!

Gen. Look at this girl, the daughter of General Tarragan—more—the heiress to a princely fortune—nay, more—the darling child of an honest man. I don't cry, you rascal!—now, do I?—She, yes, she confessed she loved you.

Fre. Oh, brain! brain! brain!

Gen. Recover, and hear more. I, like a fond father—no, like a damned old rascal—was about to ask Lord

Avondale's consent to your union. Now, away with him! [*Countrymen on L. seize him.*]

Fre. Hold off one moment. [*He breaks from them, and falls at Julia's feet.*] Angel of pity, through whose cherub lips the breath of hatred never yet found way! oh, do not curse me!

Jul. Say, then, you are innocent.

Fre. I am.

Jul. Innocent?

Fre. Oh, most unfortunate!

Gen. Away with him, I say!

Fre. Stand off! Julia mine—that heaven within my reach. Instant conduct me to—

Jul. Where? Speak, speak, Frederick—where?

Fre. To—[*After a struggle, which overpowers him*—] to my prison. [*Exit, attended, L. S. E.*]

Gen. Zounds! I'm as hot as—I'm a portable furnace: but where is his lordship? You shall be his instantly: I won't eat—I won't sleep, till you are Lady Avondale.

Jul. My happiness is gone for ever.

Gen. No; it is not—you shall be happy—you shall be a happy bride. Fly, rascals! Find Lord Avondale. [*Exeunt Servants.*] Come along; you shall be this day a happy, happy bride. [*Exeunt, R. S. E.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Castle.—Two chairs.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, followed by TYKE, R.

Ld. A. (L.) My good fellow—

Tyke. (R.) Bless me, my lord, what can be the matter?

Ld. A. I am distracted.

Tyke. Oh, now I understand; he's going to be married, poor man, and, of course, in a taking about it; why, that's all natural enough.

Ld. A. Hear me; Frederick has been detected—

Tyke. Detected!

Ld. A. In the commission of a robbery.

Tyke. What! that mask! that pistol!

[*Shaking his head.*]

Ld. A. Hush! Dost thou not pity him?

Tyke. I do, indeed; poor lad! I say, you know he is not half so bad as either of us.

Ld. A. Robert, I was once thy landlord; I trust, not a severe one.

Tyke. Severe! nay, that's cutting; that's as much as

to say that I've forgot your kindness to me Did not you put me to school? and, though I settled all my matters there in a month, that was no fault of yours; you gave me money—if I misused it, you were not to blame: only tell me how I can show my love—honestly, wi' submission like.

Ld. A. Procure Frederick's escape.

Tyke. I'll do my best.

Ld. A. See this purse, 'tis richly stored; and, properly disposed of, it may do much; promise any thing, half my estates; and remember, Robert, that in saving him you will preserve my life.

Tyke. What! your life? That's enough.

[Takes the purse, and runs off, R.]

Ld. A. Never, Frederick, shall judgment be pronounced against thee. Here I swear, that if the hour of trial come, Avondale will stand forth, arrayed in all his guilt, and save that innocent, that noble youth.

Enter PETER, R.

Pet. General Tarragan requests your immediate attendance; he entreats the marriage ceremony may instantly take place. *[Lord Avondale starts.]* The preparations have already begun.

Ld. A. I'll come to him. *[Exit Peter, R.]* Marriage! why does the thought terrify? My heart ceases to beat; my numbed limbs seem to fasten on the earth, and the faded form of Emily flits before my dazzled sight. Let me shake off this horrid lethargy—let me collect my thoughts.

[Sinks into a chair, R.]

Enter MR. and MRS. FERMENT, L.

Mr. F. There he is—he seems unhappy; but, as soon as he perceives me, you'll see the difference. I suppose the evidence of your own eyes and ears will convince you? Now mark the attention, the joy.—How do you do, my lord; how do you do? *[Lord Avondale looks, then turns from him—Ferment, disappointed, carries his chair round to the other side, R.]* I see how it is, my lord; the villany of that young viper, which you fostered in your bosom—but I flatter myself, that in your humble servant you will find more talent, and a zeal warm as—

Ld. A. Did you speak?

Mr. F. Yes, a little.

Ld. A. Oh!

[Relapsing into inattention.

Mr. F. But for me, the monster would have escaped.

Ld. A. [Starting up, and turning to him.] Ah, indeed!

Mr. F. [Apart.] Oh, now we come on a little.—Did not your lordship know that I detected him?

Ld. A. No.

[Restraining his rage.

Mr. F. Oh! all owing to me—caught a glimpse of the villain in my house—followed him up close—he thought to frighten me. Pugh! Fired at me—received his shot like a castle—it passed through my hat—not this hat—but I take no merit.

Ld. A. Yes! take—

Mr. F. Oh, my sweet lord! any thing that you propose!

Ld. A. Yes; [Crosses, R.] Take my everlasting curses.

[Exit, R.

Mr. F. Oh, lord! oh, dear! I'm very ill. Fanny, wife—one word—only one—let me hear some voice beside my own, in this damned infernal house, as poor Juliet says, or I shall faint.

Mrs. F. Do you confess you are wrong?

Mr. F. I do.

Mrs. F. Will you abandon your schemes?

Mr. F. I will.

Mrs. F. Will you sometimes follow my advice?

Mr. F. Always; you shall be my magnet.

Mrs. F. The first that ever attracted lead, I believe. Ha! ha!

Mr. F. Say what you will, only talk, and if ever I go a lord-hunting again, may I lose this worthless head!

Mrs. F. Then, if ever I think of ruling again, may I lose your estimable heart!

Mr. F. What! Don't make me cry—then that for you, old Sour-croute—[Snapping his fingers.]—I have a plan.

Mrs. F. A plan!

[Alarmed.

Mr. F. A plan for imitating your silence, my dear Fanny.

Mrs. F. Then my plan shall be to imitate your prattling: you know, after so long a silence—

Mr. F. You must have a great many words by you.

Mrs. F. I shall talk till I tire you.

Mr. F. No, you won't.

Mrs. F. Yes, I shall.

Mr. F. No; oh, delicious! charming!

[Exit, L.

SCENE IV.—*Inside of a Prison.*

Frederick discovered ; his figure and dress bespeaking the desolation of his mind.

Fre. When the contemplative mind approaches death, how little seems the mighty war of passions which agitate this atom, man!—O Julia! to know thy love only to meet thy hate! Perhaps, even now, he leads her to the altar—Ah! that thought is madness! but no, it cannot be; this is no hour for joy! my fate must banish pleasure from their hearts! no, no, 'tis impossible—I wrong my friend!—I wrong thee, lovely Julia! [*A chime of bells sounds at a distance, &c.*] Ah! those sounds! it is the marriage peal—and with it my dying knell!—Julia, hear me! I am innocent!—Avondale, hold! inhuman, guilty man! [*The door is unlocked, L.*

Enter TYKE and Gaoler, L. D.—TYKE motions Gaoler to retire.—Exit Gaoler, L. D.

Tyke. There he is, poor fellow! yet I think he looks innocent!—at least I am pratty sure, when I used to look intid' glass, I never saw any thing like that—I say, I is come to comfort thee like— I hope thou repents of what thou hast done?

Fre. (R.) No.

Tyke. (L.) Oh dear, he's not fit to die. I mun get him away—I say, Lord Avondale sent me to——

Fre. Oh! leave me!

Tyke. But I won't, though—thou mun try to escape.

Fre. I will not escape. Begone, rascal!

Tyke. Rascal! well, I was one, and I mun bear it—but—

Fre. Dare not approach me.

Tyke. Pugh! pugh!

[*Advancing.*

Fre. Must I, then, force you from my presence?

[*Strikes him.*

Tyke. A blow!

[*Seizes Frederick by the collar ; the action forces open the neck of his shirt, sees the F marked on his neck ; he trembling lets go, and points to the mark.*

Fre. What do you point at!

Tyke. At—at—I hardly dare look again!—Eh! 'Tis he! 'tis he!

[*With great animation.*

Fre. This mark!

Tyke. I made it—I'll take my oath on't. I've found him—I've found him! Come to thy father's! Come to Lord Avondale!

Fre. Ah! have I then suffer'd in a father's cause? Oh, do not deceive me.

Tyke. Why, do I look like such a savage beast, then?—See here [*Placing his hands on his moist eyes, and showing them.*] Believe my eyes, if you won't my tongue. I've often danced thee on my knee—Give me thy hand!

Enter Gaolor, L. D.

Gao. What's the matter here?

Fre. My happiness—the happiness of Lord Avondale—is in your power. The property in question was my own, the legacy of an unfortunate mother. Pinion me hand and foot, only bring me to my father.

Tyke. Do: I'll stay here for him—No, I can't do that—I must be in the thick on't.

Fre. Be merciful! I will not fly!

Gao. Why, I believe I may venture to take you to the castle.

Tyke. You may.

Fre. Oh, each moment is an age!

Gao. Well, let me find the key.

Tyke. Oh, never mind key. [*Rushes against the door—it opens.*] There! Come—come. [*Exeunt, L. D.*]

SCENE V.—*A Gothic Chapel—the entrance of the Choir in the back Scene, with steps to ascend—folding doors conceal the Interior of the Chapel—Music behind the Scenes—A marriage procession enters, R.*

Enter Servants, Ladies and Gentlemen, LORD AVONDALE, JULIA, and GENERAL TARRAGAN, R.

Gen. Well, my lord, the joyful hour is at length arrived. I fancy it would be difficult to find three happier people. [*Lord Avondale bows.*] Now, farewell to Julia Tarragan! a name my tongue has dwelt on with rapture, and demands a parting tear. Kiss me, my girl!—but I shall see thee grace a nobler name. Well now to the altar—my lord, we wait—

Ld. A. [*Starting.*] For me! [*Recovering.*] My lovely bride, your hand.—[*They move towards the chapel—the folding doors are opened, which discovers Mrs. St. Clair in the dress of the picture, her right hand pointing to the*

wedding-ring—Lord Avondale, advancing up the steps, beholds her—falls back into the arms of the attendants, exclaiming,] Angels of mercy! Emily! [Faints.

Emi. Yes! behold thy innocent, thy much-wronged wife! [All express astonishment—she comes forward.] Inhuman man! hear me!—Where is my child?—where is my darling boy?

Tyke. [Without, L.] Stand out of the way! here he comes! here he comes!

Enter FREDERICK and TYKE, L.

Fre. Julia! married!

Jul. [Looking down.] No, Frederick!

Fre. [Seeing Lord Avondale.] Ah! what means this? Father, father, hear me! it is your son that calls! Will not that charmed name restore you?

Emi. Ah, son! [Leans on Julia.

Fre. [Turning round.] What do I see?—That form!—that dress!—Oh, tell me! does my heart deceive me?—[She rushes into his arms.] I know thy wrongs—my father has bewailed them with tears of anguish. Oh, forgive him!—he has been my benefactor—he has loved me—he has been a father to me!—Take his hand—there—the warm contact will animate each torpid pulse—will wake his heart to penitence—to love! Ah, he revives.

Ld. A. [Recovering, looks round.] Emily!—Ah! Frederick here? what am I to think?

Tyke. Think! look there—look there! [Pointing to the mark.] He is your own!

Ld. A. What! My wife—my child?—both, both restored! O, All-merciful!—accept my contrition!—deign to receive my gratitude!

[The curtain slowly falls, while Lord Avondale, kneeling, lifts his hands to heaven—Julia takes the hand of Emily—General Tarragan rests on his stick, with his handkerchief to his eyes—Tyke, with joyful satisfaction, points to the group.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

GENERAL. AVONDALE. EMILY. JULIA. TYKE.
R.] [L.

THE END.



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

Robbers' Vows.

Frederick. Your purse, or your life!

Act III. Scene 2.

LOVERS' VOWS :

A PLAY,

In five Acts,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE,

BY MRS. INCHBALD,

*Authoress of The Child of Nature, Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are
The Midnight Hour, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
MR. R. CRICKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Lovers' Vows.

THE German dramatists, paying little deference to the *judgment*, made one direct appeal to the *heart*—and they seldom missed their aim; for, though the assent of critics may be grateful to the man of taste, the applause of thousands is a still prouder, and more profitable distinction. If, for one critic that condemns, a hundred ordinary folks approve—if, in the closet, a play is found guilty of indecorum and absurdity, and at the same time gain the approbation of the public—we must surely admit that the dramatist is at least victorious on his own ground. The *honour* of such a victory is another question. Some authors have thought fit to appeal to the press, against an unjust decision of a capricious audience: and others may, in like manner, point to a crowded theatre, as a set-off against the fastidious dogmas of critics. When Tickell's, (or Addison's) rival Homer appeared, Pope observed, that he cared little for the wits at Button's, so long as he had the mob (*i. e.* the public) on his side; and the dramatist may care not a button for the critic, provided pit, boxes, and gallery hail him their *Magnus Apollo*. *Lovers' Vows*, as a literary composition, is almost beneath criticism: as a theatrical exhibition, it has always been effective and popular.

We shall not repeat the very trite remark, that the extenuation for profligacy which this drama affords, is likely to produce extensive mischief. Few, we suspect, will be disposed to imitate Agatha Friburg, for the chance, after twenty years, of marrying their seducer.—We think it more likely that the positive miseries she is made to endure, as approximating nearer to real life, will have the contrary effect. One good, we trust, will arise from the example—the diminution of that execrable vice, called gallantry, which abandons its victim to shame and remorse, and risks that fearful contact between father and child, which the heart shudders to contemplate.

We are no friends to the doctrine of *philosophical necessity*. We believe that every man's actions are in his own power, so long as reason is preserved to him. If once we admit that the *end* justifies the *means*, Vice will never be at a loss for an excuse—

“ So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side :
Not he, but his *emergence*, forced the door,—
He found it *inconvenient* to be poor !”

The case of Frederick is an extreme one. He is placed in the situation of a man in a million, and may therefore be permitted to act as such, without any dangerous consequences to society. But, though we do not admit of *philosophical*, we must of a *dramatic necessity*. It is indispensable that Frederick should rob his father—had the young soldier continued an honest man, it would have puzzled Kotzebue and Mrs. Inchbald to have made Agatha an honest woman.

Lovers' Vows is a sort of paraphrase on Kotzebue's "Child of Love." A literal translation of the German play was put into the hands of Mrs. Inchbald by the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, for that lady to adapt it to the English stage. In performing this task, Mrs. Inchbald has shown considerable ability. Baron Wildenhaim would have proved fatal to the play, had he not been altered and modelled to the taste of an English audience. For Count Cassel, Amelia, and Verdon, she has done still more. We profess not to know how love-affairs are conducted in Germany—whether the declaration first comes from the gentleman or the lady—whether it is usual to call a spade, a spade—but, if Amelia Wildenhaim be intended as a sample, we can only say they manage these things better in Germany. In this country, a lady, like a ghost, must be *spoken to*, ere she feels herself at liberty to speak: this Mrs. Inchbald knew, and judiciously confined the character of Amelia within the limits of decorum, without destroying her frankness, and making her a prude. Kotzebue's Amelia fairly sets her cap at the chaplain, and makes love to him *sans* intermission and ceremony. The English Amelia's hits, though less palpable, are sufficiently intelligible to a person even of Mr. Anhalt's gravity and cloth.

In every art, not excepting that of love, something should be left to the imagination. It is neither necessary to—

"Let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on the damask cheek,"

nor to speak abruptly the truth, the *whole* truth, and leave nothing for the imagination to conceive. There is a sort of concealment that is indissolubly linked with our old-fashioned notions of female decorum. Kitty Clive, being excessively angry at being put out of the part of Portia, and declaring she was quite as well qualified to *wear breeches* as Garrick was to play Ranger, Davy, who was a lover of decorum, when it did not interfere with *himself*, produced this impromptu:

"Dear Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,

Since I must the truth on't reveal;

For, when I mount the ladder, and you wear the breeches,

We show what we ought to conceal."

Verdon, the poetical butler, who, in the German drama, is entirely subordinate, in the present one occupies a distinguished place, and is very humorously drawn. His rhyming account of the rencontre between the baron and Frederick, which was *suggested* by Mrs. Inchbald, but in a great measure *supplied* by another hand, is an ingenious burlesque on *modern* ancient ballads and legendary tales. This style of writing was extremely popular some years since. Percy and Langhorne produced some beautiful specimens, but Goldsmith's "Hermit" transcends them all. Dr. Johnson parodies these modern antiques—

"Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet,"

in the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on!"

Mr. Verdon's poetry has at least the merit of perspicuity and plain-

ness. He that runs may read,—there are no metaphorical flights of fancy to bewilder the brain ; it is straight-forward matter-of-fact narration from beginning to end. The whimsical *truisms* contained in his poem, "*There lived a Lady in this Land*," are parodies on Goldsmith's, "*In Islington there was a Man*," and "*Madam Blaize*." As it was humorously said of Otway's "*Orphan*,"—what a world of pother there had been for want of a *little farthing rush-light*—had the following *moral* been more religiously observed, fewer *illegitimate* subjects had been resorted to for the legitimate drama :—

" Then you, who now lead single lives,
From this sad tale beware ;
And do not act as you were *wives*,
Before you *really* are !"

The late Mr. Rae made an excellent Frederick. The stage sustained a loss by his death, that no succeeding actor has yet repaired. Neither Mr. Warde nor Mr. Cooper can be named with him. Mrs. Glover played the disagreeable character of Agatha Friberg with sufficient judgment. A *mother* revealing to her *son* the history of her shame places the actress in a trying situation ; and Mrs. Glover got over it tolerably well. Mr. Wallack and Mrs. Mardyn gave an animated picture of the two lovers ; but, even with these helps, the audience would have been wearied, but for the excessive comicality of Munden in the poetical Butler.

Mr. Kean Jun. has lately enacted Frederick, with symptoms of improvement in his style of acting. He has got rid of some of his declamation and formality, and consequently approaches nearer to nature. Miss Footc, in Amelia, was nature herself.—She overwhelmed the chaplain with a flood of passion that might disturb even a *bishop's* sanctity. Harley took upon himself the authorship of Mr. Verdun's poetry, and was exceedingly laughable.

 D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	R.C.	C.	L.C.	L.
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. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

- BARON WILDENHAIM.**—Green huzzar uniform—black boots.
FREDERICK.—White German uniform.
COUNT.—Amber-coloured tunic, trimmed with silver—hat and feathers.
ANHALT.—Black kerseymere tunic, small clothes, &c., trimmed with black velvet.
VERDUN.—Drab-coloured doublet, black breeches, &c., trimmed with orange and scarlet.
COTTAGER.—Drab suit, trimmed with black binding.
LANDLORD.—Brown doublet, breeches, and red stockings.
COUNTRYMAN.—Leather doublet and breeches—red waistcoat—blue stockings.
FARMER.—Brown doublet—red waistcoat—leather breeches—top-boots.
SERVANT.—Orange tunic—white pantaloons—russet boots.
GAMEKEEPERS.—Green tunics.
AMELIA.—White satin dress, trimmed with green velvet.
AGATHA.—Lead-coloured gown—white turban on the head.
COTTAGER'S WIFE.—Red petticoat—coloured gown—white apron—mittens—mob-cap.
COUNTRY GIRL.—Blue petticoat—black body and tabs—coloured handkerchief—gipsy hat.

Cast of the Characters, as performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	Covent Garden. 1816.	Drury Lane. 1827.
<i>Baron Wildenheim</i> -	- Mr. Murray.	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Count Cassel</i> -	- Mr. Knight.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Anhalt</i> -	- Mr. H. Johnston.	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Frederick</i> -	- Mr. Pope.	Mr. Kean, Jun.
<i>Verdun (the Butler)</i> -	- Mr. Munden.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Landlord</i> -	- Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Penton.
<i>Cottager</i> -	- Mr. Davenport.	Mr. Younge.
<i>Farmer</i> -	- Mr. Rees.	Mr. Darnley
<i>Countryman</i> -	- Mr. Dyke.	Mr. Brown.
<i>Agatha Friburg</i> -	- Mrs. Johnson.	Mrs. W. West.
<i>Amelia Wildenheim</i> -	- Mrs. H. Johnston.	Miss Foote.
<i>Cottager's Wife</i> -	- Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. C. Jones.
<i>Country Girl</i> -	- Miss Leserve.	Miss L. Wilmott.

Huntsmen, Servants, &c.

SCENE—Germany,—Time of representation, one day.

LOVERS' VOWS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Highroad, a Town at a distance.—
small Inn on the l. side of the Road, a Cottage on the R.*

*The LANDLORD of the Inn pushes AGATHA out of the
House, L. S. E.*

Lan. (L.) No, no! no room for you any longer—It is the fair to-day in the next village; as great a fair as any in the German dominions. The country people with their wives and children take up every corner we have.

Aga. (c.) You will turn a poor sick woman out of doors, who has spent her last farthing in your house?

Lan. For that very reason; because she *has* spent her last farthing.

Aga. I can work.

Lan. You can hardly move your hands.

Aga. My strength will come again.

Lan. Then you may come again.

Aga. What am I to do? Where shall I go?

Lan. It is fine weather—you may go any where.

Aga. Who will give me a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger?

Lan. Sick people eat but little.

Aga. Hard, unfeeling man, have pity.

Lan. When times are hard, pity is too expensive for a poor man. Ask alms of the different people that go by.

Aga. Beg! I would rather starve.

Lan. You may beg, and starve, too. What a fine lady you are! Many an honest woman has been obliged to beg. Why should not you? [*Agatha sits down upon a large stone under a tree, R.*] For instance, here comes somebody; and I will teach you how to begin.

Enter a COUNTRYMAN with working tools, crosses to R.
Good day, neighbour Nicholas.

Cou. Good day.

Lan. Won't you give a trifle to this poor woman? [*Countryman takes no notice, but walks off, R.*] That would not do—the poor man has nothing himself but what he gets by hard labour. Here comes a rich farmer; perhaps he will give you something.

Enter FARMER, L.

Good morning to you, sir. Under yon tree sits a poor woman in distress, who is in need of your charity.

Far. (L.) Is she not ashamed of herself? Why don't she work?

Lan. She has had a fever. If you would but pay for one dinner—

Far. The harvest has been but indifferent, and my cattle and sheep have suffered by a distemper.

[*Crosses and exit, R.*]

Lan. My fat smiling face was not made for begging: you'll have more luck with your thin, sour one—so, I'll leave you to yourself.

[*Exit into house, L.*]

Aga. [Rises and comes forward.] Oh, Providence! thou hast till this hour protected me, and hast given me fortitude not to despair. Receive my humble thanks, and restore me to health, for the sake of my poor son, the innocent cause of my sufferings, and yet my only comfort. [*Kneeling, c.*] Oh, grant that I may see him once more! See him improved in strength of mind and body; and that by thy gracious mercy he may never be visited with afflictions great as mine. [*After a pause.*] Protect his father, too, merciful Providence, and pardon his crime of perjury to me! Here, in the face of Heaven (supposing my end approaching, and that I can but a few days longer struggle with want and sorrow), here, I solemnly forgive my seducer for all the ills, the accumulated evils, which his allurements, his deceit and cruelty, have, for twenty years past, drawn upon me.

Enter a COUNTRY GIRL, with a basket, L.

Aga. [Near fainting, R.] My dear child, if you could spare me a trifle—

Girl. (L.) I have not a farthing in the world—but I am going to market to sell my eggs, and as I come back I'll give you threepence—And I'll be back as soon as ever I can.

[*Crosses and exit, R.*]

Aga. There was a time when I was as happy as this

country girl, and as willing to assist the poor in distress.
[Retires to the tree, and sits down.]

Enter FREDERICK, L. U. E.—*He is dressed in a German soldier's uniform, has a sword and knapsack on his shoulders, and appears in high spirits.*

Fre. [Advances to c.] Halt! Stand at ease! It is a very hot day—[Throws down his sword and knapsack.] A draught of good wine will not be amiss. But first let me consult my purse. [Crosses to front of stage, L. and takes out a couple of pieces of money, which he turns about in his hand.] This will do for a breakfast—the other remains for my dinner; and in the evening I shall be at home. [Going up to house, L. S. E., calls out.] Ha! Halloo! Landlord! [Takes notice of Agatha, who is leaning against the tree, R.] Who is that? A poor sick woman! She don't beg; but her appearance makes me think she is in want. Must one always wait to give till one is asked? Shall I go without my breakfast now, or lose my dinner? The first, I think, is the best. Ay, I don't want a breakfast, for dinner-time will soon be here. To do good satisfies both hunger and thirst. [Going towards her with the money in his hand.] Take this, good woman.

[Stretches forth her hand for the gift, looks steadfastly at him, and cries out with astonishment and joy.]

Aga. (R.) Frederick!

Fre. (R. C.) Mother! [With amazement and grief.] Mother! For God's sake what is this! How is this! And why do I find my mother thus? Speak!

Aga. I cannot speak, dear son! [Rising and embracing him.] My dear Frederick! The joy is too great—I was not prepared—

Fre. Dear mother, compose yourself: [Leans her head against his breast.] now, then, be comforted. How she trembles! She is fainting.

Aga. I am so weak, and my head so giddy—I had nothing to eat all yesterday.

Fre. Good heavens! here is my little money, take it all. Oh, mother! mother! [Runs to the inn, L. S. E.] Landlord! Landlord!

[Frederick knocks violently at the door; the Landlord opens it, and comes out.]

Lan. What is the matter?

Fre. A bottle of wine—quick, quick!

Lan. [*Surprised.*] A bottle of wine! For whom?

Fre. For me. Why do you ask? Why don't you make haste?

Lan. Well, well, Mr. Soldier: but can you pay for it?

Fre. Here is money—make haste, or I'll break every window in your house.

Lan. Patience! Patience! [*Goes into house.*]

Fre. [*To Agatha.*] You were hungry yesterday, when I sat down to a comfortable dinner. You were hungry when I partook of a good supper. Oh! why is so much bitter mixed with the joy of my return?

Aga. Be patient, my dear Frederick. Since I see you, I am well. But I have been very ill: so ill that I despaired of ever beholding you again.

Fre. Ill, and I was not with you? I will, now, never leave you more. Look, mother, how tall and strong I am grown. These arms can now afford you support. They can, and shall, procure you subsistence.

Lan. [*Coming out of the house with a small pitcher.*] Here is wine—a most delicious nectar. [*Aside.*] It is only Rhenish; but it will pass for the best old Hock.

Fre. (c.) [*Impatiently snatching the pitcher.*] Give it me.

Lan. No, no; the money first. One shilling and twopence, if you please. [*Frederick gives him money.*]

Fre. [*Crosses to R.*] This is all I have.—Here, here, mother.

[*Gives her wine.—While she drinks, Landlord counts the money.*]

Lan. Three-halfpence too short! However, one must be charitable. [*Exit Landlord into house, L. S. E.*]

Aga. I thank you, my dear Frederick—Wine revives me—Wine from the hand of my son gives me almost a new life. [*Comes forward.*]

Fre. Don't speak too much, mother—Take your time.

Aga. (R. c.) Tell me, dear child, how you have passed the five years since you left me.

Fre. (c.) Both good and bad, mother. To-day plenty—to-morrow not so much—and sometimes nothing at all.

Aga. You have not written to me this long while.

Fre. Dear mother, consider the great distance I was from you!—And then, in the time of war, how often letters miscarry.—Besides——

Aga. No matter, now I see you. But have you obtained your discharge?

Fre. Oh, no, mother ; I have leave of absence only for two months ; and that for a particular reason. But I will not quit you so soon, now I find you are in want of my assistance.

Aga. No, no, Frederick ; your visit will make me so well, that I shall in a very short time recover strength to work again ; and you must return to your regiment, when your furlough is expired. But you told me leave of absence was granted you for a particular reason.—What reason ?

Fre. When I left you, five years ago, you gave me every thing you could afford, and all you thought would be necessary for me. But one trifle you forgot, which was the certificate of my birth from the church-book. You know, in this country, there is nothing to be done without it. At the time of parting from you, I little thought it could be of that consequence to me, which I have since found it would have been. Once I became tired of a soldier's life, and, in the hope I should obtain my discharge, offered myself to a master to learn a profession ; but his question was, "Where is your certificate from the church-book of the parish in which you were born?" It vexed me that I had not it to produce, for my comrades laughed at my disappointment. My captain behaved kinder, for he gave me leave to come home to fetch it—and you see, mother, here I am.

[*During this speech, Agatha is confused and agitated.*]

Aga. So you are come for the purpose of fetching your certificate from the church-book ?

Fre. Yes, mother.

Aga. Oh ! oh !

Fre. What is the matter ? [*She bursts into tears.*] For Heaven's sake, mother, tell me what's the matter ?

Aga. You have no certificate.

Fre. No !

Aga. No.—The laws of Germany excluded you from being registered at your birth—for—you are a natural son.

Fre. [*Starts—after a pause.*] So !—And who is my father ?

Aga. Oh, Frederick, your wild looks are daggers to my heart. Another time.

Fre. [*Endeavouring to conceal his emotion.*] No, no—I am still your son—and you are still my mother. Only tell me, who is my father ?

Aga. When we parted, five years ago, you were too young to be intrusted with a secret of so much importance. But the time is come, when I can, in confidence, open my heart, and unload that burden with which it has been long oppressed. And yet, to reveal my errors to my child, and sue for his mild judgment on my conduct—

Fre. You have nothing to sue for; only explain this mystery.

Aga. I will, I will. But—my tongue is locked with remorse and shame. You must not look at me.

Fre. Not look at you! Cursed be that son, who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so.

Aga. (L. c.) Then listen to me [*Crosses to R.*], and take notice of that village [*Pointing*], of that castle, and of that church. In that village I was born—in that church I was baptized. My parents were poor, but reputable farmers. The lady of that castle and estate requested them to let me live with her, and she would provide for me through life. They resigned me; and, at the age of fourteen, I went to my patroness. She took pleasure to instruct me in all kinds of female literature and accomplishments; and three happy years had passed, under her protection, when her only son, who was an officer in the Saxon service, obtained permission to come home. I had never seen him before—he was a handsome young man, in my eyes a prodigy; for he talked of love, and promised me marriage. He was the first man who had ever spoken to me on such a subject. His flattery made me vain, and his repeated vows—Don't look at me, dear Frederick: I can say no more. [*Frederick, with his eyes cast down, takes her hand, and puts it to his heart.*] Oh! oh! my son! I was intoxicated by the fervent caresses of a young, inexperienced, capricious man, and did not recover from the delirium till it was too late.

Fre. [*After a pause.*] Go on. Let me know more of my father.

Aga. When the time drew near that I could no longer conceal my guilt and shame, my seducer prevailed on me not to expose him to the resentment of his mother. He renewed his former promises of marriage at her death; on which relying, I gave him my word to be secret—and I have to this hour buried his name deep in my heart.

Fre. (R. C.) Proceed, proceed ! give me full information—I will have courage to hear it all.

[*Greatly agitated.*]

Aga. His leave of absence expired, he returned to his regiment, depending on my promise, and well assured of my esteem. As soon as my situation became known, I was questioned, and received many severe reproaches : but I refused to confess who was my undoer ; and for that obstinacy was turned from the castle. I went to my parents ; but their door was shut against me. My mother, indeed, wept as she bade me quit her sight for ever ; but my father wished increased affliction might befall me.

Fre. [Weeping.] Be quick with your narrative, or you'll break my heart.

Aga. (c.) I now sought protection from the old clergyman of the parish. He received me with compassion. On my knees I begged forgiveness for the scandal I had caused to his parishioners ; promised amendment ; and he said he did not doubt me. Through his recommendation I went to town, and, hid in humble lodgings, procured the means of subsistence by teaching to the neighbouring children what I had learnt under the tuition of my benefactress. To instruct you, my Frederick, was my care and my delight ; and, in return for your filial love, I would not thwart your wishes when they led to a soldier's life ; but I saw you go from me with an aching heart. Soon after my health declined, I was compelled to give up my employment ; and, by degrees, became the object you now see me. But, let me add, before I close my calamitous story, that, when I left the good old clergyman, taking along with me his kind advice and his blessing, I left him with a firm determination to fulfil the vow I had made of repentance and amendment. I have fulfilled it—and now, Frederick, you may look at me again.

[*He embraces her.*]

Fre. But my father all this time ? [*Mournfully.*] I apprehend he died.

Aga. No—he married.

Fre. Married !

Aga. A woman of virtue—of noble birth and immense fortune. Yet [*Weeps*] I had written to him many times ; had described your infant innocence and wants ; had glanced obliquely at former promises—

Fre. [Rapidly.] No answer to these letters ?

Aga. Not a word. But in the time of war, you know, letters miscarry.

Fre. Nor did he ever return to this estate?

Aga. No—since the death of his mother this castle has only been inhabited by servants—for he settled as far off as Alsace, upon the estate of his wife.

Fre. I will carry you in my arms to Alsace. No—why should I ever know my father? My heart is satisfied with a mother. No—I will not go to him. I will not disturb his peace—I leave that task to his conscience. What say you, mother, can't we do without him?—*[Struggling between his tears and his pride.]* We don't want him. I will write directly to my captain. Let the consequence be what it will, leave you again I cannot. Should I be able to get my discharge, I will work all day at the plough, and all the night with my pen. It will do, mother, it will do! heaven's goodness will assist me—it will prosper the endeavours of a dutiful son for the sake of a helpless mother.

Aga. *[Presses him to her breast.]* Where could he found such another son?

Fre. But tell me my father's name, that I may know how to shun him.

Aga. Baron Wildenhaim.

Fre. Baron Wildenhaim! I shall never forget it.—Oh! you are near fainting. Your eyes are cast down. What's the matter? Speak, mother!

Aga. Nothing particular:—only fatigued with talking. I wish to take a little rest.

Fre. I did not consider that we have been all this time in the open road. *[Goes to the inn, and knocks at the door, L. S. E.]* Here, landlord!

LANDLORD *re-enters from house, L. S. E.*

Lan. Well, what is the matter now?

Fre. Make haste, and get a bed ready for this good woman.

Lan. *[With a sneer.]* A bed for this good woman! Ha! ha! ha! She slept last night in that pent-house; so she may to-night. *[Exit, shutting the door.]*

Fre. You are an infamous—*[Goes back to his mother, c.]* Oh! my poor mother—*[Runs to the cottage, R. S. E., and knocks.]* Ha! halloo! Who is there?

Enter COTTAGER, from cottage, R. S. E.

Cot. Good day, young soldier. What is it you want?

Fre. Good friend, look at that poor woman. She is perishing in the public road! It is my mother. Will you give her a small corner in your hut? I beg for mercy's sake—heaven will reward you.

Cot. Can't you speak quietly? I understand you very well. [*Calls at the door of the hut.*] Wife, shake up our bed—here is a poor sick woman wants it.

Enter WIFE, from Cottage, R. S. E.

Why could not you say all this in fewer words? Why such a long preamble? Why for mercy's sake, and heaven's reward? Why talk about reward for such trifles as these? Come, let us lead her in; and welcome she shall be to a bed, as good as I can give her, and to our homely fare.

Fre. Ten thousand thanks and blessings on you!

Wife. Thanks and blessings! here's a piece of work indeed about nothing!—Good sick lady, lean on my shoulder. [*To Frederick.*] Thanks and reward, indeed! Do you think husband and I have lived to these years, and don't know our duty?—Lean on my shoulder.

[*Exeunt into cottage, R. S. E.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Cottage.*

AGATHA, COTTAGER, *his* WIFE, and FREDERICK, *discovered*—AGATHA reclining upon a Wooden Bench at the back of the stage, L. C.—FREDERICK leaning over her, L.—COTTAGER and WIFE, R.

Fre. (L.) Good people, have you nothing to give her? Nothing that's nourishing?

Wife. Run, husband, run, and fetch a bottle of wine from the landlord of the inn.

Fre. No, no; his wine is as bad as his heart: she has drank some of it, which I am afraid has turned to poison.

Cot. Suppose, wife, you look for a new-laid egg?

Wife. Or a drop of brandy, husband; that mostly cures me.

Fre. Do you hear, mother? Will you, mother? Agatha makes a sign with her hand as if she could not take

any thing.] She will not. Is there no doctor in this neighbourhood?

Wife. At the end of the village there lives a horse-doctor. I have never heard of any other.

Fre. What shall I do? She is dying. My mother is dying; pray for her, good people!

Aga. Make yourself easy, dear Frederick; I am well, only weak,—some wholesome nourishment—

Fre. Yes, mother, directly—directly. [*Aside.*] Oh! where shall I—no money—not a farthing left.

Wife. Oh, dear me! Had you not paid the rent yesterday, husband—

Cot. I then should know what to do. But, as I hope for mercy, I have not a penny in my house.

Fre. Then I must—[*Apart, coming forward, L.*—Yes, I will go and beg. But, should I be refused—I will then—I leave my mother in your care, good people,—do all you can for her, I beseech you! I shall soon be with you again. [*Goes off in haste and confusion, L.*

Cot. If he should go to our parson, I am sure he would give him something. [*Goes round to L.*
[*Agatha having revived by degrees during the scene, rises.*

Aga. (c.) Is that good old man still living who was minister here some time ago?

Wife. (R.) No—it pleased Providence to take that worthy man to heaven two years ago. We have lost in him both a friend and a father. We shall never get such another.

Cot. (L.) Wife, wife, our present rector is likewise a very good man.

Wife. Yes; but he is so very young.

Cot. Our late parson was once young too.

Wife. [*To Agatha.*] This young man being tutor in our Baron's family, he is very much beloved by them all; and so the baron gave him this living in consequence.

Cot. And well he deserved it for his pious instructions to our young lady; who is, in consequence, good and friendly to every body.

Aga. What young lady do you mean?

Cot. Our baron's daughter.

Aga. Is she here!

Wife. Dear me! Don't you know that? I thought every body had known that. It is almost five weeks since the baron and all his family arrived at the castle.

Aga. Baron Wildenhaim?

Wife. Yes, Baron Wildenhaim.

Aga. And his lady?

Cot. His lady died in France, many miles from hence; and her death, I suppose, was the cause of his coming to this estate—for the baron has not been here till within these five weeks ever since he was married. We regretted his absence much, and his arrival has caused great joy. [*Agatha rises, Cottager and Wife lead her forward.*]

Wife. [*Addressing her discourse to Agatha.*] By all accounts the baroness was very haughty, and very whimsical.

Cot. Wife, wife, never speak ill of the dead. Say what you please against the living, but not a word against the dead.

Wife. And yet, husband, I believe the dead care the least what is said against them.—And so, if you please, I'll tell my story. The late baroness was, they say, haughty and proud; and they do say, the baron was not so happy as he might have been:—but he, bless him—our good baron, is still the same as when a boy. Soon after madam had closed her eyes, he left France, and came to Wildenhaim, his native country.

Cot. Many times has he joined in our village dances. Afterwards, when he became an officer, he was rather wild, as most young men are.

Wife. Yes, I remember when he fell in love with poor Agatha, Friburg's daughter: what a piece of work that was—It did not do him much credit. That was a wicked thing.

Cot. Have done—no more of this.—It is not well to stir up old grievances.

Wife. Why, you said I might speak ill of the living. 'Tis very hard, indeed, if one must not speak ill of one's neighbours, dead or alive.

Cot. Who knows whether he was the father of Agatha's child? She never said he was.

Wife. Nobody but him—that I'm sure—I would lay a wager—no, no, husband, you must not take his part—it was very wicked! Who knows what is now become of that poor creature? She has not been heard of this many a year. [*Agatha is greatly agitated.*] May be, she is starving for hunger. Her father might have lived longer, too, if that misfortune had not happened.

[*Agatha faints.*]

Cot. See here ! Help ! She is fainting—take hold.

Wife. Oh, poor woman !

Cot. Let us take her into the next room.

Wife. Oh, poor woman !—I am afraid she will not live.—Come, cheer up, cheer up. You are with those who feel for you. [*They lead her into Cottage, R.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.—A table spread for breakfast at the back of stage, L. C., and one with writing-desk at the back of stage, R. C.—BARON WILDENHAIM enters, attended by a gentleman in waiting, L.*

Bar. Has not Count Cassel left his chamber yet ?

Gen. No, my lord, he has but now rung for his valet.

Bar. (c.) The whole castle smells of his perfumery.—Go, call my daughter hither. [*Exit Gentleman, L.*] And am I, after all, to have an ape for a son-in-law ? No, I shall not be in a hurry—I love my daughter too well. We must be better acquainted before I give her to him. I shall not sacrifice my Amelia to the will of others, as I myself was sacrificed. The poor girl might, in thoughtlessness, say yes, and afterwards be miserable. What a pity she is not a boy ! The name of Wildenheim will die with me. My fine estates, my good peasants, all will fall into the hands of strangers. Oh ! why was not my Amelia a boy !

Enter AMELIA, R.—She kisses the Baron's hand.

Ame. (R. C.) Good morning, dear my lord.

Bar. Good morning, Amelia. Have you slept well ?

Ame. Oh ! yes, papa. I always sleep well.

Bar. Not a little restless last night ?

Ame. No.

Bar. Amelia, you know you have a father who loves you, and I believe you know you have a suitor, who is come to ask permission to love you. Tell me candidly how you like Count Cassel !

Ame. Very well.

Bar. Do not you blush when I talk of him ?

Ame. No.

Bar. No ?—I am sorry for that—[*Aside*].—Have you dream'd of him ?

Ame. No.

Bar. Have you not dream'd at all to-night ?

Ame. Oh, yes—I have dream'd of our chaplain, Mr. Anhalt.

Bar. Ah, ha! As if he stood before you and the Count to ask for the ring.

Ame. No, not that. I dream'd we were all still in France; and he, my tutor, just going to take his leave of us for ever.—I 'woke with the fright, and found my eyes full of tears.

Bar. Pshaw! I want to know if you can love the count. You saw him at the last ball we were at in France; when he capered round you; when he danced minuets; when he—but I cannot say what his conversation was.

Ame. Nor I either—I do not remember a syllable of it.

Bar. No? then I do not think you like him.

Ame. I believe not.

Bar. But I think proper to acquaint you, he is rich, and of great consequence: rich, and of consequence; do you hear?

Ame. Yes, dear papa. But my tutor has always told me, that birth and fortune are inconsiderable things, and cannot give happiness.

Bar. There he is right—But if it happens, that birth and fortune are joined with sense and virtue—

Ame. But is it so with Count Cassel?

Bar. Hem! Hem! [*Aside*] I will ask you a few questions on this subject; but be sure to answer me honestly—Speak the truth.

Ame. I never told an untruth in my life.

Bar. Nor ever conceal the truth from me, I command you.

Ame. [*Earnestly.*] Indeed, my lord, I never will.

Bar. I take you at your word—And now reply to me truly—Do you like to hear the count spoken of?

Ame. Good or bad?

Bar. Good. Good.

Ame. Oh, yes; I like to hear good of every body.

Bar. But do you not feel a little fluttered when he is talked of?

Ame. No.

[*Shaking her head.*]

Bar. Are not you a little embarrassed?

Ame. No.

Bar. Don't you wish sometimes to speak to him, and have not the courage to begin?

Bar. Do you not wish to take his part, when his companions laugh at him?

Ame. No—I love to laugh at him myself.

Bar. Provoking! [*Aside.*] Are not you afraid of him when he comes near you?

Ame. No, not at all.—Oh, yes—once.

[*Recollecting herself.*]

Bar. Ah! now it comes!

Ame. Once at a ball he trod on my foot; and I was so afraid he should tread on me again.

Bar. You put me out of patience. Hear me, Amelia. [*Stops short, and speaks softer.*] To see you happy is my wish. But matrimony without concord is like a duetto badly performed; for that reason, nature, the great composer of all harmony, has ordained, that, when bodies are allied, hearts should be in perfect unison. However, I will send Mr. Anhalt to you——

Ame. [*Much pleased.*] Do, papa.

Bar. He shall explain to you my sentiments. [*Crosses to L., rings.*] A clergyman can do this better than——

Enter a Servant, L.

Go directly to Mr. Anhalt; tell him I shall be glad to see him for a quarter of an hour if he is not engaged.

[*Exit Servant, L.*]

Ame. [*Calls after him.*] Wish him a good morning from me.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Bar. [*Looking at his watch.*] The Count is a tedious time dressing.—Have you breakfasted, Amelia?

Ame. (L.) No, papa.

[*They sit down at table, L. C. to breakfast, the Baron, R.*]

Amelia, L.

Bar. How is the weather? Have you walked this morning?

Ame. Oh, yes—I was in the garden at five o'clock; it is very fine.

Bar. Then I'll go out shooting. I do not know in what other way to amuse my guest.

Enter COUNT CASSEL, R.

Cou. Ah, my dear Colonel! Miss Wildenhaim, I kiss your hand.

Bar. Good morning; good morning! though it is late in the day, count. In the country we should rise earlier.

Cou. [*Crosses to L.*] It is Hebe herself, or Venus, or——

Ame. Ha! ha! ha! Who can help laughing at his nonsense?

Bar. [*Rather angry.*] Neither Venus nor Hebe, but Amelia Wildenhaim, if you please.

[*Rises, and goes to the other table, R. C.*]

Cou. [*Sitting down to breakfast, c.*] You are beautiful, Miss Wildenhaim.—Upon my honour, I think so. I have travelled, and seen much of the world, and yet I can positively admire you.

Ame. I am sorry I have not seen the world.

Cou. Wherefore? [*Amelia hands the Count a cup of tea.*]

Ame. Because I might then, perhaps, admire you.

Cou. True;—for I am an epitome of the world. In my travels I learnt delicacy in Italy—(a little more cream)—[*Puts his cup over to Amelia.*]—hauteur, in Spain—in France, enterprise—in Russia, prudence—in England, sincerity—in Scotland, frugality—(a little more sugar, if you please, Miss Wildenhaim)—in Ireland, hospitality—and in the wilds of America I learnt love.

Ame. Is there any country where love is taught?

Cou. In all barbarous countries. But the whole system is exploded in places that are civilized.

Ame. And what is substituted in its stead?

Cou. Intrigue.

Ame. What a poor uncomfortable substitute!

Cou. There are other things—Song, dance, the opera, and war.

Bar. [*At the table, R. C.*] What are you talking of there?

Cou. Of war, colonel.

Bar. [*Rising.*] Ay, we like to talk on what we don't understand.

Cou. [*Rising.*] Therefore, to a lady, I always speak of politics; and to her father on love.

Bar. [*Comes forward, R. C.*] I believe, count, notwithstanding your sneer, I am still as much of a proficient in that art as yourself.

Cou. [*Comes forward, c.*] I do not doubt it, my dear colonel, for you are a soldier; and, since the days of Alexander, whoever conquers men, is certain to overcome women.

Bar. An achievement to animate a poltroon.

Cou. And, I verily believe, gains more recruits than the king's pay.

Bar. Now we are on the subject of arms, should you

like to go out a shooting with me for an hour before dinner?

Cou. Bravo, colonel! A charming thought! This will give me an opportunity to use my elegant gun: the butt is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. You cannot find better work, or better taste.—Even my coat-of-arms is engraved.

Bar. But can you shoot?

Cou. That I have never tried—except with my eyes, at a fine woman.

Bar. I am not particular what game I pursue.—I have an old gun; it does not look fine; but I can always bring down my bird.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. Mr. Anhalt begs leave——

Bar. Tell him to come in.—I shall be ready in a moment.

[*Exit Servant, L.*

Cou. Who is Mr. Anhalt?

Ame. [*Rising, coming down, L.*] Oh, a very good man.

[*With warmth.*

Cou. A good man! In Italy, that means a religious man; in France, it means a cheerful man; in Spain, it means a wise man; and in England, it means a rich man.—Which good man of all these is Mr. Anhalt?

Ame. A good man in every country except England.

Cou. And give me the English good man before that of any other nation.

Bar. And of what nation would you prefer your good woman to be, count?

Cou. Of Germany.

[*Bowing to Amelia.*

Ame. In compliment to me?

Cou. In justice to my own judgment.

Bar. Certainly. For have we not an instance of one German woman, who possesses every virtue that ornaments the whole sex; whether as a woman of illustrious rank, or in the more exalted character of a wife and a mother?

Enter MR. ANHALT, L. U. E.

Anh. I come by your command, baron—

Bar. Quick, count. Get your elegant gun. I pass your apartments, and will soon call for you.

Cou. I fly.—Beautiful Amelia, it is a sacrifice I make to your father, that I leave for a few hours his amiable daughter.

[*Exit, R.*

Bar. My dear Amelia, I think it scarcely necessary to speak to Mr. Anhalt, or that he should speak to you on the subject of the count; but, as he is here, leave us alone.

Ame. [*As she retires.*] Good morning, Mr. Anhalt.—I hope you are very well. [*Exit, L.*]

Bar. (c.) I'll tell you in a few words why I sent for you. Count Cassel is here, and wishes to marry my daughter.

Anh. (L.) [*Much concerned.*] Really!

Bar. He is—he—in a word, I don't like him.

Anh. [*With emotion.*] And Miss Wildenhaim—

Bar. I shall not command, neither persuade her to the marriage—I know too well the fatal influence of parents on such a subject. Objections, to be sure, if they could be removed—but when you find a man's head without brains, and his bosom without a heart, these are important articles to supply. Young as you are, Anhalt, I know no one so able to restore, or to bestow those blessings on his fellow creatures, as you. [*Anhalt bows.*] The count wants a little of my daughter's simplicity and sensibility. Take him under your care while he is here, and make him something like yourself. You have succeeded to my wish in the education of my daughter. Form the count after your own manner. I shall then have what I have sighed for all my life—a son.

Anh. With your permission, Baron, I will presume to ask one question. What remains to interest you in favour of a man whose head and heart are good for nothing?

Bar. Birth and fortune. Yet, if I thought my daughter absolutely disliked him, or that she loved another, I would not thwart a first affection; no, for the world I would not. [*Sighing.*] But that her affections are already bestowed is not probable.

Anh. Are you of opinion that she will never fall in love?

Bar. Oh, no! I am of opinion that no woman ever arrived at the age of twenty without that misfortune.—But this is another subject.—Go to Amelia, explain to her the duties of a wife, and of a mother—If she comprehends them as she ought, then ask her if she thinks she could fulfil those duties as the wife of Count Cassel.

Anh. I will—But—I—Miss Wildenhaim—[*Confused.*] I—I shall—I—I shall obey your commands.

Bar. Do so. [*Gives a deep sigh.*] Ah! so far this weight is removed; but there lies still a heavier next my heart. You understand me.—How is it, Mr. Anhalt? Have you not yet been able to make any discoveries on that unfortunate subject?

Anh. I have taken infinite pains; but in vain. No such person is to be found.

Bar. Believe me, this burden presses on my thoughts so much, that many nights I go without sleep. A man is sometimes tempted to commit such depravity when young—Oh, Anhalt! had I, in my youth, had you for a tutor; but I had no instructor but my passions; no governor but my own will. [*Exit, R.*]

Anh. This commission of the baron's, in respect to his daughter—I am—[*Looks about.*] If I should meet her now, I cannot—I must recover myself first, and then prepare. A walk in the fields, and a fervent prayer.—After these, I trust, I shall return as a man whose views are solely placed on a future world; all hopes in this with fortitude resigned. [*Exit, l.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Open Field.

Enter FREDERICK, R., with a few pieces of money, which he turns about in his hands, as he advances to the front of the stage, l.

Fre. To return with this trifle, for which I have stooped to beg! return to see my mother dying! I would rather fly to the world's end. [*Looking at the money.*] What can I buy with this? It is hardly enough to pay for the nails that will be wanted for her coffin. My great anxiety will drive me to distraction. However, let the consequence of our affliction be what it may, all will fall upon my father's head; and may he pant for Heaven's forgiveness as my poor mother—[*At a distance is heard the firing of a gun, then the cry of halloo, halloo—Gamekeepers and Sportsmen run across the stage from L. U. E., and exeunt, R. U. E.—Frederick looks about.*] Here they come—a nobleman, I suppose, or a man of for-

tune. Yes, yes—and I will once more beg for my mother.—May heaven send relief !

*Enter the BARON, L. U. E., followed slowly by the COUNT—
The BARON stops.*

Bar. Quick, quick, count! Aye, aye, that was a blunder, indeed. Don't you see the dogs? There they run—they have lost the scent.

[Exit Baron, looking after the dogs, R. U. E.]

Cou. So much the better, colonel, for I must take a little breath.

[Coming down, R. C.—He leans on his gun—Frederick goes up to him with great modesty.]

Fre. (c.) Gentleman, I beg you will bestow, from your superfluous wants, something to relieve the pain, and nourish the weak frame, of an expiring woman.

The BARON re-enters, R. S. E.

Cou. What police is here! that a nobleman's amusements should be interrupted by the attack of vagrants.

Fre. [To the Baron.] Have pity, noble sir, and relieve the distress of an unfortunate son, who supplicates for his dying mother.

Bar. [Taking out his purse.] I think, young soldier, it would be better if you were with your regiment on duty, instead of begging.

Fre. I would with all my heart: but at this present moment my sorrows are too great.—*[Baron gives something.]* I entreat your pardon. What you have been so good as to give me, is not enough.

Bar. [Surprised, c.] Not enough !

Fre. (L. c.) No, it is not enough.

Cou. (R. C.) The most singular beggar I ever met in all my travels.

Fre. If you have a charitable heart, give me one dollar.

Bar. This is the first time I was ever dictated to by a beggar what to give him.

Fre. With one dollar you will save a distracted man

Bar. I don't choose to give any more. Count, go on.

[Exit Count, L., and as the Baron turns to follow him, Frederick seizes him by the breast, and draws his sword, L. C.]

Fre. Your purse, or your life.

Bar. [*Calling.*] Here! here! seize and secure him.

[*Some of the Gamekeepers, hearing the baron call out, run on from R. U. E., cross the stage to L. C., lay hold of Frederick, and disarm him.*]

Fre. (L. C.) [*Dejected.*] What have I done!

Bar. (L.) Take him to the castle, and confine him in one of the towers. I shall follow you immediately.

Fre. One favour I have to beg, one favour only.—I know that I am guilty, and am ready to receive the punishment my crime deserves. But I have a mother who is expiring for want,—pity her, if you cannot pity me—bestow on her relief. If you will send to yonder hut, you will find that I do not impose on you a falsehood. For her it was I drew my sword—for her I am ready to die.

Bar. Take him away, and imprison him where I told you.

[*Crosses to front of stage, R.*]

Fre. [*As he is forced off.*] Woe to that man to whom I owe my birth!

[*Exit, with Gamekeepers, L.*]

Bar. [*Calls another Keeper.*] Here, Frank, run directly to yonder hamlet; inquire in the first, second, and third cottage for a poor sick woman—and if you really find such a person, give her this purse.

[*Gamekeeper takes the purse, and exit, L. U. E.*]

Bar. A most extraordinary event! And what a well-looking youth; something in his countenance and address which struck me inconceivably! If it is true that he begged for his mother—but if he did—for the attempt upon my life he must die. Vice is never half so dangerous as when it assumes the garb of morality. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.—Four chairs.

Enter AMELIA, L.

Ame. (c.) Why am I so uneasy, so peevish; who has offended me? I did not mean to come into this room. In the garden I intended to go. [*Going, L. turns back.*] No, I will not—yes, I will—just go and look if my auriculas are still in blossom, and if the apple-tree is grown which Mr. Anhalt planted. I feel very low-spirited—something must be the matter—Why do I cry?—Am I not well?

Enter MR. ANHALT, L.

Ah! good morning, my dear sir—Mr. Anhalt, I mean to say.—I beg pardon.

Anh. Never mind, Miss Wildenhaim—I don't dislike to hear you call me as you did.

Ame. In earnest!

Anh. Really. You have been crying. May I know the reason? The loss of your mother, still?—

Ame. No; I have left off crying for her.

Anh. I beg pardon if I have come at an improper hour; but I wait upon you by the commands of your father.

Ame. You are welcome at all hours. My father has more than once told me, that he who forms my mind, I should always consider as my greatest benefactor. [*Looking down.*] And my heart tells me the same.

Anh. I think myself amply rewarded by the good opinion you have of me.

Ame. When I remember what trouble I have sometimes given you, I cannot be too grateful.

Anh. [*To himself.*] Oh, heavens! [*To Amelia.*] I—I come from your father with a commission.—If you please we will sit down. [*He places chairs, c., in front, and they sit, Amelia, R., Anhalt, L.*] Count Cassel is arrived.

Ame. Yes, I know.

Anh. And do you know for what reason?

Ame. He wishes to marry me.

Anh. Does he? [*Hastily.*] But, believe me, the baron will not persuade you. No, I am sure he will not:

Ame. I know that.

Anh. He wishes that I should ascertain whether you have an inclination—

Ame. For the count, or for matrimony, do you mean?

Anh. For matrimony.

Ame. All things that I don't know, and don't understand, are quite indifferent to me.

Anh. For that very reason I am sent to you to explain the good and the bad of which matrimony is composed.

Ame. Then I beg first to be acquainted with the good.

Anh. When two sympathetic hearts meet in the marriage state, matrimony may be called a happy life. When such a wedded pair find thorns in their path, each will be eager, for the sake of the other, to tear them from the root. Where they have to mount hills, or wind a labyrinth, the most experienced will lead the way, and be a guide to his companion. Patience and love will accompany them in their journey, while me-

lancholy and discord they leave far behind. Hand in hand they pass on from morning till evening, through their summer's day, till the night of age draws on, and the sleep of death overtakes the one. The other, weeping and mourning, yet looks forward to the bright region where he shall meet his still surviving partner among trees and flowers, which themselves have planted in the fields of eternal verdure.

Ame. Oh, you may tell my father I'll marry. [*Rising.*]

Anh. [*Rising.*] This picture is pleasing; but I must beg you not to forget that there is another on the same subject. When convenience and fair appearance, joined to folly and ill humour, forge the fetters of matrimony, they gall with their weight the married pair. Discontented with each other—at variance in opinions—their mutual aversion increases with the years they live together. They contend most where they should most unite—torment where they should most soothe. In this rugged way, choked with the weeds of suspicion, jealousy, anger, and hatred, they take their daily journey till one of these also sleep in death. The other then lifts up his dejected head, and calls out in acclamations of joy—oh, liberty! dear liberty!

Ame. [*Dejected.*] I will not marry.

Anh. You mean to say you will not fall in love.

Ame. Oh, no! [*Ashamed.*] I am in love.

Anh. Are in love! [*Starting.*] And with the count?

Ame. I wish I was.

Anh. Why so?

Ame. Because he would, perhaps, love me again.

Anh. [*Warmly.*] Who is there that would not?

Ame. Would you?

Anh. I—I—me—I—I am out of the question.

Ame. No; you are the very person to whom I have put the question.

Anh. What do you mean?

Ame. I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. [*Looking down in confusion.*]

Anh. Understand you! As to that—I am not dull.

Ame. I know you are not; and, as you have for a long time instructed me, why should not I now begin to teach you?

Anh. Teach me what?

Ame. Whatever I know and you don't.

Anh. There are some things I had rather never know.

Ame. So, you may remember, I said when you began to teach me mathematics. I said I had rather not know it; but now I have learnt it, it gives me a great deal of pleasure—and [*Hesitating*] perhaps, who can tell but that I might teach something as pleasant to you as resolving a problem is to me.

Anh. Woman herself is a problem.

Ame. And I'll teach you to make her out.

Anh. You teach?

Ame. Why not? None but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one. I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came.

Anh. This is nothing to the subject.

Ame. What is the subject?

Anh. Love.

Ame. [*Going up to him.*] Come, then, teach it me—teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things.

Anh. [*Turning from her.*] Pshaw!

Ame. Ah! you won't—you know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.

Anh. You misconstrue—you misconceive every thing I say or do. The subject I came to you upon was marriage.

Ame. A very proper subject for the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal. [*Courtesying.*]

Anh. Again you misconceive and confound me.

Ame. Ay, I see how it is,—you have no inclination to experience with me “the good part of matrimony:” I am not the female with whom you would like to go “hand in hand up hills, and through labyrinths”—with whom you would like to “root up thorns; and with whom you would delight to plant lilies and roses.” No; you had rather call out,—“Oh, liberty! dear liberty!”

Anh. Why do you force from me what it is villanous to own?—I love you more than life.—Oh, Amelia! had we lived in those golden times which the poets picture, no one but you—But, as the world is changed, your birth and fortune make—Our union is impossible—To preserve the character, and, more, the feelings of an honest man, I would not marry you without the consent of your father; and could I, dare I, propose it to him?

Ame. He has commanded me never to conceal or disguise the truth. I will propose it to him. The subject of the count will force me to speak plainly, and this will be the most proper time, while he can compare the merit of you both.

Anh. I conjure you not to think of exposing yourself and me to his resentment.

Ame. It is my father's will that I should marry—it is my father's wish to see me happy.—If, then, you love me as you say, I will marry, and will be happy—but only with you. I will tell him this. At first he will start—then grow angry—then be in a passion. In his passion he will call me “undutiful:” but he will soon recollect himself, and resume his usual smiles, saying, “Well, well, if he love you, and you love him, in the name of heaven, let it be.”—Then I shall hug him round the neck, kiss his hands, run away from him, and fly to you; it will soon be known that I am your bride, the whole village will come to wish me joy, and heaven's blessing will follow.

Enter VERDUN, the Butler, L.; he comes forward to c., between AMELIA and ANHALT.

Ame. (R. C.) [*Discontented.*] Ah! is it you?

But. (C.) Without vanity, I have taken the liberty to enter this apartment the moment the good news reached my ears.

Ame. What news?

But. Pardon an old servant, your father's old butler, gracious lady, who has had the honour to carry the baron in his arms—and afterwards, with humble submission, to receive many a box o' the ear from you—if he thinks it his duty to make his congratulations with due reverence on this happy day, and to join with the muses in harmonious tunes on the lyre.

Ame. Oh! my good butler, I am not in a humour to listen to the muses and your lyre.

But. There has never been a birth-day, nor wedding-day, nor christening-day, celebrated in your family, in which I have not joined with the muses in full chorus. In forty-six years, three hundred and ninety-seven congratulations on different occasions have dropped from my pen. To-day, the three hundred and ninety-eighth is coming forth; for heaven has protected our noble master, who has been in great danger.

Ame. Danger! My father in danger! What do you mean?

But. One of the gamekeepers has returned to inform the whole castle of a base and knavish trick, of which the world will talk, and my poetry hand down to posterity.

Ame. What, what is all this?

But. The baron, my lord and master, in company with the strange count, had not been gone a mile beyond the lawn, when one of them—

Ame. What happen'd? Speak, for heaven's sake!

But. My verse shall tell you.

Ame. No, no; tell us in prose.

Anh. Yes, in prose.

But. Ah, you have neither of you ever been in love, or you would prefer poetry to prose. But excuse [*Pulls out a paper*] the haste in which it was written. I heard the news in the fields—always have paper and a pencil about me, and composed the whole forty lines crossing the meadows and the park in my way home. [*Reads.*]

*Oh, muse, ascend the forked mount,
And lofty strains prepare,
About a baron and a count,
Who went to hunt the hare.*

*The hare she ran with utmost speed,
And sad and anxious looks,
Because the furious hounds, indeed,
Were near to her, gadzooks.*

*At length the count and baron bold
Their footsteps homeward bended;
For why, because, as you were told,
The hunting it was ended.*

*Before them straight a youth appears
Who made a piteous pother,
And told a tale, with many tears,
About his dying mother.*

*The youth was in severe distress,
And seemed as he had spent all
He look'd a soldier by his dress,
For that was regimental.*

*The baron's heart was full of ruth,
And from his eye fell brine O!
And soon he gave the mournful youth
A little ready rhino.*

*He gave a shilling, as I live,
Which sure was mighty well;
But to some people if you give
An inch—they'll take an ell.*

*The youth then drew his martial knife,
And seiz'd the baron's collar,—
He swore he'd have the baron's life,
Or else another dollar.*

*Then did the baron, in a fume,
Soon raise a mighty din,
Whereon came butler, huntsman, groom,
And eke the whipper-in.*

*Maugre this young man's warlike coat,
They bore him off to prison;
And held so strongly by his throat,
And almost stopp'd his whizzen.*

*Soon may a neckcloth called a rope
Of robbing cure this elf;
If so, I'll write, without a trope,
His dying speech myself.*

*And, had the baron chanced to die,
Oh! grief to all the nation,
I must have made an elegy,
And not this fine narration.*

MORAL.

*Henceforth let those who all have spent,
And would by begging live,
Take warning here, and be content
With what folks choose to give.*

Ame. Your muse, Mr. Butler, is in a very inventive humour this morning.

Anh. And your tale too improbable even for fiction.

But. Improbable! It's a real fact.

Ame. What, a robber in our grounds at noon-day? Very likely, indeed!

But. I don't say it was likely—I only say it's true.

Anh. No, no, Mr. Verdun, we find no fault with your poetry: but don't attempt to impose it on us for truth.

Ame. Poets are allowed to speak falsehood, and we forgive yours.

But. I won't be forgiven, for I speak the truth. [*Look-*

ing to L.] And here the robber comes, in custody, to prove my words [*Going, L. repeating.*]

“ *Soon may a neckcloth called a rope
Of robbing cure this elf;
If so, I'll write, without a trope,
His dying speech myself.*” [Exit, L.]

Ame. Look ! as I live, so he does—they come nearer ;—he's a young man, and has something interesting in his figure. An honest countenance, with grief and sorrow in his face. No, he is no robber—I pity him ! Oh ! look how the keepers drag him unmercifully into the tower—Now they lock it—Oh ! how that poor unfortunate man must feel !

Anh. [*Aside.*] Hardly worse than I do.

Enter the BARON, L.

Ame. [*Runs up to him.*] A thousand congratulations, my dear papa.

Bar. (L.) For heaven's sake, spare your congratulations. The old butler, in coming up stairs, has already overwhelmed me with them.

Anh. (R.) Then, it is true, my lord ? I could hardly believe the old man.

Ame. (c.) And the young prisoner, with all his honest looks, is a robber ?

Bar. He is ; but I verily believe for the first and last time. A most extraordinary event, Mr. Anhalt. This young man begged ; then drew his sword upon me ; but he trembled so when he seized me by the breast, a child might have overpowered him. I almost wish he had made his escape—this adventure may cost him his life, and I might have preserved it with one dollar ; but now to save him would set a bad example.

Ame. Oh, no ! my lord, have pity on him ! Plead for him, Mr. Anhalt.

Bar. Amelia, have you had any conversation with Mr. Anhalt ?

Ame. Yes, my lord.

Bar. Respecting matrimony !

Ame. Yes ; and I have told him——

Anh. [*Very hastily.*] According to your commands, Baron——

Ame. But he has conjured me——

Anh. I have endeavoured, my lord, to find out——

Ame. Yet, I am sure, dear papa, your affection for me—

Anh. You wish to say something to me in your closet, my lord?

Bar. What the devil is all this conversation? You will not let one another speak—I don't understand either of you.

Ame. Dear father, have you not promised you will not thwart my affections when I marry, but suffer me to follow their dictates?

Bar. Certainly.

Ame. Do you hear, Mr. Anhalt?

Anh. I beg pardon—I have a person who is waiting for me—I am obliged to retire. [*Exit, in confusion, R.*]

Bar. [*Crosses to R. and calls after him.*] I shall expect you in my closet. I am going there immediately.

[*Retiring towards R.*]

Ame. (L.) Pray, my lord, stop a few minutes longer: I have something of great importance to say to you.

Bar. (R.) Something of importance! to plead for the young man, I suppose! But that's a subject I must not listen to. [*Exit, R.*]

Ame. I wish to plead for two young men—For one, that he may be let out of prison; for the other, that he may be made a prisoner for life. [*Looks out, L.*] The tower is still locked. How dismal it must be to be shut up in such a place! and perhaps—[*Calls, L.*]—Butler! Butler! come this way. I wish to speak to you. This young man has risked his life for his mother, and that accounts for the interest I take in his misfortunes.

Enter the BUTLER, L.

Pray have you carried any thing to the prisoner to eat?

But. Yes.

Ame. What was it?

But. (L.) Some fine black bread, and water as clear as crystal.

Ame. (C.) Are you not ashamed? Even my father pities him. Go directly down to the kitchen, and desire the cook to give you something good and comfortable; and then go into the cellar for a bottle of wine.

But. Good and comfortable, indeed!

Ame. And carry both to the tower.

But. I am willing at any time, dear lady, to obey your orders; but, on this occasion, the prisoner's food must remain bread and water—It is the baron's particular command.

Ame. Ah! My father was in the height of passion when he gave it.

But. Whatsoever his passion might be, it is the duty of a true and honest dependant to obey his lord's mandates. I will not suffer a servant in this house, nor will I myself give the young man any thing except bread and water. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll read my verses to him.

Ame. Give me the key of the cellar—I'll go myself.

[Crosses to l.]

But. [Gives the key.] And there's my verses—[Taking them from his pocket.] Carry them with you, they may comfort him as much as the wine.

[She throws them down.—Exit Amelia, l.]

But. [In amazement.] Not take them! Refuse to take them!—

[He lifts them from the floor with the utmost respect
—Reads—

“I must have made an elegy,
And not this fine narration.”

[Exit, l.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Prison in one of the Towers of the Castle;
a table at the back of the stage, c.

Frederick alone, seated, r.

Fre. How a few moments destroy the happiness of man! When I, this morning, set out from my inn, and saw the sun rise, I sung with joy. [Rises.] Flattered with the hope of seeing my mother, I formed a scheme how I would with joy surprise her. But, farewell all pleasant prospects—I return to my native country, and the first object I behold is my dying parent; my first lodging a prison; and my next walk will perhaps be—Oh, merciful providence! have I deserved all this?

Enter AMELIA, L. D. F., with a small basket, covered with a napkin.—She speaks to some one without.

Ame. Wait there, Francis—I shall soon be back.

Fre. (r.) [Hearing the door open, and turning round.] Who's there?

Ame. You must be both hungry and thirsty, I fear.

Fre. Oh, no! neither.

Ame. Here's a bottle of wine, and something to eat. [*Places the basket on the table at the back of stage, c.*] I have often heard my father say that wine is quite a cordial to the heart.

Fre. A thousand thanks, dear stranger. Ah! could I prevail on you to have it sent to my mother, who is upon her death-bed, under the roof of an honest peasant called Hubert! Take it hence, my kind benefactress, and save my mother.

Ame. But first assure me that you did not intend to murder my father.

Fre. Your father! Heaven forbid—I meant but to preserve her life who gave me mine.—Murder your father! No, no—I hope not.

Amé. And I thought not—or, if you had murdered any one, you had better have killed the count; nobody would have missed him.

Fre. Who, may I inquire, were those gentlemen whom I hoped to frighten into charity.

Ame. Ay, if you only intended to frighten them, the count was the very person for your purpose. But you caught hold of the other gentleman.—And could you hope to intimidate Baron Wildenhaim?

Fre. Baron Wildenhaim!—Almighty powers!

Ame. What's the matter?

Fre. The man to whose breast I held my sword—

[*Trembling.*]

Ame. Was Baron Wildenhaim—the owner of this estate—my father!

Fre. [*With the greatest emotion.*] My father!

Ame. Good heaven, how he looks! I am afraid he's mad. Here! Francis, Francis! [*Exit, L. D. F., calling.*]

Fre. [*All agitation.*] My father! Eternal Judge! thou dost not slumber! The man, against whom I drew my sword this day, was my father! One moment longer, and, provoked, I might have been the murderer of my father! My hair stands on end! My eyes are clouded! I cannot see any thing before me! [*Sinks down on a chair.*] If providence had ordained that I should give the fatal blow, who would have been most in fault?—I dare not pronounce—[*After a pause.*]—That benevolent young female who left me just now, is, then, my

sister—and I suppose that fop who accompanied my father——

Enter MR. ANHALT, L. D. F.

Welcome, sir ! (R.) By your dress, you are of the church, and consequently a messenger of comfort. You are most welcome, sir.

Anh. (L.) I wish to bring comfort, and avoid up-braidings ; for your own conscience will reproach you more than the voice of a preacher. From the sensibility of your countenance, together with a language and address superior to the vulgar, it appears, young man, you have had an education which should have preserved you from a state like this.

Fre. My education I owe to my mother. Filial love, in return, has plunged me into the state you see. A civil magistrate will condemn according to the law—a priest, in judgment, is not to consider the act itself, but the impulse which led to the act.

Anh. I shall judge with all the lenity my religion dictates : and you are the prisoner of a nobleman who compassionates you for the affection which you bear towards your mother ; for he has sent to the village where you directed him, and has found the account you gave relating to her true. With this impression in your favour, it is my advice, that you endeavour to see and supplicate the baron for your release from prison, and all the peril of his justice.

Fre. [*Starting.*] I—I see the baron ! I—I supplicate for my deliverance. Will you favour me with his name ? Is it not Baron—

Anh. Baron Wildenhaim.

Fre. Baron Wildenhaim ! He lived formerly in Alsace ?

Anh. The same. About a year after the death of his wife he left Alsace ; and arrived here a few weeks ago to take possession of this his paternal estate.

Fre. So ! his wife is dead ; and that generous young lady who came to my prison just now is his daughter ?

Anh. Miss Wildenhaim, his daughter.

Fre. And that young gentleman I saw with him this morning is his son ?

Anh. He has no son.

Fre. [*Hastily.*] Oh, yes, he has—[*Recollecting himself.*] I mean him that was out shooting to-day.

Anh. He is not his son.

Fre. [*To himself.*] Thank heaven!

Anh. He is only a visitor.

Fre. I thank you for this information; and, if you will undertake to procure me a private interview with Baron Wildenhaim —

Anh. Why private? However, I will venture to take you for a short time from this place, and introduce you; depending on your innocence, or your repentance—on his conviction in your favour, or his mercy towards your guilt. Follow me. [*Exit, L. D. F.*]

Fre. [*Following.*] I have beheld an affectionate parent in deep adversity. Why should I tremble thus?—Why doubt my fortitude in the presence of an unnatural parent in prosperity? [*Exit, L. D. F.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle—table and two chairs.*

Enter BARON WILDENHAIM and AMELIA, R.

Bar. I hope you judge more favourably of Count Cassel's understanding since the private interview you have had with him. Confess to me the exact effect of the long conference between you.

Ame. (R.) To make me hate him.

Bar. (C.) What has he done?

Ame. Oh! told me of such barbarous deeds he has committed.

Bar. What deeds?

Ame. Made vows of love to so many women, that, on his marriage with me, a hundred female hearts will at least be broken.

Bar. Pshaw! do you believe him?

Ame. Suppose I do not; is it to his honour that I believe he tells a falsehood?

Bar. He is mistaken merely.

Ame. Indeed, my lord, in one respect I am sure he speaks truth. For our old butler told my waiting-maid of a poor young creature who has been deceived, undone; and she and her whole family involved in shame and sorrow by his perfidy.

Bar. Are you sure the butler said this?

Ame. See him, and ask him. He knows the whole story,—indeed he does; the names of the persons, and every circumstance.

Bar. Desire he may be sent to me.

Ame. [*Goes to the door and calls.*] Order old Verdun to come to the baron directly.

Bar. I know tale-bearers are apt to be erroneous. I'll hear from himself the account you speak of.

Ame. I believe it is in verse.

Bar. [*Angry.*] In verse!

Ame. But then, indeed, it's true.

Enter BUTLER, L.

Ame. (c.) Verdun, pray have you not some true poetry?

But. (L. c.) All my poetry is true—and, so far, better than some people's prose.

Bar. (R. c.) But I want prose on this occasion, and command you to give me nothing else. [*Butler bows.*] Have you heard of an engagement which Count Cassel is under to any other woman than my daughter?

But. I am to tell your honour in prose? [*Crosses to c.*

Bar. Certainly. [*Butler appears uneasy and loth to speak.*] Amelia, he does not like to divulge what he knows in the presence of a third person—leave the room. [*Exit Amelia, L.*

But. No, no—that did not cause my reluctance to speak.

Bar. (R.) What then?

But. Your not allowing me to speak in verse—for here is the poetic poem. [*Holding up a paper.*

Bar. How dare you pretend to contend with my will? Tell me in plain language all you know on the subject I have named.

But. Well then, my lord, if you must have the account in quiet prose, thus it was—Phœbus, one morning, rose in the east, and having handed in the long-expected day, he called up his brother Hymen—

Bar. Have done with your rhapsody.

But. Ay; I knew you'd like it best in verse—

[*Reads.*

*There lived a lady in this land,
Whose charms the heart made tingle;
At church she had not given her hand,
And therefore still was single.*

Bar. Keep to prose.

But. I will, my lord: but I have repeated it so often

in verse I scarce know how.—Count Cassel, influenced by the designs of Cupid in his very worst humour,—

*Count Cassel woo'd this maid so rare,
And in her eye found grace;
And if his purpose was not fair—*

Bar. No verse.

But. *It probably was base.*

I beg your pardon, my lord; but the verse will intrude, in spite of my efforts to forget it. 'Tis as difficult for me at times to forget, as 'tis for other men at times to remember. But, in plain truth, my lord, the count was treacherous, cruel, forsworn.

Bar. I am astonished! [*Takes a chair and sits.*]

But. And would be more so if you would listen to the whole poem. [*Most earnestly.*] Pray, my lord, listen to it.

Bar. You know the family? All the parties?

But. I will bring the father of the damsel to prove the veracity of my muse. His name is Baden—poor old man! [*Reads.*]

*The sire consents to bless the pair,
And names the nuptial day,
When, lo! the bridegroom was not there,
Because he was away.*

Bar. But tell me—had the father his daughter's innocence to deplore?

But. Ah! my lord! ah! and you must hear that part in rhyme. Loss of innocence never sounds well except in verse. [*Reads.*]

*For, ah! the very night before,
No prudent guard upon her,
The count he gave her oaths a score,
And took in change her honour.* [*Baron rises.*]

MORAL.

*Then you, who now lead single lives,
From this sad tale beware;
And do not act as you were wives,
Before you really are.*

Enter COUNT CASSEL, L.

Bar. [*To the Butler.*] Leave the room instantly.

Cou. Yes, good Mr. Family Poet, leave the room, and take your doggrels with you.

But. Don't affront my poem, your honour; for I am indebted to you for the plot. [Crosses to L.

*The count he gave her oaths a score,
And took in change her honour.* [Exit Butler, L.

Bar. (R.) Count, you see me agitated.

Cou. (L.) What can be the cause?

Bar. I'll not keep you in doubt a moment. You are accused, young man, of being engaged to another woman, while you offer marriage to my child.

Cou. To only one other woman?

Bar. What do you mean?

Cou. My meaning is, that when a man is young and rich, has travelled, and is no personal object of disapprobation,—to have made vows but to one woman is an absolute slight upon the rest of the sex.

Bar. Without evasion, sir, do you know the name of Baden? Was there ever a promise of marriage made by you to his daughter? Answer me plainly; or must I take a journey to inquire of the father.

Cou. No—he can tell you no more than, I dare say, you already know! and which I shall not contradict.

Bar. Amazing insensibility! And can you hold your head erect while you acknowledge perfidy?

Cou. My dear baron,—if every man who deserves to have a charge such as this brought against him, was not permitted to look up, it is a doubt whom we might not meet crawling on all fours.

[He accidentally taps the Baron's shoulder.

Bar. *[Starts—recollects himself—then in a faltering voice.]* Yet—nevertheless—the act is so atrocious—

Cou. But nothing new.

Bar. *[Faintly.]* Yes—I hope—I hope it is new.

Cou. What, did you never meet with such a thing before?

Bar. *[Agitated.]* If I have—I pronounced the man who so offended—a villain.

Cou. You are singularly scrupulous. I question if the man thought himself so.

Bar. Yes, he did.

Cou. How do you know

Bar. *[Hesitating.]* I have heard him say so.

Cou. But he ate, drank, and slept, I suppose?

Bar. *[Confused.]* Perhaps he did.

Cou. And was merry with his friends; and his friends as fond of him as ever?

Bar. Perhaps [*Confused.*—perhaps they were.

Cou. And perhaps he now and then took upon him to lecture young men for their gallantries?

Bar. Perhaps he did.

Cou. Why, then, after all, baron, your villain is a mighty good, prudent, honest fellow, and I have no objection to your giving me that name.

Bar. But do you not think of some atonement to the unfortunate girl?

Cou. Did your villain atone?

Bar. No: when his reason was matured, he wished to make some recompense, but his endeavours were too late.

Cou. I will follow his example, and wait till my reason is matured, before I think myself competent to determine what to do.

Bar. And till that time I defer your marriage with my daughter.

Cou. Would you delay her happiness so long? Why, my dear baron, considering the fashionable life I lead, it may be these ten years before my judgment arrives to its necessary standard.

Bar. I have the head-ache, count: these tidings have discomposed, disordered me—I beg your absence for a few minutes.

Cou. I obey—and let me assure you, my lord, that, although, from the extreme delicacy of your honour, you have ever through life shuddered at seduction, yet there are constitutions, and there are circumstances, in which it can be palliated.

Bar. [*Violently.*] Never.

Cou. Not in a grave, serious, reflecting man, such as you, I grant. But in a gay, lively, inconsiderate, flimsy, frivolous coxcomb, such as myself, it is excusable: for me to keep my word to a woman would be deceit: 'tis not expected of me. It is my character to break oaths in love; as it is in your nature, my lord, never to have spoken any thing but wisdom and truth.

[*Exit, R.*

Bar. Could I have thought a creature so insignificant as that had power to excite sensations such as I feel at present! I am, indeed, worse than he is, as much as the crimes of a man exceed those of an idiot.

Enter AMELIA, R.

Ame. (R. C.) I heard the count leave you, my lord, and so I am come to inquire——

Bar. (L. C.) [*Sitting down and trying to compose himself.*] You are not to marry Count Cassel—and now mention his name to me no more.

Ame. I won't, indeed I won't—for I hate his name. But thank you, my dear father, for this good news. [*Draws a chair, and sits on the opposite side of him—after a pause.*] And who am I to marry?

Bar. [*His head on his hand*] I can't tell.
[*Amelia appears to have something on her mind which she wishes to disclose.*

Ame. I never liked the count.

Bar. Nor more did I.

Ame. [*After a pause.*] I think love comes just as it pleases, without being asked.

Bar. [*In deep thought.*] It does so.

Ame. [*After another pause.*] And there are instances, where, perhaps, the object of love makes the passion meritorious.

Bar. To be sure there are.

Ame. For example, my affection for Mr. Anhalt as my tutor.

Bar. Right.

Ame. [*After another pause.*] I should like to marry.
[*Sighing.*

Bar. So you shall. [*A pause.*] It is proper for every body to marry.

Ame. Why, then, does not Mr. Anhalt marry?

Bar. You must ask him that question yourself.

Ame. I have.

Bar. And what did he say?

Ame. Will you give me leave to tell you what he said?

Bar. Certainly.

Ame. And what I said to him?

Bar. Certainly.

Ame. And won't you be angry?

Bar. Undoubtedly not.

Ame. Why, then—you know you commanded me never to disguise or conceal the truth

Bar. I did so.

Ame. Why, then he said——

Bar. What did he say?

Ame. He said—he would not marry me without your consent for the world.

Bar. [*Starting from his chair.*] And pray, how came this the subject of your conversation?

Ame. [*Rising.*] I brought it up.

Bar. [*With surprise.*] You brought it up! and what did you say?

Ame. I said, that birth and fortune were such old-fashioned things to me, I cared nothing about either: and that I had once heard my father declare he should consult my happiness in marrying me beyond any other consideration.

Bar. I will once more repeat to you my sentiments. It is the custom in this country for the children of nobility to marry only with their equals; but, as my daughter's content is more dear to me than an ancient custom, I would bestow you on the first man I thought calculated to make you happy; by this I do not mean to say that I should not be severely nice in the character of the man to whom I gave you; and Mr. Anhalt, from his obligations to me, and his high sense of honour, thinks too nobly——

Ame. Would it not be noble to make the daughter of his benefactor happy?

Bar. But when that daughter is a child, and thinks like a child——

Ame. No, indeed, papa, I begin to think very like a woman. Ask him if I don't.

Bar. Ask him! You feel gratitude for the instructions you have received from him, and you fancy it love.

Ame. Are there two gratuities?

Bar. What do you mean?

Ame. Because I feel gratitude to you; but that is very unlike the gratitude I feel towards him.

Bar. Indeed!

Ame. Yes; and then he feels another gratitude towards me. What's that?

Bar. Has he told you so?

Ame. Yes.

Bar. That was not right of him.

Ame. Oh! if you did but know how I surprised him!

Bar. Surprised him !

Ame. He came to me by your command, to examine my heart respecting Count Cassel. I told him that I would never marry the count.

Bar. But him ?

Ame. Yes, him,

Bar. Very fine, indeed ! And what was his answer ?

Ame. He talked of my rank in life ; of my aunts and cousins ; of my grandfather, and great grandfather ; of his duty to you ; and endeavoured to persuade me to think no more of him.

Bar. He acted honestly.

Ame. But not politely.

Bar. No matter.

Ame. Dear father ! I shall never be able to love another—never be happy with any one else.

[Throwing herself on her knees.

Bar. Rise, I command you.

As she rises, Enter ANHALT, L.

Anh. (L.) My lord, forgive me ! I have ventured on the privilege of my office, as a minister of holy charity, to bring the poor soldier, whom your justice has arrested, into the adjoining room ; and I presume to entreat you will admit him to your presence, and hear his apology or supplication.

Bar. (c.) Anhalt, you have done wrong. I pity the unhappy boy ; but you know I cannot, must not forgive him.

Anh. I beseech you, then, my lord, to tell him so yourself. From your lips he may receive his doom with resignation.

Ame. (r. c.) Oh, father ! See him and take pity on him ; his sorrows have made him frantic.

Bar. Leave the room, Amelia. *[On her attempting to speak, he raises his voice.]* Instantly. *[Exit Amelia, R.*

Anh. He asked a private audience ; perhaps he has some confession to make that may relieve his mind, and may be requisite for you to hear.

Bar. Well, bring him in—and do you wait in the adjoining room till our conference is over. I must then, sir, have a conference with you.

[Takes a chair and sits, L.

Anh. I shall obey your commands.

[He goes to the door, L., and re-enters with Frederick Anhalt then retires at the same door.

Bar. (R.) [*Haughtily to Frederick.*] I know, young man, you plead your mother's wants in excuse for an act of desperation : but, powerful as this plea might be in palliation of a fault, it cannot extenuate a crime like yours.

Fre. (L. C.) I have a plea for my conduct even more powerful than a mother's wants.

Bar. What's that ?

Fre. My father's cruelty.

Bar. You have a father, then ?

Fre. I have, and a rich one—Nay, one that's reputed virtuous and honourable. A great man, possessing estates and patronage in abundance ; much esteemed at court, and beloved by his tenants ; kind, benevolent, honest, generous—

Bar. And with all those great qualities abandons you ?

Fre. He does, with all the qualities I mention.

Bar. Your father may do right ; a dissipated, desperate youth, whom kindness cannot draw from vicious habits, severity may.

Fre. You are mistaken—My father does not discard me for my vices—He does not know me—has never seen me—He abandoned me, even before I was born.

Bar. What do you say ?

Fre. The tears of my mother are all that I inherit from my father. Never has he protected or supported me—never protected her.

Bar. Why don't you apply to his relations ?

Fre. They disown me, too ; I am, they say, related to no one.—All the world disclaim me, except my mother—and there again I have to thank my father.

Bar. How so ?

Fre. Because I am an illegitimate son. My seduced mother has brought me up in patient misery. Industry enabled her to give me an education ; but the days of my youth commenced with hardships, sorrow, and danger. My companions lived happy around me, and had a pleasing prospect in their view, while bread and water only were my food, and no hopes joined to sweeten it. But my father felt not that !

Bar. [*To himself.*] He touches my heart.

Fre. After five years' absence from my mother, I returned this very day, and found her dying in the streets for want—not even a hut to shelter her, or a pallet of

straw—But my father feels not that ! [*Sarcastically.*] He lives in a palace, sleeps on the softest down, enjoys all the luxuries of the great ; and, when he dies, a funeral sermon will praise his great benevolence, his christian charities.

Bar. [*Greatly agitated.*] What is your father's name ?
[*He rises.*]

Fre. He took advantage of an innocent young woman, gained her affection by flattery and false promises ; gave life to an unfortunate being,—who was on the point of murdering his father.

Bar. [*Shuddering.*] Who is he ?

Fre. [*With vehemence.*] Baron Wildenhaim !

[*The baron's emotion expresses his sense of amazement, guilt, shame, and horror.*]

Fre. In this house did you rob my mother of her honour ; and in this house I am a sacrifice for the crime. I am your prisoner—I will not be free—I am a robber—I give myself up. You shall deliver me into the hands of justice. You shall accompany me to the spot of public execution. You shall hear in vain the chaplain's consolation and injunctions. You shall find how I, in despair, will, to the last moment, call for retribution on my father.

Bar. Stop ! Be pacified—

Fre. And when you turn your head from my extended corse, you will behold my weeping mother.—Need I paint how her eyes will greet you ?

Bar. Desist—barbarian, savage, stop !

[*Falls into a chair,* R. C.]

Enter ANHALT, alarmed, L.

Anh. What do I hear ? What is this ?—Young man, I hope you have not made a second attempt ?

Fre. [*Crosses to L.*] Yes ; I have done what it was your place to do. I have made a sinner tremble.

[*Points to the baron, and exit, L.*]

Anh. What can this mean ?—I do not comprehend—

Bar. He is my son !—He is my son !—Go, Anhalt ;—advise me—help me—Go to the poor woman his mother—He can show you the way—make haste—speed to protect her—

Anh. But what am I to —

Bar. Go—Your heart will tell you how to act.

[*Exit Anhalt, L.*]

[*Bar. Distractedly.*] Who am I? What am I?—Mad—raving—no—I have a son—a son! The bravest—I will—I must—oh! [*With tenderness.*] Why have I not embraced him yet? [*Increasing his voice.*] why not pressed him to my heart? Ah! see—[*Looking after him.*]—He flies from the castle—Who's there? Where are my attendants?

Enter two Servants, L.

Follow him—bring the prisoner back.—But observe my command—treat him with respect—treat him as my son—and your master. [*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Inside of the Cottage.*

AGATHA, C., COTTAGER, L., and his WIFE, R., discovered.

Aga. Pray look and see if he's coming.

Cot. It is of no use. I have been in the road; have looked up and down; but neither see nor hear any thing of him.

Wife. Have a little patience.

Aga. I wish you would step out once more—I think he cannot be far off.

Cot. I will; I will go.

[*Exit, L.*]

Wife. If your son knew what heaven had sent you, he would be here very soon.

Aga. I feel so anxious—

Wife. But why? I should think a purse of gold, such as you have received, would make any body easy.

Aga. Where can he be so long? He has been gone four hours. Some ill must have befallen him.

Wife. It is still broad daylight—don't think of any danger.—This evening we must all be merry. I'll prepare the supper. What a good gentleman our Baron must be! I am sorry I ever spoke a word against him.

Aga. How did he know I was here?

Wife. Heaven only can tell. The servant that brought the money was very secret.

Aga. [*To herself.*] I am astonished! I wonder! Oh! surely he has been informed—Why else should he have sent so much money?

Re-enter COTTAGER, L.

Aga. Well! not yet!

Cot. I might look till I am blind for him—but I saw our new rector coming along the road; he calls in sometimes. May be, he will this evening.

Wife. He is a very good gentleman; pays great attention to his parishioners; and where he can assist the poor he is always ready.

Enter MR. ANHALT, L.

Anh. Good evening, friends.

Cot. Thank you, reverend sir.

[They both run to fetch a chair.]

Anh. I thank you, good people—I see you have a stranger here.

Cot. Yes, your reverence; it is a poor sick woman whom I took in doors.

Aga. You will be rewarded for it. *[To Agatha.]* May I beg leave to ask your name?

Aga. Ah! If we were alone——

Anh. Good neighbours, will you leave us alone for a few minutes? I have something to say to this poor woman.

Cot. Wife, do you hear? Come along with me.

[Exeunt Cottager and his wife, R. D.]

Anh. (L. C.) Now——

Aga. (R. C.) Before I tell you who I am, what I am, and what I was—I must beg to ask—are you of this country?

Anh. No; I was born in Alsace.

Aga. Did you know the late rector personally, whom you have succeeded?

Anh. No.

Aga. Then you are not acquainted with my narrative

Anh. Should I find you to be the person whom I have long been in search of, your history is not altogether unknown to me.

Aga. "That you have been in search of!" Who gave you such a commission?

Anh. A man, who, if it so prove, is much concerned for your misfortunes.

Aga. How? Oh, sir! tell me quickly—Whom do you think to find in me?

Anh. Agatha Friburg.

Aga. Yes, I am that unfortunate woman; and the man

who pretends to take concern in my misfortunes is—— Baron Wildenhaim——he who betrayed me, abandoned me and my child, and killed my parents. He would now repair our sufferings with this purse of gold. [*Takes out the purse.*] Whatever may be your errand, sir, whether to humble or to protect me, it is alike indifferent. I therefore request you to take this money to him who sent it. Tell him, my honour has never been saleable. Tell him, destitute as I am, even indigence will not tempt me to accept charity from my seducer. He despised my heart—I despise his gold. He has trampled on me—[*Crosses to L.*]—I trample on his representative. [*Throws the purse on the ground.*]

Anh. Be patient—I give you my word, that when the baron sent this present to an unfortunate woman, for whom her son had supplicated, he did not know that woman was Agatha.

Aga. (L.) My son! what of my son?

Anh. (L.) Do not be alarmed—The baron met with an affectionate son, who begged for his sick mother, and it affected him.

Aga. Begged of the baron! of his father!

Anh. Yes; but they did not know each other; and the mother received the present on the son's account.

Aga. Did not know each other? Where is my son?

Anh. At the castle.

Aga. And still unknown?

Anh. Now he is known—an explanation has taken place; and I am sent here by the baron, not to a stranger, but to Agatha Friburg—not with gold! His commission was—"do what your heart directs you."

Aga. How is my Frederick? How did the Baron receive him?

Anh. I left the castle just in the moment the discovery was made. By this time your son is, perhaps, in the arms of his father.

Aga. Oh! is it possible, that a man, who has been twenty years deaf to the voice of nature, should change so suddenly?

Anh. I do not mean to justify the baron; but—he has loved you—and fear of his noble kindred alone caused his breach of faith to you.

Aga. But to desert me wholly, and wed another——

Anh. War called him away: wounded in the field, he was taken to the adjacent seat of a nobleman, whose

only daughter, by anxious attention to his recovery, won his gratitude; and, influenced by the will of his worldly friends, he married. But no sooner was I received into the family, and admitted to his confidence, than he related to me your story; and at times would exclaim in anguish,—“The proud imperious baroness avenges the wrongs of my deserted Agatha.” Again, when he presented me this living, and I left France to take possession of it, his last words, before we parted, were—“The moment you arrive at Wildenhaim, make all inquiries to find out my poor Agatha.” Every letter I afterwards received from him contained,—“Still, still, no tidings of my Agatha.” And fate ordained it should be so till this fortunate day.

Aga. What you have said has made my heart overflow.—Where will this end?

Anh. I know not yet the baron's intentions; but your sufferings demand immediate remedy; and one way only is left,—come with me to the castle. Do not start—you shall be concealed in my apartments till you are called for.

Aga. I go to the baron's!—No.

[*Crosses to front of stage, R.*]

Anh. Go, for the sake of your son,—reflect, that his fortunes may depend upon your presence.

Aga. And he is the only branch on which my hope still blossoms; the rest are withered. I will forget my wrongs as a woman, if the baron will atone to the mother—he shall have the woman's pardon if he will merit the mother's thanks. [*After a struggle.*] I will go to the castle—for the sake of my Frederick, go even to his father. But where are my good host and hostess, that I may take leave, and thank them for their kindness?

Anh. [*Taking up the purse which Agatha had thrown down.*] Here, good friend! Good woman!

[*Crosses towards the cottage, R. S. E.*]

Enter the COTTAGER and his WIFE, R.

Wife. Yes, yes, here am I.

Anh. Good people, I will take your guest with me. You have acted an honest part, and therefore receive this reward for your trouble.

[*He offers the purse to the Cottager, who puts it by, and turns away.*]

Anh. [*To the Wife.*] Do you take it.

Wife. I always obey my pastor. [*Taking it.*

Ag. [*Goes up towards R. S. E.*] Good bye. [*Shaking hands with the Cottagers.*] For your hospitality to me, may ye enjoy continued happiness!

Cot. Fare you well—fare you well.

Wife. If you find friends and get health, we won't trouble you to call on us again; but if you should fall sick, or be in poverty, we shall take it very hard if we don't see you.

[*Exeunt Agatha and Anhalt, L., Cottager and his Wife, R. S. E.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

BARON sitting upon a sofa, R.—FREDERICK standing at the L. near him, with one hand pressed between his—the BARON rises.

Bar. Been in battle too!—I am glad to hear it. You have known hard services, but now they are over, and joy and happiness will succeed. The reproach of your birth shall be removed, for I will acknowledge you my son and heir to my estate.

Fre. (L.) And my mother—

Bar. (c.) She shall live in peace and affluence. Do you think I would leave your mother unprotected? No! About a mile from this castle I have an estate called Weldendorf—there she shall live, and call her own whatever it produces. There she shall reign, and be sole mistress of the little paradise. There her past sufferings shall be changed to peace and tranquillity. On a summer's morning we, my son, will ride to visit her; pass a day, a week, with her; and in this social intercourse time will glide pleasantly.

Fre. And pray, my lord, under what name is my mother to live, then?

Bar. [*Confused.*] How?

Fre. In what capacity? As your domestic—or as—

Bar. That we will settle afterwards.

Fre. Will you allow me, sir, to leave the room a little while, that you may have leisure to consider now?

Bar. I do not know how to explain myself in respect to your mother, more than I have done already.

Fre. My fate, whatever it may be, shall never part me from her. This is my firm resolution, upon which I call heaven to witness. My lord, it must be Frederick

of Wildenhaim, and Agatha of Wildenhaim; or Agatha Friburg and Frederick Friburg.

[Exit, L.

Bar. (L. C.) Young man! Frederick! [Calling after him.] Hasty indeed! would make conditions with his father. No, no, that must not be. I just now thought how well I had arranged my plans—had relieved my heart of every burden, when, a second time, he throws a mountain upon it. Stop, friend conscience, why do you take his part? For twenty years thus you have used me, and been my torture.

Enter MR. ANHALT, R.

Ah! Anhalt, I am glad you are come. My conscience and myself are at variance.

Anh. (R. C.) Your conscience is in the right.

Bar. (C.) You don't know yet what the quarrel is.

Anh. Conscience is always right—because it never speaks unless it is so.

Bar. Ay, a man of your order can more easily attend to its whispers, than an old warrior. The sound of cannon has made him hard of hearing. I have found my son again, Mr. Anhalt, a fine brave young man—I mean to make him my heir; am I in the right?

Anh. Perfectly.

Bar. And his mother shall live in happiness; my estate, Weldendorf, shall be her's—I'll give it to her, and she shall make it her residence. Don't I do right?

Anh. No.

Bar. [Surprised.] No! What else should I do?

Anh. [Forcibly.] Marry her.

Bar. [Starting.] I marry her!

Anh. Baron Wildenhaim is a man who will not act inconsistently; as this is my opinion, I expect your reasons if you do not.

Bar. Would you have me marry a beggar?

Anh. [After a pause.] Is that your only objection?

Bar. [Confused.] I have more—many more.

Anh. May I beg to know them likewise?

Bar. My birth.

Anh. Go on.

Bar. My relations will despise me.

Anh. Go on.

Bar. [In anger.] 'Sdeath! are not these reasons enough?—I know no other.

Anh. Now, then, it is my turn to state mine for the advice I have given you. But first I presume to ask a few

questions. Did Agatha, by artful insinuation, gain your affection? or did she give you cause to suppose her inconstant?

Bar. Neither; but for me she was always virtuous and good.

Anh. Did it cost you trouble and earnest entreaty to make her otherwise?

Bar. [*Angrily.*] Yes.

Anh. You pledged your honour?

Bar. [*Confused.*] Yes.

Anh. Called God to witness?

Bar. [*More confused.*] Yes.

Anh. The witness you called at that time was the Being who sees you now. What you gave in pledge was your honour, which you must redeem. Therefore, thank heaven that it is in your power to redeem it. By marrying Agatha, the ransom's made: and she brings a dower greater than any princess can bestow—peace to your conscience. If you then esteem the value of this portion, you will not hesitate a moment to exclaim,—Friends, wish me joy, I will marry Agatha.

[*Baron, in great agitation, walks backward and forward, from R. to L., then takes Anhalt by the hand.*]

Bar. "Friend, wish me joy, I will marry Agatha."

Anh. I do wish you joy.

Bar. Where is she?

Anh. In the castle—in my apartments here—I conducted her through the garden to avoid curiosity.

Bar. Well, then, this is the wedding-day. This very evening you shall give us your blessing.

Anh. Not so soon, not so private. The whole village was witness of Agatha's shame—the whole village must be witness of Agatha's re-established honour. Do you consent to this?

Bar. I do.

Anh. Now the quarrel is decided. Now is your conscience quiet?

Bar. As quiet as an infant's. I only wish the first interview was over.

Anh. Compose yourself. Agatha's heart is to be your judge.

Enter AMELIA, R.

Bar. (C.) Amelia, you have a brother.

Ame. I have just heard so, my lord; and rejoice to find the news confirmed by you.

Bar. I know, my dear Amelia, I can repay you for the loss of Count Cassel; but what return can I make to you for the loss of half your fortune?

Ame. My brother's love will be ample recompense.

Bar. I will reward you better. Mr. Anhalt, the battle I have just fought, I owe to myself: the victory I gained, I owe to you. A man of your principles, at once a teacher and an example of virtue, exalts his rank in life to a level with the noblest family—and I shall be proud to receive you as my son.

Anh. (L.) [*Falling on his knees, and taking the Baron's hand.*] My lord, you overwhelm me with confusion, as well as with joy.

Bar. My obligations to you are infinite—Amelia shall pay the debt. [*Gives her to him.*]

Ame. Oh, my dear father! [*Embracing the Baron.*] what blessings have you bestowed on me in one day! [*To Anhalt.*] I will be your scholar still, and use more diligence than ever to please my master.

Anh. His present happiness admits of no addition.

Bar. Nor does mine—And there is yet another task to perform, that will require more fortitude, more courage, than this has done! A trial that—[*Bursts into tears*] I cannot prevent them—Let me—let me—A few minutes will bring me to myself. Where is Agatha?

[*Crosses to L., Amelia goes to back of stage at R. of D. F.*]

Anh. I will go and fetch her.

[*Exit Anhalt, through D. F.*]

Bar. Stop! Let me first recover a little. [*Walks up and down, sighing bitterly—looks at the door through which Anhalt left the room.*] That door she will come from—that was once the dressing-room of my mother—from that door I have seen her come many times—have been delighted with her lovely smiles—how shall I now behold her altered looks! Frederick must be my mediator. Where is he?—Where is my son? Now I am ready—my heart is prepared to receive her. Haste! haste! bring her in.

[*He looks steadfastly at the door in F.—ANHALT leads in AGATHA—the Baron runs and clasps her in his arms—supported by him, she sinks on a chair which Amelia places in the middle of the stage.—The Baron kneels by her side, R., holding her hand.*]

Bar. Agatha, Agatha, do you know this voice?

Ag. Wildenhaim.

Bar. Can you forgive me?

Ag. Forgive you! [Embracing him.]

Enter FREDERICK, L.

Fre. [*As he enters.*] I hear the voice of my mother!—
Ha! mother! father!

[*Frederick throws himself on his knees by the side of his mother, L.—She clasps him in her arms.—Amelia goes to the side of her father, attentively viewing Agatha.—Anhalt stands on the side of Frederick, with his hands gratefully raised to heaven.—The curtain slowly drops.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

AMELIA.	BARON.	AGATHA.	FREDERICK.
R.			ANHALT I..

THE END.

